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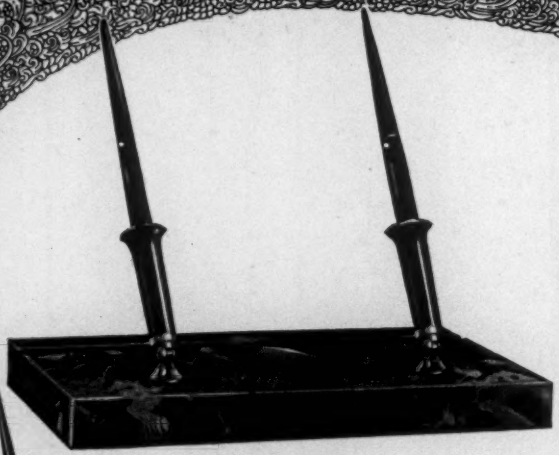

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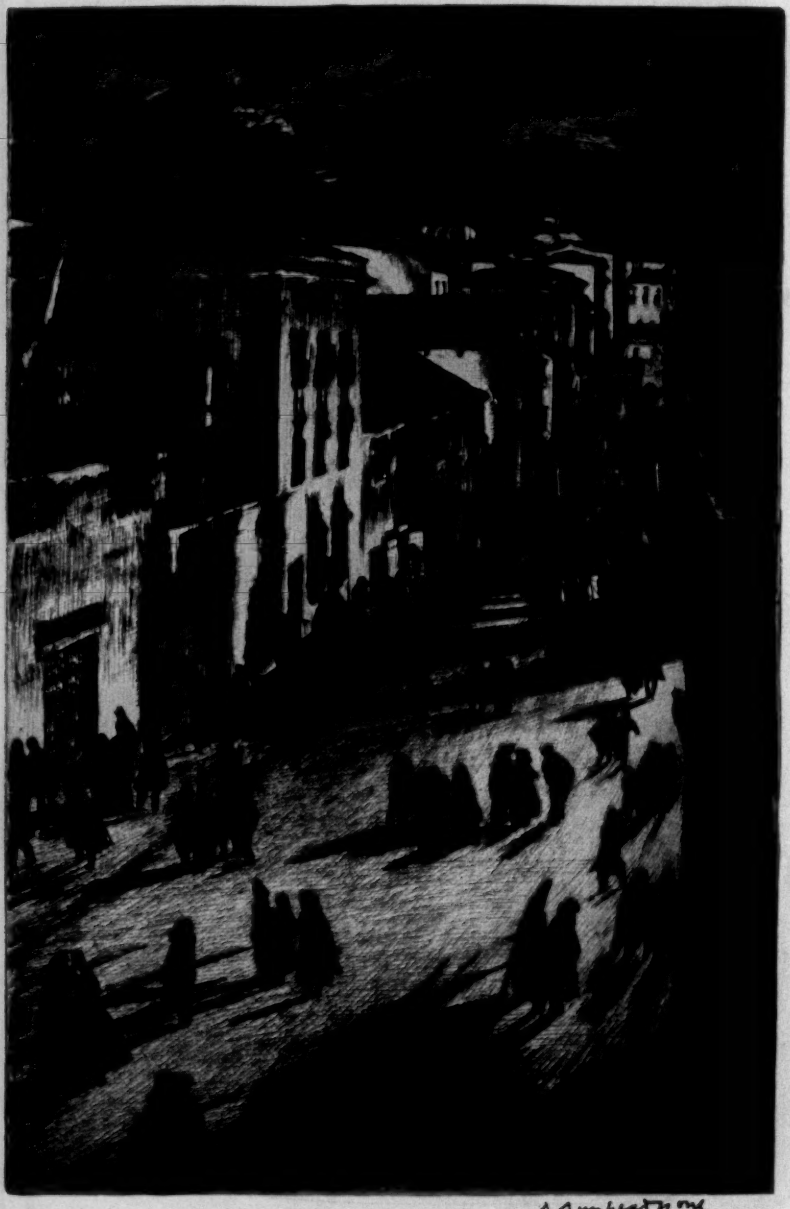

SPANISH GOOD FRIDAY, RONDA

By Muirhead Bone

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries

VOLUME 156 FEBRUARY 1928

Harpers Magazine

IS SCIENCE A BLIND ALLEY?

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IN ALL ages the opinions and knowledge possessed by the leaders have differed from those of the "men of the market place"; and in spite of all our popular education that same difference holds good to-day. This fact was brought clearly into relief in the popular comment and discussion on the so-called "monkey-trial" at Dayton, which provided heart-searchings for some, amusement for many, and complacent self-satisfaction for hordes of John Does. It was easy to laugh at the Tennesseeans, but was the Dayton trial, after all, merely an uproarious farce—the last stand in the mountains of a dying Obscurantism? Are not aspects of that and other manifestations of what we have come to call "Fundamentalism" worth pondering on broader lines than whales and Jonahs and the first chapter of Genesis? Were the citizens of our cities and graduates of our high schools really so much more intelligent than the shirt-sleeve mountaineers? Do they really know so much more about the universe?

It was pointed out in the seventeenth century that different periods in the history of man have had different intellectual "climates," and that the whole mentality of each period is dependent upon the particular climate then prevailing. We cannot understand a book written 500 B.C. or 1200 A.D. merely because we can read its words. We have got somehow to come to understand the whole "intellectual climate" of that period. No man's thought can be understood without it; and no man, then living, was unaffected by it. There was, for example, a very distinct "intellectual climate" in the medieval period in Europe, in which Dante's *Divine Comedy* or the works of St. Thomas Aquinas flowered as naturally as the giant ferns in the Carboniferous era. Then came great "climatic" changes in intellectual Europe and, later, in the New World, and the climate in which we live now is wholly different. It can be called, for want of a better name, the scientific. That is, all of our thinking is of the sort which almost involuntarily rejects any general ideas or principles which cannot be "verified" by harmonizing them with

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a succession of facts tested by instruments. The only truth about the starry heavens, for example, which carries any conviction to most men to-day consists only of such "facts" as are revealed by the telescope, the spectroscope, and other instruments, or such hypotheses as seem to be corroborated by other facts similarly revealed or by mathematical "laws."

Now, this is something distinctly new in the way of an "intellectual climate." A civilization as a whole is probably related in some way to the intellectual climate of its period as the fauna and flora of past ages were related to the physical climates of their day. Everything at any given moment somehow "hangs together." Nobody has yet satisfactorily defined what we mean by "civilization," and we have no standard by which to judge whether one of the several civilizations that have risen and fallen in human history is higher than another. Man is a conceited creature, and very likely the men of each civilization would consider their own, which they were used to, the best.

The average man in each, however, can no more escape the intellectual influence of the "climate" of the times than he can escape from breathing the physical air of his time and place. Unconsciously he is formed by it. He accepts it as part of the order of nature and cannot understand any other. The average busy man of the present day, and not a few of the minor scientists, may think that they have replaced a worn-out religious faith by "scientific knowledge," when all that they have really done is to replace one childlike faith by another and one bigotry by another.

The "man in the street," whether that street be the Acropolis of Athens, the Forum of Rome, the narrow byways of medieval Florence or Paris, or Pall Mall or Broadway to-day, has never much cared to *think*. He is impressed by practical results and conforms to the current religion or opinion. The practical technological, economic, and sociological results of science have been colossal, impossible almost to overestimate. Had the views advanced by scientists not had these practical results they would have interested the average man as little as do the ideas of Plato or Hegel.

It may yet remain to be determined whether science has proved a blessing or a curse. It is too soon to say, and the problem is too complicated. But certainly it is the fact that scientific "ideas" work so astoundingly in the practical life which has given them such an enormous philosophical validity in the eyes of the people at large. Science in the opinion of the multitude has become something sacrosanct, and the average man to-day is as much a bigot about "science"—as he understands it—as the average man in Europe in the year 1000 was about the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and for the same reason, namely, that he is breathing the air of the intellectual climate of his day. He has picked up the ragtag and bobtail ideas which are floating about just as his predecessor did. In the Tenth Century Catholicism was the accepted mode of thought, and no sensible person questioned it. It is precisely the same with "science" to-day. If a merchant's clerk in the year 1000 was asked *why* he believed the dogmas of the church, just what those dogmas were, and on what philosophical basis they were founded, he could not have answered to save his life. They were the only sensible things *to* believe, and he was too busy and too practical to bother about philosophy. He knew that everyone else believed; he knew a lot of practical things the church did (or might do) for him, and anyone who did not believe was a crank or worse. In the same way, to-day, of the thousands who laughed at the Daytonians how many could have told what is the philosophical basis of science, what are the assumptions on which it is based, and just how far, and why, it is a valid interpretation of the universe?

They know—as the Catholic bookkeeper in the year 1000 knew, about the church—that science in certain practical ways has done a lot for them. There is the mechanico-materialistic interpretation of the universe, held by some scientists fifty years ago, which has now filtered down to the public and become fixed in its mind. The "average man" of the Middle Ages had his physical flames of Hell and his jewel-strewn Heaven. His modern counterpart has his "scientific laws" and his materialistic interpretation of the universe.

II

And bigotry along the new lines has already set in. If one were not historian enough to know how such things go, one might be surprised to find the "scientific, enlightened" mob who laughed at the Tennesseeans refusing to listen to the leaders among scientific thought. Let us take the case of a man I happen to know. As an open-minded youth, he read Darwin, Huxley, and the other scientists who were leaders in that day. In a sense he is himself a leader in his community, a man of fairly large income, a member of a somewhat exclusive intellectual club, but he says he has time to read only eight or nine books a year. Several of these are scientific, but he will have none of the philosophy of science. He would have no more use for Ritchie or Whitehead or Poincaré on the one hand than he would for the Daytonians on the other. If any "scientist" questions a purely mechanist-material view of the universe, he is to be summarily dismissed. He is as inflexible as the clerk of the Middle Ages. For him the scientific assumptions of a generation ago have become an established dogma, as little to be questioned *by the leaders of science itself* as by the Daytonians. As Poincaré says, "for a superficial observer, scientific truth is beyond the possibility of doubt. . . . To be skeptical is to be superficial. To doubt everything and to believe everything are two equally convenient solutions; each saves us from thinking."

It is of no use to say to such a man that Poincaré, the leading mathematician and one of the leading scientists of our time, has admitted that science can teach us nothing of the real nature of things, that all it can do, and that only in part, is to elucidate certain relations between them. Moreover, as he explains, science deals with only a very limited number of facts, those which recur with sufficient frequency to enable us to establish "laws," which, as another scientist says, are "hypotheses with a high degree of probability." As Poincaré says again, we have to stop somewhere, and scientists merely work on certain groups of facts so as to establish certain simple rules valid for those groups of facts only.

They have established a good many such rules, and they have had astounding repercussion in the practical applications which have resulted. It is this, I repeat again, which has so deeply impressed the average man. Heaven and Hell are unprovable and very likely unreal. The "good life" was always a matter for the elect and cultured to debate over. But for the common man, the movies and the telephone and the Ford car and a huge increase in population with jobs still going round are realities, and science has brought them about.

But does science give us any satisfactory explanation of the universe? No scientist of any standing would claim that it tells us *why* things happen; it tells us only *how* they happen. Science does not tell us the cause, in the popular sense, of a single happening. It can only tell us that if certain things occur others will follow. And it can do even that for only an extremely limited number of phenomena. The popular idea is that, given time enough, science will be able to explain everything. Will it, even as to the *how* rather than the *why*? A. D. Ritchie, a biological chemist of

international note, says, "it seems clear to me that the order in nature of which science reports is really there, and is not a mere figment. But it seems to me equally obvious that the orderliness is not all-pervasive. There are streaks of order to be found among the chaos, and the nature of scientific method is to seek these out and to stick to them when found and to reject or neglect the chaos. It is obvious that we have succeeded in finding some order in nature, but this fact in itself does not prove anything farther. It suggests that, having found some order, it is worth looking for more, but it does not imply that nature is orderly through and through, though, of course, it might be so. Nevertheless, the extreme difficulty and labor of finding laws of nature even when you know where and how to look, much more when it is a question of discovering a new one, suggest that there is not so much simplicity and order about as people think. . . . The fact that the regions of nature actually covered by known laws are few and fragmentary is concealed by the natural tendency to crowd our experience into those regions and to leave others to themselves. We seek out those parts that are known and familiar and avoid those that are unknown and unfamiliar. This is simply what is called 'Applied Science'."

The reason I claim that popular science has already become a sort of dogmatic religion with the ordinary man, and that he is as much a bigot as the Daytonian, is that he will not listen to this sort of thing even from leading scientists. He has accepted as a new dogma the science of thirty years ago as it has filtered into popular works and he accepts, utterly uncritically, because he has had no philosophical training, any philosophical nonsense handed him by the popularizers of science. He believes that science will ultimately explain everything, because he believes the entire universe is governed by laws to be discovered. This, of course, involves the abandonment of any doctrine of the freedom of the will; but many scientists without philosophical knowledge apparently overlook this entirely, and in the preface to one of the most popular books on recent science we read that we men, owing to science, "have stepped from the rank of Creation's scheme." If science is universal, how are we, any more than anything else in the universe, going to step out of the rank of "Creation's scheme"? Wouldn't that be a colossal miracle, and if an unimportant creature like man can voluntarily step out of the sphere of influence of "natural laws" and begin to control or thwart them himself, what becomes of that all-pervasive "reign of law"? Why be so conceited? If we can step aside from "Creation's scheme" because of what science has learned in a few generations, the universe would seem to be much more loosely governed than popular science believes.

If science is universally valid, it can be so only at the expense of destroying all we have hitherto considered worth striving for, and must theoretically destroy all initiative. Yet science has given us such power over the forces of nature as to stir us to an activity hitherto unknown in the world's history. We have been able to produce and maintain a population undreamed of. We are flying through the air at three hundred miles an hour. We can speak with a person three thousand miles away. We can do all the incredible things we do to-day, and so we, part of an inexorable nexus of laws, are dreaming of annihilating almost every law of nature! There is the paradox, which the popular scientist and the man in the street both ignore, being "practical" men in a "scientific" age.

III

But to get back to our Daytonians and our high-school graduates. As far as thinking powers are concerned, I frankly do not see much to choose be-

tween them. The high-school graduates have accepted certain facts the Daytonians did not, but beyond that the High Schoolites are just as bigoted as the Daytonians. They not only refuse to *think* but they have reached the point in accepted and crystallized dogma where they refuse to follow even the leaders of science themselves in their philosophic inquiries. Anyone who does not accept the few established facts which these High Schoolites have accepted, are, in their opinion, ignorant boobs. Any scientist who is philosophical enough to carry on speculations which appear to endanger the simple mechanical scientific ideas to which the High Schoolites have become accustomed is a "crank" and no longer a "scientist."

But, again, it may be asked whether the Daytonians' protest—I cite that simply as an example of a state of mind not confined to the Tennesseeans—is based solely on scientific ignorance and Obscurantism? Are these various protests, in more or less ignorant form and based on positions which, intellectually, are unfortunately taken, the dying gasps of a conflict which is almost passed or the first cries of one new born? It is so hard to get away from the "climate" of one's own age, and so dangerous to be a heretic, scientifically, that the question may seem a foolish one, but I am not so sure that it is. I am not so sure that the next century or two are going to be as rigidly "scientific" as our own.

These protests, as I sense them, have to do fundamentally, not so much with certain items of knowledge or ignorance, as with our attitude toward the whole range of values in human life. There are certain questions about life which man has always asked, certain modes of self-expression and enjoyment which he has craved, certain ideals he has entertained, certain forms of experience he has insisted upon. In the ebb and flow of humanity through the ages, in minor changes of modes of thought and social custom, we may sometimes lose sight of these fundamentals; but if we study men in all stages of evolution from savagery to the highest civilizations, we shall find certain aspects of his nature strangely constant. For one thing, he has always insisted on trying to find some real and satisfying explanation of his own nature and that of the universe into which he is born; he has never ceased to ask the *why* of birth and death, of suffering and sin and happiness; he has always expressed himself in art—written poems, painted pictures, carved sculpture; he has always insisted that he was himself a personality, and that the drama of his own life, somehow, had significance. There have been periods when a philosophy or religion arose which ran counter to some or all of these instincts, and for a time, oddly enough, may have seemed to increase the energy of the people believing it, as in the case of Mohammedanism. But sooner or later the people release themselves again, and the religion or other hampering influences become mere forms and lose their significance in practical life.

Now, what is the relation of science to these deep-lying instincts? It can offer us not a single word of explanation or illumination as to the nature of the universe or ourselves. Its "causes" are mere antecedents. It pictures a mere succession of events. Not only must it always be silent as to *why* anything happens, but even as to the *how*, what it really says is merely that if a certain selected group of phenomena is found now, another combination will follow. This is enormously useful to know, and I am not belittling the amazing amount of knowledge of a certain sort which science has accumulated. It is probable that mankind will never find any answers to their many *why's*. That is not the point. The point is that mankind, age after age, has always sought answers, has always refused to remain in a purely agnostic attitude. Has human nature changed so com-

pletely and suddenly that it is now going to remain forever content with those answers of science which are no answers?

Moreover, man has implanted in him a peculiar feeling that somehow there is such a thing as value or worth in the universe, that some things, some thoughts, some lines of conduct have more value than others; that a great poem is worth more than an obscene couplet scratched upon a wall; that a noble and brave man is worth more than a puny coward. But, however an individual scientist may ignore the implications of science in private and practical life, science has no place for values. In a universe governed wholly by predictable and inexorable law, value, in its human sense, is an inadmissible quality. The man who sacrifices his life to save women and children in a shipwreck is doing nothing more noble or of more worth than the man-eating tiger who pounces upon a child in the jungle. Both are equally the literally un-*willing* resultants of the entire complex of forces in the universe centering upon them at the time and place, and their acts are as wholly devoid of moral value as the motions of the stars in their courses.

If we adopt sincerely and wholly the popular conception of science we really destroy all values in human life. The arts are already beginning to show this deteriorating influence. In fiction, for example, of what use to write of character if there is no such thing, if personality is a myth, if freedom of action is a dream, and if all we are is merely a succession of states of mind having as little significance as a glow of phosphorescence over decaying wood? The logical outcome is Joyce's *Ulysses*, in which for hundreds of pages we have merely the successive and passive states of mind of one man during a few hours. As an experiment it may have an interest. As the sole form to which the art of fiction is reduced by science, it means the end of art. It may all be true but neither man nor his arts can try to live by it and survive.

It is needless to go on multiplying instances. As to the immediate questions at issue at Dayton, I believe the Daytonians wrong and the High Schoolites right, but as to the larger implications of the whole present situation I believe the Daytonians were on the right trail, however clumsily and ignorantly they were groping for it. If man cannot live by bread alone, neither can he live on disinfectants or aeroplanes.

As an historian I am skeptical of general laws in history, but one which does seem to be established is that man never goes back to revivify old forms. His civilizations may rise and fall, but he never goes back to relive the thoughts of an earlier period. I do not look for a great popular revival of Christianity any more than of Greek philosophy or Confucianism. Christianity will probably last for centuries and provide comfort and hope for millions, but those who have grown away from it, and their successors, are not likely to be won back. On the other hand, I do not believe that any body of doctrine so spiritually and, speaking broadly, intellectually sterile as science will satisfy the many-sided cravings of mankind indefinitely. Its facts are exceedingly interesting and incomparably useful, but they are too much on the order of a picture-puzzle to satisfy men forever. There comes a time when the contemplation of the unthinkable distances of the stars or the habits of an electron or even the geological record fail somehow to move us. It gets a bit too much like reading of Rockefeller's millions, because, at bottom, and ineradicably, man craves spiritual and moral values, and an answer, however crude, to his question *why?*

IV

It is obvious that we cannot get along without science. Intellectually it has an interest we shall never again willingly forego. Practically it is essen-

tial, not only for our comfort but, as things are now, for our very existence. In fact we have reached the point where in order to support the population brought into the world by science we shall have to have more and more science, more and more inventions almost daily. But, basing my prediction solely on the unchanging nature of man's deepest cravings throughout the entire period of which we know anything of him and his mind, I do believe that science will some day cease to be the sole method of interpreting the universe and that scientists will cease to be the high priests whose words are the sole authority as to what men can and cannot believe about themselves and their environment. It has been said recently that science may some day become a sort of religious cult, with its own hierarchy and its influence on the life and thought of the people comparable to that of the great established churches. I doubt that, for, as I said, it is too sterile. It has appealed to men in general in our day for special reasons, but I do not believe it can permanently satisfy the whole of man's nature, and I believe the "intellectual climate" will gradually alter again—as it has so many times—and science will come to be considered an extremely useful practical tool, an indispensable one, and an extremely interesting interpretation of certain aspects of the universe, but that it will lose its present high station as the sole interpretation of the whole of it.

Whether in the course of the next few centuries some new religion may be taught, I do not know, but I do not believe that a few generations of scientific teaching have permanently altered man's nature. I believe that before so long he will insist, simply because he cannot help himself, on some restoration of spiritual and moral explanations and values in his world. A philosophy which teaches that there can be no answer to his deepest questionings, that all his spiritual and moral values can be resolved into nothing, that he himself has no personality, not only after death but even in this world, that he is merely a bundle of "states of mind" cannot satisfy him always. When beauty, love, duty, loyalty, and all the rest of what has hitherto given some value to existence have been swept away by scientific analysis, I believe they will come in again by some other door, though where that door may open from I do not know.

In all that I have here said about science I have been speaking of it in the popular acceptation of what it stands for—a conception that unfortunately is entertained also by too many scientists of smaller caliber. Far out on the frontiers of knowledge are scientists who themselves glimpse something different. It may be that they will be the ones to open the door and if they do, I am not at all sure that the Daytonians may not be more ready to enter than the High Schoolites. The Tennesseeans' science may be negligible but their uncritical sensing of man's deepest needs, of his unchanging nature, and of the values of life is more valid than that of many of the half-educated who got such a hearty laugh out of them, even although the crude protest may have been due to mere resentment against the disturbance of cherished religious dogma. "Intellectual climates" may change; civilizations may rise and fall; our skyscrapers may yet stand deserted; but man will still insist, in the face of every shred of contrary evidence, that he *is* a personality, that there is a scale of values which transcends the useful, that there is more in love and beauty than a complex of instincts and impacts, that there is a mystery and a meaning hidden in the universe, and he will still frame answers to his eternal *why?* The old religions may long linger, but none can be born again. If science cannot lead into some new world of interpretation, it will be thrust aside, except as a tool, and man will turn to some new philosophy of life, for his instincts are stronger than his reason, and man is more than his mind.

THE RIVIERA: IN AND OUT OF SEASON

BY LLOYD MORRIS

I FIRST arrived there in winter, attracted by the spell of a legend: deep-blue water breaking over ochre rocks; palm trees nodding above sun-drenched beaches; white villas among groves of flowering orange, lemon, and almond trees. Visit the Riviera in winter, the posters reiterate. The playground of kings. Aristocratic Cannes; Nice and its carnival of flowers; alluring Monte Carlo. . . . A holiday in the world's most celebrated winter resort. The Riviera in full season. In the end the appeal becomes overwhelming, almost irresistible. You succumb. So, also, do thousands of other people.

The celebrated winter season of the Riviera is now almost mythical. Kings formerly spent their holidays there, and so did one queen. On the Croisette at Cannes there is a statue of Edward VII, a dignified effigy in bronze; when you examine it closely you notice that the king is winking slyly at the casino. The hotel keepers of Cannes bless his memory, for, as Prince of Wales, he made Cannes the most expensive resort in Europe. On a hillside above Nice there is a statue of Queen Victoria. No doubt she was thinking of the Prince and the Cannes casino when she posed for it. For the artist has portrayed her with a frown, vigorously clutching her reticule. In the feebleness of her old age she came to Nice for some weeks every winter. Few monarchs come to the Riviera now.

Publicity, among other causes, has been responsible for the prosperity of the winter season and the simultaneous decline of its prestige. Fashion is capricious and invariably abandons whatever its approval makes popular. With the exception of Cannes, which retains its prestige, the Riviera during its official season has been abandoned by fashion and relinquished to the tourist. The hotels prosper. They are patronized by Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians; by South American gamblers and Levantine merchants; by English spinsters who imitate the pompadour of Queen Alexandra and the hats of Queen Mary. In every hotel one meets them; they gamble at the ten-franc table of all the casinos; they complain bitterly of the food and, justifiably, of the climate. There are four hours every day during which the sun shines warmly. In mid-afternoon a cutting wind blows down from the snow-covered Alps, a mist rises from the sea, and influenza stalks abroad. The hotels are built under the illusion that the climate is tropical, so at night one shivers in a plushy salon, and at ten o'clock the valet and chambermaid parade past with clusters of hot-water-bottles, each one neatly labeled with a name and number. Consider the embarrassment of an English spinster who discovered, in her bed, a hot-water-bottle not her own! The labels guarantee the preservation of Anglo-Saxon morals in an environment foreign and presumably corrupt.

The legendary gaieties of winter are scarcely exciting. Every town along the Riviera has a carnival and battle of flowers. These are arranged for the delectation of tourists, and are consequently dull. Every town has its local opera company, usually poor. Every town has its casino, and the tables pros-

per on the ennui and cupidity of the visitor. For everyone who comes to the Riviera in winter is equipped with one thing—leisure. And the problem of utilizing leisure is formidable, almost unsolvable, in a place where it constitutes the only problem. Long stretches of vacant time, day after day, week after week—how are they to be filled? Indolence seems alluring until it becomes an occupation; then, like any other occupation, it ceases being enjoyable and becomes hard work. So the gaming tables flourish; the turn of the wheel, the whirl of the ball, the run of the cards fill a vacancy with little thrills. In every casino there are gamblers with systems, devotees of the spinning wheel who keep interminable calculations in small notebooks and spend their days and nights over felt-covered tables. But the majority of the patrons of the casinos gamble as a defense against boredom. So universal is this defense that the English Church of Monte Carlo is said never to use a hymn with a number lower than thirty-six, lest the congregation hastily arise to play it at the tables. The municipalities of the Riviera are equally sagacious, and permit very few attractions which might compete with the tables. Boredom drives the visitor to the tables, but cupidity keeps him there. Always before him is the hope that, if he persists long enough, he will eventually make something for nothing.

Day after day one watches the spectacle of human nature in pursuit of diversion. A walk in the morning when the sunshine is warm. An aperitif before luncheon. After luncheon, the casino. Tea; stout matrons painstakingly dancing with harassed gigolos. After dinner, the casino or bridge in the chilly hotel salon. Boredom punctuated by yawns. A hot grog before retiring; a hot-water-bottle after. And the following day repeats precisely the same routine. I recall an American whom I met on the terrace of a restaurant in the hills back of Nice. His wife had inveigled him into taking a winter holiday; it was so much more smart, she said, than a summer vacation. They had come to the Riviera for the winter. I inquired whether he was enjoying it. "Enjoying it? Hell, no!" He spat expressively. "But I'll tell you," he added, his eyes lighting up, "back home my factory has just sold a thousand beds. New hotel in Cleveland. Had a wire to-day." He stared off into the distance. He didn't see the vineyards in the valley below, or the blue Mediterranean, framed by hills. And when he added wistfully, "I wish I were there now," I I knew what he saw—a thousand beds, in crates stamped with his name, on the shipping platform of his busy factory.

II

If the Riviera in winter is a disappointment, the Riviera in spring and summer is a surprise. With the coming of March and the termination of the official "season" tourists abandon the coast. The first lovely days of warm weather bring the closing of many hotels, the boarding up of some casinos. Lethargy seems to descend upon the sparkling little cities that fringe the coast from St. Raphael to Menton. This is the beginning of what once was, but no longer is, the dead season.

In the spring one begins to become aware of the permanent population, that strange band of international expatriates. Fugitives from reality, they cling to this strip of coast for a variety of reasons. Some because life there is easy and comfort, cheap. Some because among tropical gardens the harsh clatter of the modern world seems infinitely remote. Some because society has outlawed or forgotten them, and the Riviera offers an attractive Coventry. One emotion they share: all of them dislike or fear the modern world, and from it the Riviera is a refuge and an escape. In other respects they are remarkably diversified. Artists, bankrupt financiers, impoverished aristocrats of every

European nation, retired men of affairs, protagonists of forgotten scandals; superannuated courtesans, aging beauties, opera singers, and actresses who have left the stage, solitary women living on small incomes; perverts and drug addicts. Whatever their past, and whatever their reason for coming, the Riviera offers them an asylum. There they are free to live as they choose, without interference and almost without effort. And although gossip occupies itself with their existence, gossip, on the Riviera, appears to injure nobody. They are the spiritual descendants of those successive invaders whose ruined monuments declare that they, likewise, preferred the Riviera to their native lands: Phœnicians, Romans, Visigoths, and Saracens. It has always been the home of international expatriates.

To the observer of life they are an absorbing study. How many of them are living out the plays that no dramatist has sufficient courage to write! In Monte Carlo there resides an aristocratic old gentleman whose title is one of the oldest in Europe. As a young man he was wealthy, and his extravagant follies made him notorious in every European capital. By the end of his middle age he had squandered his inherited fortune. With thirty thousand francs he came to Monte Carlo—with that sum and a loaded revolver. He keeps both in his modest hotel room. At noon each day he goes to the casino, sits at the ten-franc table, and plays until he has won that day's expenses. Occasionally he loses, and then he draws upon his capital of thirty thousand francs. If a day should come when they have vanished he will draw on the loaded revolver. In Nice there lives a corpulent duke whose income is infinitesimally small, but whose title is unquestionably good. He has made a profession of dining out and of week-end visiting. His title lends distinction to the dinners and house parties of socially ambitious hostesses; he is a gigolo who does not dance, a paid entertainer who does not entertain. His professional charges are known but never discussed. He is always accorded the honors of a distinguished guest, and after every party which he graces by his presence he receives a check for his favorite charity. At dinner in certain houses along the coast one occasionally meets a very beautiful woman and the handsome man who is introduced as her husband. A few years ago they were figures in a sensational romance, as the press termed it. They deserted their respective homes and families, disappeared and, anticipating the ostracism of conventional society, settled on the Riviera. One meets them at dinner, and one need only observe them to discover that they now hate each other. Within a very few years their passion had worn thin under the pressure of propinquity and solitude. But, having begun life anew, together, they lack the courage to begin it all over again separately; their union, forced upon them by passion, is being continued by cowardice. Each of them fears the possibility of desertion by the other, and neither will permit the other to go anywhere alone. The irony of their fear is that it condemns them to a mutually suspicious devotion, a bitter parody on the affection with which their companionship began.

A subtle deterioration usually overtakes these fugitives from reality. Often it is not only life from which they hope to escape, but memory. Some of them take to drugs and narcotics—opium, ether, cocaine. Others enroll themselves in various cults which afford a temporary relief and reassurance. Spiritualism, for example, flourishes notably, probably because it offers one way of making peace with the past. It is represented by a young Jewish medium whose "control" is an American Indian. At one of the seances held by this medium there were present two elderly ladies who had been, in the late Victorian period, celebrated stage beauties and great rivals. In their youth they disputed the favor of many eminent men and, so gossip

reports, one of them captured and retained the favor of a king. Of that exploit her rival has always been jealous; whatever her own success, gossip had never attached her name to that of the monarch. At the seance which these two attended, the medium announced a communication from the king. Then royalty, speaking an Indian dialect with a Jewish accent, remarked, "I hope both of you are enjoying yourselves," and was silent. When the room was illuminated both ladies were discovered in tears. But one wore an expression of triumph; for she had scored her rival and vindicated the glory of her distant past.

III

One of the events of spring is the visit of the Russian Ballet to Monte Carlo. By the time that the Ballet arrives the winter clientele of the casino has departed, the salons of the Sport Club are neglected, and the little city has become a sleepy provincial town. But, because the Ballet has come to occupy a unique position in European musical life, its presence in Monte Carlo attracts a following that is itself amusing as a spectacle. The performances of the Ballet at Monte Carlo are preliminary to the seasons which it offers in Paris and London, and provide an opportunity to try out the new works which are later to be introduced to the capitals. For a period of a fortnight, therefore, the famous gambling place becomes the rendezvous of an agitated group of artists. There are the composers whose new works are to be produced—perhaps Stravinsky, De Falla, Prokofieff, Auric, and Sauguet. There are the dramatists and poets who have furnished the scenarios. There are painters, like Picasso, who continue to design scenery for the Ballet, and designers of fashion, like Chanel, who occasionally produce its costumes. There are music critics from the principal European capitals. And there is present always the following which invariably attaches itself to any successful artistic enterprise, the wealthy, fashionable, society of dilettantes. By day they are to be seen on the terrace of the Café de Paris, chattering the latest gossip of their set, a set always nervously moving from London to Paris, from Paris to Rome, from Rome to Vienna, from Vienna to the Riviera, from the Riviera to New York. Wherever they happen to be, they constitute an international stock exchange of the artistic world, booming or depressing the reputations of painters, composers, dancers, and singers. By night, at Monte Carlo, you find them in the little gilded opera house. They are the most fickle and discouraging of first-night audiences and their approval is by no means negligible.

Night after night they come to admire Lifar, the accomplished and handsome young dancer, and their current idol. They will desert him, in due time, for another. The amusements of the Riviera have not greatly changed in two thousand years. For in Antibes, not many miles from the theater of Monte Carlo, there remains a tablet preserved from the vanished Roman theater of the first century. That tablet commemorates the appearance of Septentrion, a boy of twelve, who, so it records, "danced twice, and pleased." But there are no tablets affixed to the opera house at Monte Carlo. The modern audience is too fickle.

IV

In midsummer the Riviera undergoes a metamorphosis, and begins to resemble the scene of a novel not yet written by Michael Arlen or Paul Morand. Fashion, in its capricious way, has inaugurated a summer season in what was formerly its favorite winter resort.

Twenty minutes by motor from the ornate hotels of Cannes is the little town of Juan-les-Pins, built within the past three years, and now complete with all the costly requisites of a sophisticated simple life. In winter, when Cannes is crowded, Juan-les-Pins is a deserted

village. But in summer, when the splendors of Cannes have been relegated to carpenters and caretakers, Juan-les-Pins takes its place as one of the most fashionable of European resorts. The general public has not yet discovered it. When the searchlight of publicity begins to play upon it its vogue will probably pass.

Shrewd builders have made Juan fashionable by restricting its size. The town is built to a miniature scale. The casino is small; none of the few hotels accommodates more than one hundred guests, and the favorite midnight restaurant seats forty people. It is characteristic of Juan that the reputation of this restaurant was established by an error. One night when all the tables were filled a royal prince arrived unexpectedly and, being unrecognized by the management, was unceremoniously ushered into a garden annex and served there. That incident created the prestige of the restaurant as an exclusive place.

The beach at Juan on a midsummer day is a picturesque scene. Sunburn is the vogue, in every shade from light tan to copper and tobacco brown. For hours every day the sands are covered by row upon row of recumbent figures, glistening with protective oil in the dazzling sunlight, wearing only abbreviated trunks. They scarcely move, except to shift their positions so that they may be evenly burned, or to apply oil when the sun's heat becomes painful. Like polished bronze statues, they await a patina. Near Juan there resides a retired actress who, in her remote youth, popularized the cancan in European music halls. One day she visited the beach, looked at it, and departed to complain to the police. For a week thereafter a policeman patrolled the beach, arresting everyone who was not clad in suitable bathing attire. At the end of that time the policeman collapsed in exhaustion, and the wave of reform came to an end. The cult of sunburn continues to flourish, and the beach at Juan remains naked and unashamed.

Until one becomes accustomed to it, life at Juan seems as elaborately unreal as the landscape which surrounds it, and which resembles only a lovely, fantastic stage-setting. But since Juan is a place where no eccentricity of conduct provokes any surprise, the drama is usually worthy of its scenery. The people who frequent Juan are principally those who, for one or another reason, can afford to be independent of public opinion; they possess the established security of position, or wealth, or talent, or reputation. At Juan there is no public opinion or conventional society, and the behavior of its visitors represents, not the dramatic protest of unconventional spirits, but the spontaneous impulses of people to whom conventions are negligible.

I knew, for example, a man of eminent reputation who, with his wife, bought a villa in the environs of Juan. They were considered notable examples of conjugal felicity; each had divorced a previous mate to marry the other. The wife possessed an expensive female dog to which she was devotedly attached. On returning from a flying trip to Paris her husband brought her, as a surprise, a male dog of the same species. Unfortunately for the domestic peace of their household, the fickleness of the lady dog became evident at once; she deserted her mistress and began to lavish her affection upon the male intruder. This aroused the wife's jealousy and she commanded her husband to dispose of his purchase. Her emotion seemed to him unreasonable, and he refused. As a consequence, an excellent villa is now on the market, and the Paris divorce courts are likely to be confronted with one more perplexing suit.

There is a colony of American moving-picture stars in the vicinity of Juan. The more intelligent among them were often cynical about their profession. The pictures, they said, do not represent life; people do not behave in life as do the characters of the movies, and the stories told by the pictures are usually wildly improbable. I often wondered whether

these cynical critics observed what was taking place under their very eyes. For in Juan life is often more violently improbable than any moving picture. A dozen scenarios might be picked up within a few weeks during the summer. If you want melodrama, there is the spectacle of the "intrigues of passion," with all the standard types cast in their usual roles: men of wealth, their beautiful mistresses, their neglected wives, the preying adventurers to whom the wives turn for solace. If you want fantasy, there is the establishment of a wealthy and philanthropic Englishman to draw upon. He has legally adopted two dozen children and is educating them, in accordance with doctrines of his own, in complete ignorance of the outside world, in absolute seclusion within the high walls of his magnificent estate. If you wish comedy, there is the spectacle of a colony of people who are somewhat painfully seeking to revive the civilization of ancient Greece, and whom you will meet parading the roads in vague draperies and fillets of laurel.

The distinctive charm of Juan-les-Pins is a kind of fantasy. This fantasy probably proceeds from the fact that life there by day is merely indolence on a sunny beach, while life there by night is urban, sophisticated, and elegant. After dark luxury, not simplicity, becomes the dominant note. Dinner on the terrace of the casino, overhanging the sea, is an elaborate social function, a parade of exquisite gowns and priceless jewels. In the baccarat room fortunes change hands every evening. When the casino closes the night restaurant opens; when that closes at dawn a long line of motors files out to a country inn, back in the hills, where breakfast is served in a garden. This, too, is the simple life—at night.

V

If, on a certain morning in July, you happen to be motoring from Juan-les-Pins toward Nice, you are likely to see still another aspect of life on the Riviera. Five minutes' ride from Juan-les-Pins is the town of Antibes, a medieval town with seventeenth-century ramparts encircling it. It has become a prosperous resort, but it maintains an important fishing fleet. On a hill above the town is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and containing an ancient image of the Virgin as the patroness of fishermen. Once a year, early in July, occurs the ceremony of the blessing of the fishing fleet. In solemn state the Virgin is borne from her chapel on the hill down to the port, attended by the bishop of the diocese and his clergy, a vested choir, and the families of the fishermen. In the port mass is celebrated, the statue of the Virgin is elevated, and the bishop invokes her blessing upon the ships.

It is good to see that ceremony. It reminds one of the traditions of the countryside and the antiquity of its civilization. For, more enduring than the monuments of its successive invaders, the primitive life of the countryside has survived, and continues, unmodified by the elaborate apparatus of pleasure which a modern age has imposed upon it. On hundreds of tiny farms the olive orchards are cultivated by the descendants of those who planted them. From every little village along the coast the fishing boats set out at dusk, returning before dawn, and in narrow streets far from the great hotels old women sit and mend the nets in the early mornings.

It is against this background of permanent, enduring life that the other Riviera is most significantly seen. It is the world's most celebrated pleasure-ground. It displays, on a small stage, the characteristic elements of our civilization, the characteristic ways in which we attempt to amuse ourselves when we are fortunate enough to be able to do so. It is, in effect, a microcosm of modern international life. That, probably, is the source of its final, and fundamental, attraction.

UNGRACIOUS LADY

A STORY

BY ELMER DAVIS

MRS. STURDEVANT used to console herself with the assurance that she and Charles quarreled no more than the average married pair, even if no less. Undeniably the habit seemed to be growing on them, but that might be only because they had more things to quarrel over now—the children's friends and the children's future, and money. In the three-room flat on Tenth Street money had been a rarity, to be received with glad astonishment. In the twelve-room duplex on Eighty-Sixth Street money was fairly commonplace; but Mrs. Sturdevant had discovered not only that the more you have, the more you have to spend, but that you can quarrel all the more over the various ways to spend it. Charles was so visionary and impractical, sometimes. For instance—

"Don't be an idiot!" Mrs. Sturdevant flared. "You know we can't afford it."

Over the rim of her coffee cup her gray eyes regarded her husband with a faintly scornful weariness. After fifteen years he ought to know enough not to bring up controversial topics at breakfast; at least, not until they had had their coffee.

"We've got the money—" Charles began.

"Yes, and we need it. That trip would cost seven or eight thousand if you took the children." (The children, happily, had breakfasted earlier and set off to school before Charles brought up this topic.) "Yes, it would," she insisted. "We couldn't just go to Stockholm and then turn around and come home; we'd have to stop in Paris and London to play around with the crowd, and then come home with the crowd on the *Olympic* or the *Ile de France* or the *Berengaria*."

"We needn't. The best crossing we ever had was on the old *Cymric*, even if she was just a one-class boat to Boston."

"We were in love." She hadn't intended to put that so definitely in the past tense, but one did things one didn't intend before one had had one's breakfast coffee. "And young," she added. "And poor. Now all our friends and all your clients travel on the best boats—the children's school friends, too. We can't afford to be eccentric till we've put Bob and Marge through college."

"Yes, but—damn it, Joan! We don't want to miss all the fun."

"We always have plenty of fun at the Point, summers. If you spend fifty thousand on a summer cottage you ought to get your money's worth out of it. Even with the children at camp, the summer wouldn't cost us three thousand, aside from the overhead on the house. And if we went abroad you'd miss that ten-thousand-dollar commission from the Grellings. We need it, and at the Point, you could drive over to their place every morning to supervise the job and still come back in time for your tennis and swimming."

"Unh!" said Charles, picking up the morning paper. "Can't work all the time." When he retired behind the

front page of the *Times* it was equivalent to asking for an armistice; Joan knew she ought to leave well enough alone. But some inner gadfly drove her on.

"You certainly can't work all the time; you're a luxury, my dear. You've made lots of money these last few years, but maybe prosperity won't last forever, and a landscape architect specializing in country estates is one of the first expenses millionaires are going to cut off in hard times. Get what you can while you can; we need it."

Charles flung aside his paper.

"We need other things too," he growled. "Maybe you don't; but I'm sick of slaving for money and then having rows over what to do with it. We're almost forty—time to enjoy things while we can. Why shouldn't we go back to Stockholm?"

Stockholm. They had met there, at the Olympic Games of 1912. Joan had come to watch her brother run in the hurdles, and to forget the man back home who had jilted her for a widow with money. Charles had come up from Germany, with a brand-new diploma from a forestry school in the Odenwald, to forget the wistfully reproachful eyes of a girl at the Victoria Hotel in Heidelberg, who couldn't understand why he was too proud to live on her money. She had made him feel like a cad; and he admitted as much to Joan when they were condoling with each other over their amorous misadventures. (This was three days after they met.) "I still think I was right," he insisted, "but Ellen's too fine to see how money could make any difference."

"Fine nothing!" said Joan scornfully. (Her brusque unsentimental directness refreshed him like cool water, after Ellen's sensitive complexities.) "She's spoiled. If she'd really wanted you she'd have understood that you had to keep your self-respect. A man with an established reputation could live on an allowance from his wife, but you're just getting started. You'd be a kept man and you'd never forget it. Neither would she. It's only silly sentimentality to pretend that money makes no difference."

Thus reassured, Charles ceased to feel like a cad; but he relapsed into that emotion three days later, when he stopped kissing Joan to tell her in sudden nervous despair that he didn't have five hundred dollars in the world. But she only laughed at that.

"What's money to us," she asked, "so long as neither of us has any?" And so they were married.

Caught on the rebound, both of them; they never denied it. But what of that? They had a glorious month in a Stockholm *pension*, and then came home on a one-class boat to settle down and seek their fortune. But that, mused Mrs. Sturdevant over her coffee, was fifteen years ago.

"We've been to Stockholm," she observed. Charles's mouth dropped with an aggrieved boyishness that was simply ridiculous at his age.

"Well—don't you think it's about time for a second honeymoon?"

"Oh, won't you ever grow up? There's no such thing as a second honeymoon. Things happen once. Haven't you any sense of anticlimax?"

"It hadn't occurred to me that it would necessarily be that." He was putting on his dignity; for her brusque unsentimental directness rasped his nerves fearfully.

"I don't know what else you'd call it. Dragging Bob and Marge around to see the places where we used to hold hands—giving the Grand Hotel Royal an exhibition of the American husband and father on tour—"

"Damn the Grand Hotel. I'd thought of hunting up that old *pension*."

"Yes," said his wife bitterly, "you would. And it would serve you right if I let you. This time you'd notice the cockroaches, and the straw mattresses, and the bad coffee. But Bob and Marge might not see the joke. I hate sentimental journeys, Charles. Can't you live in the present?"

He rose without further words, but she knew what he refrained from saying. (One knew so many inconvenient things, after fifteen years.) He wanted to say that she didn't give him much incentive to live in the present. She wished he'd say things like that instead of just thinking them; if he blew up and abused her he'd get it off his mind. But he always swallowed his wrath and let it fester. . . . Now, from the door, he spoke.

"You win. We'll spend the summer at the Point, and I'll take that job of Grelling's. As you reminded me once upon a time, it's only silly sentimentality to pretend that money makes no difference."

Yes, she had won, as usual; it would pay her to lose a little more frequently. Also she was right, as usual; but that only made it worse. And Charles glowered from the doorway, choking down his wrath.

"Oh, say it!" she burst out. "I know what you're thinking—it's what you think every time we have a quarrel. You wish you'd married Ellen Hathaway. . . . Well, I wish you had too!"

With a grunt and a shrug he walked out; a moment later she heard the slam of a door.

Of course, by the time she had finished her second cup of coffee and her first cigarette she had got over wishing he had married Ellen Hathaway; and she supposed he would be over it by lunch time. But they'd both wish it next time they quarreled.

Mrs. Sturdevant's morning mail lay beside her plate, but she left it unopened and lighted a second cigarette. She knew women who quarreled gracefully, who made an art of it—of linked quarrels and reconciliations, with the same electric force that blazed as murky hate at the beginning glowing as incandescent love at the finish. But that sort of thing disgusted her. In fact, a good many things disgusted her; perhaps too many. I suppose I'm intolerant, she reflected. All sharp corners. No grace.

She had been hurt, physically hurt, by the absurdity of Charles's idea of a middle-aged pilgrimage, dragging the children behind them, to the scene of their honeymoon fervors; hurt all the more because she cherished so deeply those memories of what had once happened in Stockholm. But Charles couldn't see that this revisiting would be anticlimatic and ridiculous; he wasn't made that way. She might have dissuaded him more graciously. Ellen Hathaway would have done it graciously. . . . If she had done it at all; Joan suspected that Ellen would see nothing absurd in a second honeymoon.

Joan knew her; though Ellen lived in Santa Barbara she came to New York now and then, and the Sturdevants had visited her during their winter in California when her husband was still alive. Of late years she hadn't come East, but there was a fitful correspondence which Ellen, with old-fashioned delicacy, conducted with Joan, not with Charles. That delicacy and sentiment must have been bruised by Ellen's life with Brick Hathaway, who lived in a blaze of scandal and died in a blaze of glory on the Aisne. His hero's death hadn't effaced the memory of his hellion's life; Ellen had never remarried. Now I, Joan mused, could have managed Brick Hathaway. But she had never really wanted to manage any man but Charles, and she didn't seem to be very good at managing him. Perhaps he ought to have married Ellen after all.

For Ellen had grace. In Heidelberg Charles had called her "*gnaedigste*" in the German fashion; and so, his wife suspected, he still thought of her—"gracious lady." So millions of people thought of her who knew her from that portrait by Sargent that hung in the Metropolitan Museum—"Portrait of a Woman Arranging Flowers." Ellen, tall and willowy in a long clinging white gown (the picture had been painted in 1913), her graceful bare arms raised to set a bowl of poppies on a mantel, the

scarlet richness of the flowers blazing beside the deep shadowy black of her high-piled crown of hair. That was a portrait of Ellen, body and soul; for body and soul, delicate and sensitive, she was all one piece. Like me, mused Mrs. Sturdevant with a shrug of her square shoulders and an impatient shake of her crisply shingled head. Only I'm built for service.

But—rather late—she was perceiving that grace might be a kind of service too. She had been immensely useful to Charles, and he knew it; but he missed the graces with which she was too proud (or perhaps only too impatient) to trick out her solid merits. A man like Charles needed a woman who saw through things; but he needed also, sometimes, a woman who wasn't too scornful of soothing illusions. He needed a wife who could check up on the tradesmen but he needed also a wife who could arrange flowers. And since what he needed was divided between two women —why, thought Joan, the laws ought to permit bigamy in a case like that. . . . She wondered, with a little dismay, if this had ever occurred to Charles. For she didn't want to share him with another woman. There were hot red moments of anger when she didn't want him at all; but in her lucid intervals she wanted all of him.

With an impatient shrug she swept up her mail and went to her room to dress. To please Charles, she often breakfasted in the Chinese lounging pajamas he had given her for Christmas; curious that his eye, so exact in its appraisal of the artistic value of trees and lawns, of shrubbery and flower beds, couldn't see that this gorgeous costume was worse than wasted on his wife. Joan had no illusions about her rectangular athletic figure, her tanned sportswoman's face, her hair-colored hair. That was the way she looked, and she had to make the best of it; in blues and grays and greens her best was quite good enough. But in these pajamas she looked absurd. Lacquery black satin embroidered in jade and scarlet called for a pale skin, red lips, deep black hair—like Ellen Hathaway's. Perhaps that explained it, she thought with a sudden tightening of the throat; perhaps Ellen's beauty had been before his subconscious eye when he bought that Christmas present. Certainly it wasn't me, she reflected, that he was seeing across that breakfast table.

She finished dressing, began to look over her mail; and again her throat tightened, absurdly, as she saw a square blue-gray envelope addressed in Ellen's hand. Till then she hadn't realized that she'd been hoping that their fitful correspondence had ceased forever. She opened the letter:

Dear Joan:

It's been such ages since I've heard from you! Will you be surprised to learn that I'm to be your neighbor this summer? Some people who spend the winters here have been singing the praises of your Point, so I've taken one of the Inn cottages for the season. From the map, I judge that's down the bay from your house, but it can't be more than three or four miles by road—

Just about that, Joan reflected—by the road that slanted across the peninsula to the Grelling estate. Charles, supervising its relandscaping, would pass Ellen's cottage twice a day. . . . For a moment, she wrestled with an insane impulse to call up the office and tell him she'd go to Stockholm after all.

But she didn't. Instead, she was presently at her writing table, beginning a letter: "Dear Ellen—I'm so delighted—"

Joan Sturdevant had never run away from anything yet.

It was like Ellen that she greeted Joan as an old friend and Charles as a former acquaintance. Joan knew there was no guile in that, only delicacy; but it utterly upset her plan of assuming from the start that they were a jolly comradely trinity, and it gave Charles a chance to get acquainted with Ellen all over again, instead of taking her as somebody familiar, whose faults and virtues

alike had long ago been discounted. And serves me right, thought Joan grimly. If I've got to the point where I have to plan, to hold my husband—

There was a good deal about Ellen that plainly wasn't guile, but worked out to much the same effect; for instance that first meeting, when she came to dinner with them. She kissed Joan affectionately and shook hands with Charles, with a cheerful "Hello! You're looking splendid!" Then she turned back to Joan. "My dear, how well gray hair becomes you!"

For less than that, thought Mrs. Sturdevant behind her hospitable smile, had the lethal bullet sped to its mark and the deadly stiletto buried itself in quivering flesh. It was no news to Joan that she was getting gray (she'd never heard of a dye that could be trusted when you were always motoring bareheaded or swimming without a cap); but it was probably news to Charles, who never noticed alterations in a familiar picture till somebody pointed them out. And yet, looking in her mirror later, she had to admit that her neutral-colored thatch really was improved by this silvery powdering. Perhaps Ellen had meant it in honest admiration after all.

Ellen wasn't getting gray—quite the contrary—and she hadn't cut her hair. Charles perceived that with a gasp of delight; and Ellen, after a smile of acknowledgment, turned to Joan, prettily apologetic.

"Of course *you* know, Joan, that I simply can't get a decent hat that will fit me. I suppose I ought to have it shingled, but it's as thick as ever and it comes down almost to my knees. I simply couldn't bear to sacrifice it."

"Quite right," said Charles stoutly. "It would be a crime. . . . Of course short hair improves most women—"

Meaning me, thought his wife, whose lanky locks had never come below her shoulder blades. When he says "women" he always means me. Maybe that's a compliment, but—

"By Jove," Charles exploded when Ellen had gone, "she looks wonderful! She must be—let's see. She was twenty-three fifteen years ago; that would make her thirty-eight now." (Not necessarily, thought Joan uncharitably.) "But she's still slender—not a line in her face."

"She's never had children," Joan observed. "And always had money."

"No," Charles sighed, "she never had any children. She wanted them, too. She's had a pretty sad life. But that hair! Curious that I'd forgotten those crimson glints in it."

Mrs. Sturdevant regarded her husband with that silent awe which is evoked by the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls. Yet it was like him. He had heard of henna, but he never connected it with a woman he admired. Just so, he was aware of this world's frailties; yet he believed, till the newspapers disproved it, that all the women he knew personally were chaste and all the politicians he knew personally were honest. This selective innocence sometimes infuriated his wife, but it enabled Charles to miss a good deal he wouldn't have wanted to know; and if it had its disadvantages for her about whom he knew everything—why, perhaps it was her fault that he didn't know more about what was going on. If she dyed her hair and flirted—But she had elected to be what she was; it was too late to be anything else now.

Yet she told herself again and again in the first weeks that she was a fool to be apprehensive. She liked Ellen, with reservations, and Ellen seemed to like her. The only fault that might be found with their intimacy was that it must seem a little ostentatious to the women who saw them bathing together on the Inn beach every afternoon and lounging together on the sand till Charles returned from the Grelling estate and joined them for tea. With Charles working and the children away at camp, Joan's time was her own; it was only decent to spend it, at first, in getting Ellen acquainted. But in past years she had bathed of mornings and spent

her afternoons at the golf club at the tip of the Point; she was afraid her friends might wonder at her change of habits, in view of Charles's frank admiration for Ellen.

And he wouldn't admire her, thought his wife resentfully, if she weren't Ellen. She doesn't do anything—except arrange flowers. . . . Charles admired athletic women. Ellen didn't play games; she could drive a car but she didn't; at the beach she rarely dabbled more than thigh deep, explaining apologetically that after the surf of California she didn't care for quiet water. But why, Charles used to ask, should she be athletic? She could, and did, afford the best chauffeur on the Point; and such exercise as her felicitously phlegmatic constitution needed she got from occasional languid strolls across the moors. Since she didn't exercise she ate little; since she ate little she stayed thin. Beyond doubt she was the most beautiful woman on the Point that summer, and before long she was one of the most popular.

For she did things, Joan realized at last, only not the things most other women did nowadays. She sang well, she played the piano beautifully—Debussy for preference; and at the weekly dances at the Inn she waltzed and tangoed with the grace of a vanished age. That was her charm—the grace of a vanished age, a leisured age that could afford delicacy and sentiment. Ellen was prewar, 1910 model; and men surfeited with brusque athletic women found her an irresistible novelty. Especially Charles.

Walking up from the beach one afternoon to tea at Ellen's cottage the two women paused, and Charles necessarily paused with them, for some window-shopping in the Arcade.

"That cerise sports frock would be lovely on you, Ellen," Joan sighed. "I'd adore it myself if I had the skin and the hair."

"But it's so short! I suppose I'm old-fashioned," Ellen confessed with a faint flush, "but I *don't* like the revealed knee."

"Why not?" asked Joan bluntly. "Not one pair of knees in a hundred is as pretty as yours. I wish I had them." Ellen's flush deepened.

"You're very kind. But I can't help feeling that long skirts are—more womanly, somehow."

"Clinging gowns for the clinging vine," said Joan, who had been called a mannish woman long before mannishness became the mode. Then, in atonement for this nervous outbreak, "I look like an ox in a bathing suit," she admitted, "and I don't suppose I'm very graceful in short skirts. But I'm comfortable. That's what counts."

"Still," Charles offered, "long skirts had a charm. That long white gown you wore in the Sargent portrait, Ellen, makes these modern dresses look like pinned-on newspapers."

This from Charles, who was used to lamenting that men didn't have sense enough to dress as comfortably as women! His wife could only stare at him in silence. But later, when they were driving home:

"You know, Charles," she observed, "Ellen can't go on looking like that Sargent portrait forever; and after all she doesn't try. She may say she doesn't like short skirts, but she wears them."

"What else could she wear, now?" Charles asked unanswerably. Still, Joan considered, it wasn't fair. Ellen, acquiescing in the mode under protest, got all the advantages of old-fashioned reticence and modern revelation. But you couldn't explain that to Charles; he'd always had a complex about Ellen. So Joan said nothing when Ellen appeared at a luncheon, a few days later, in the cerise sports frock.

I'm a fool to let her worry me, she thought savagely. But she couldn't help worrying all the same, especially in those afternoons on the beach. Ellen in her black silk suit, white-belted to emphasize her slenderness, wet her knees

and then retired to the shade of her beach umbrella while Joan swam. You couldn't blame Ellen for letting down that magnificent cascade of hair—all the long-haired women did it; and it might be mere chance that she had rented a scarlet umbrella, which could be blamed for any excess of crimson in the tresses that used to be shadowy black. Joan, after her swim, took a sun bath; but Charles, who had an aversion to getting sunburned on his bald spot, sat beside Ellen under the umbrella, and gradually his hands took to playing in that overflow of hair. Quite innocently—almost unconsciously. But his wife wondered if he knew he'd always had a hair fetish; she wondered what he'd think, if he knew how she longed to take a pair of shears and clip off Ellen's crowning glory.

But presently Mrs. Sturdevant took to bathing in the morning and driving over to the golf club of afternoons; it would look pointed, she perceived, if they three were always together on the beach. So Charles, she supposed, would have his tea alone with Ellen. No reason why he shouldn't; still she had to suppress a shiver when he reported the first occasion of the sort, with suspiciously innocent promptness. Thanks to his further reports, she knew that presently he was dropping in at Ellen's cottage every afternoon on his way home.

Well, why not? she asked herself impatiently. It's my fault that we didn't go to Stockholm; and eventually he'll get tired of a woman who can't play games with him.

She didn't really worry till Ellen began to take golf lessons and bought a speedboat. The chauffeur drove her car but she ran the speedboat herself.

This time it was Ellen who reported with ostentatious promptitude that she'd driven her speedboat around the Point to the Grellings' and brought Charles home for tea. (He'd been coming back to the Inn in one of the Grelling cars, now that Joan was driving to the golf club.) Ellen reported that twice and then stopped reporting it. But she didn't stop doing it; twice afterward, from the green of the fourteenth hole at the tip of the Point, Joan saw the speedboat coming around from a shore where there was nowhere to go but the Grelling estate.

It came hard to Mrs. Sturdevant to admit that she was jealous; she had always despised that ignoble and stupid emotion, the more easily because she wasn't the sort of woman who felt it. Now she knew she had never felt it only because Charles had never before given her any occasion. She supposed a sensible wife would either ignore this affair or treat it with jocular good humor as something perfectly understood; or if that was beyond her (as it was) she would try, unobtrusively, to be particularly nice to her husband. Joan did try that, but awkwardly and with embarrassment; after fifteen years, it seemed as unnatural as trying to be particularly nice to herself. The effort, and her sense of its absurdity, only frayed her nerves still more; and Charles spent still more time with Ellen.

Not, Joan supposed, that he meant any harm, or Ellen either; she was only taking him on the sentimental journey his wife had denied him. But a pair of sentimentalists drifting back into the reminiscent past were apt to wake up suddenly and find themselves farther from home than they had ever meant to go; perhaps too far to get back. For Joan suspected that Ellen would never indulge in intrigue—at least not for long. That delicacy of hers would demand stabilization, regularity—just as if it were guile.

And there wasn't a thing his wife could do about it.

There came a day of gusty intermittent rain; Joan stayed at home, wrote dutiful letters to Bob and Marge at their respective camps, played innumerable games of solitaire, and wondered if her husband would come home

to tea. He didn't. He stopped at Ellen's cottage instead, and stood in blank amazement as she met him in the long white gown of the Sargent portrait.

"I've always loved this thing," she explained, flushing prettily. "Sometimes I wear it as a tea gown when there's no one here to laugh at me. If I'd known you were coming—"

"You knew I couldn't stay away!" Thereupon he kissed her, for the first time in fifteen years. She yielded for a delirious moment, then put him away, gently reproachful.

"Dear, we mustn't. I'll give you tea; then I'll play for you."

Seething with forgotten emotions, he watched her beautiful hands moving about the luster ware; and afterward she played. Debussy, delicate and shadowy, wistful with regret; then a stormy air that took him straight back to the old days at Heidelberg when it had been new and popular—"*Amore Proibito.*" The music broke off in a crashing discord as he drew her up into his arms. . . . Outside the wind flung gusts of rain against the shingles, the only sound as they clung together. . . . Then she drew herself away, shuddering.

"No, no!" she gasped. "I mustn't let you make love to me." She seated herself, smiling in reproachful tenderness. "Charles, dear, I suppose we made a dreadful mistake in Heidelberg. But our friendship is so lovely. If we let—this come in— What then?"

Charles didn't know what then, and didn't care at the moment; he was staring, fascinated, at the crimson glints of the firelight in her high-piled hair.

"Let it down!" he begged hoarsely. Her hands rose, then fell back, clenched, in her lap.

"I'd love to," she murmured. "But you mustn't tempt me."

Tantalized, unsteady, he stared into her eyes—wistfully tender, frightened, and expectant. Expectant. . . . A surprising thought occurred to him; if Joan wanted to be tempted she'd say so; if she said, "You mustn't" she'd mean "You must *not*.". . . Damn! thought Mr. Sturdevant. I must think this over.

"I'd better go," he said, rising abruptly. "But I— You'll let me come back to-morrow? Say at four o'clock?"

At dinner he was morose and silent; his wife wondered how much more of this any of them could stand.

Charles was still shaving when Joan came down to breakfast and found the mail stacked at her plate. There had never been any reason why she shouldn't distribute the family letters, but this time, as she came to a square blue-gray envelope, she played for a moment with an incredible temptation. It would be so easy to pretend she hadn't noticed that the address read "Mr." instead of "Mrs.," especially as Ellen hadn't written to him for years. . . . With a shudder, she dropped the letter at Charles's place. She hadn't got that far yet.

Charles turned white when he saw the letter; he tore it open, read it at a glance, and thrust it savagely into the pocket of his dressing gown. He breakfasted, dressed, and went out without a word. . . . I could kill her, Joan thought, if she's hurt him; or even if she can.

All morning she felt sick; worse than the jealousy was this racking uncertainty. They were keeping a single maid in this economical summer; Joan made the beds on the sleeping porch, took care of her dressing room and Charles's, herself. And to-day, as she hung his dressing gown in the closet, she noticed that letter still protruding from his pocket. He's certainly an amateur at intrigue, she thought drearily, leaving that around. But of course he trusts me. And he can.

But another hour of meditation on that white-faced thunderous silence, and her tormented nerves could stand it no longer. She told herself she was a low cowardly sneak, but she had to know what was in that letter. . . . It

was brief enough: "Dear, I don't think you'd better come this afternoon—or ever come alone again. Unless—"

Unless! Mrs. Sturdevant sniffed. Damn her, why can't she come out and say it? . . . But Joan knew what she meant, and Charles had known what she meant. And suddenly the tension relaxed; for the first time Mrs. Sturdevant knew where she stood, or didn't stand. If she knew Charles, his face at breakfast was proof that he was going to see Ellen. With compunction, certainly; you'd have to grant that. Still he was going.

Mrs. Sturdevant lighted a cigarette with steady fingers, and by the time she had smoked it she was resigned—almost reconciled.

For he had really belonged to Ellen, always; they were naturally mated, those sentimentalists who preferred to live in a shadowy land of Might-Have-Been and Ought-to-Be; Joan felt that she and Brick Hathaway had been only trespassers. The chance of Charles's quarrel with Ellen had flung him in her way, and then desire had upset the balance—desire that joins together those whom God hath put asunder. But now desire was on Ellen's side and it was drawing Charles back home. Well, then—?

Mrs. Sturdevant found the solution of the problem painfully simple. She'd been spending the income of another woman's property for fifteen years, but she couldn't refuse to return the capital. For whatever the theoretical advantages of bigamy, she had learned this summer that it wouldn't work so long as people had feelings. . . . There now, she thought with a trace of relief, that's settled. Only I do hope that I'll be able to do this one thing with decency and grace. And in the meantime I might as well go and play some golf.

She needed all her good resolutions when she found Ellen at the golf club, in the cerise sports frock, and when Ellen insisted on their lunching together. Joan was proud of her good-humored suavity through that meal; but it was further strained when Ellen, learning that Joan had come in a taxi (the car was under repair) insisted on taking her home in the speedboat.

"I have some people coming to tea at four," she apologized, "but I'll have plenty of time to take you home and come back."

Making sure I won't drop in, thought Joan furiously. And then— But it isn't guile, really; more like a sort of compunction. I must be fair—

"All right," she assented. "Only I hope you know the channel down the bay; half the buoys broke loose in last night's storm. You wouldn't want to run aground, with guests coming to tea."

"Oh, I know the channel," Ellen assured her. "I feel quite at home here now."

Joan doubted it before they had gone a mile, but she was no backseat driver; she ignored Ellen's assurance and the uneasiness it didn't wholly conceal, content with the rush of wind on her face, the warmth of the sun on her hatless head—

And then, halfway between Ellen's house and Joan's, they ran aground with a crash that flung them both out of their seats.

"Stop that engine!" Joan gasped as they picked themselves up. "This is a rocky ledge—you'll tear the bottom out of her. There! Now reverse and see if you can back off." They couldn't; Ellen was almost tearful when at last she gave it up. "Huh!" said Mrs. Sturdevant. "Well, the tide's coming in; eventually it will float us off." (No, that's mean, she told herself as Ellen cast a panicky glance at her wrist watch.) "Or haven't you got an oar or a boathook to shove with?"

Ellen confessed that she hadn't. She wouldn't have, Mrs. Sturdevant reflected. All a fake, this boating craze of hers.

"Then," Joan suggested, "we might as well have a smoke. It's only a

quarter past three. Somebody's bound to come along, sooner or later; if they don't do it sooner we can wave our arms and yell."

They smoked in silence, and nobody came along. Far down the bay they could see the skimming sails of sloops and catboats; but they were beyond signal. The shore was not very far away, but here the motor road ran inland behind low hummocks of sand. . . . Half past three. If it were my boat, Joan reflected, she'd be sure I did it intentionally. Only I shouldn't have done it at all. Anyway, the tide's coming in.

Suddenly she drew her feet up out of the water. Some of it had splashed in when they struck, but— She sounded with her fingers, then straightened up and looked at Ellen.

"There's a rip in her," she announced. "The tide will float us off before long, but I don't believe we can make shore before she fills. And if we've got to swim we might as well get ready now, while we can take our time."

"Swim?" Ellen cried. "Oh, no! Joan, I—I can't swim."

"It's not much more than three hundred yards—and quiet water."

"I can't swim at all," Ellen wailed. "I pretended that about preferring the surf because I was ashamed to let you and Charles know I couldn't swim a stroke. I've always been afraid of the water."

"My God!" said Joan. "Why, *everybody* can swim!" Yet, she reflected, Ellen had bought a motor boat because she wanted Charles. For the first time she felt a certain respect for Ellen.

"I can't," Ellen repeated. "We'll have to scream."

But her voice died out; the nearest sail was two miles away. Joan laughed, and then checked herself. I *must* be decent, she thought.

"Look here," she said. "I don't know how long before she fills, but you've got a date at four, anyway. And if you can't swim, I suppose you can lie on your back, can't you? I can tow you in."

"I can float," Ellen admitted. "But I don't know—"

"It's easy," said Joan impatiently, "so long as you don't get frightened and double up in the middle."

"You mean you'd take hold of my hands?" Ellen asked uncertainly.

"You'll need your hands. I'm going to roll up our dresses and shoes, and your hat; and you're going to hold that bundle firmly in both hands, out of the water. If you let go of it, I warn you now I'll let go of you and go after it. We'll be a sad-looking couple when we get ashore, but I don't intend to walk home in my underwear."

"But—" Ellen shuddered. "How will you tow me, then? Not by my feet?"

"By your hair," said Mrs. Sturdevant. "I've always said long hair was only a nuisance but I see now it can have its uses. Let it down, now, and don't forget to save the hairpins."

It was a longer swim than Joan had anticipated, for she had to head for a clump of marsh grass down the shore that would shelter them while they dressed; and of course Ellen failed to keep the bundle of clothes out of the water. She paid for it; that cerise sports frock had never been meant for a wetting. They were both sadly bedraggled when they were dressed at last, but Ellen was undeniably the sadder. Her dress clung in the wrong places, her hair was a dank disheveled tangle; her hat simply had to be thrown away.

"Never mind," said Joan cheerfully. "It's only a quarter of four, and you're not a mile from home. You'll be half dry before you get there, and you'll have time to dress before— Now don't snivel, damn you! What is there to cry about?"

"I'm so ashamed!" said Ellen. "It's so ridiculous! What Charles will think when he hears I had to be dragged in by the hair!"

"Who the devil's going to tell Charles?" Joan rasped.

"You—you mean you wouldn't?

Oh, my dear! You're so generous."

"Oh, you make me sick! Generous nothing! Do you think I'd spoil what Charles thinks is the world's most beautiful picture?" She paused, controlling herself. "Hurry, now, Ellen—go on home and dress for your guests." And as Ellen hesitated, "Go on, now! Never mind me. I'm going to walk home and dry off."

But Joan didn't walk home; she walked across the peninsula, to the outer shore where the breakers thundered on a long flat beach. By the time she reached it, walking rapidly in the wind, she was dry, warm, bodily comfortable; but bitter at heart. I did manage to be barely decent, she was thinking, but I just simply can't be gracious. . . . For of course she could have towed Ellen in by the head or shoulders; it had been simply an outburst of human meanness to make her let down her hair.

She stopped, staring. A man was striding toward her, along the beach—Charles, of all people! Walking away from Ellen's house, when he was miles away already—and it was half-past four. He hadn't gone to Ellen at all.

Joan's heart was hammering desperately, but she managed to look impassive as he came up to her.

"Well!" she said. "What are you doing out here?"

"Just walking around," said Charles. "Just walking around . . . and thinking. Why shouldn't I be thinking? It's about time."

"I thought," his wife confessed, "that you might be going to tea at Ellen's." He flushed.

"Well, I was," he admitted. "But I changed my mind. . . . I don't like Ellen."

"What?" Joan cried. And then, in an unguarded rush, "Why, I thought you were falling in love with her!"

"Well, maybe I was," Charles conceded. "I've always been sentimental about her, I know. But when I got to thinking it over, I don't like the way her mind works—tortuous and roundabout."

"Why, Charles! Of course she's a sentimentalist, but I thought that was the sort of thing you liked."

"It's the sort of thing I am," said Charles fiercely, "but I don't like it—not a bit. Oh, I suppose we'd have got along all right if we'd married in Heidelberg—most people's minds worked that way in those days. But I couldn't stand her very long, after fifteen years with you."

"With me? Charles, I'm mean and disagreeable—I'm just a hellcat—"

"Rot!" said Charles impolitely. "You're human and sometimes you make me sore as a boil. But you think straight and you know what's happened in the last few years. Ellen's a lovely woman, but I shouldn't be surprised if she thinks Taft is still president."

"Why, Charles!" was all his wife could say. He grinned at her as she stood outlined against the blue-gray horizon, the wind whipping her short skirt around her knees, her short hair tossed and rumpled about her tanned face.

"It was that hair of hers," Charles confessed. "I've never forgotten it. But I'd like you if you were bald. You're a damned pretty woman, Joan, but you carry your stuff inside your head, not on top of it. . . . There! I've said a good deal—but I'd like to say a good deal more, if I thought you'd be interested." She laughed breathlessly.

"My dear, I never wanted to hear anything so much in my life."

But as they were walking homeward, with her arm linked in his, she told him gravely:

"Darling, you know you must be nice to Ellen. She really *is* a lovely woman and she can't help being prewar. I do hope you'll go on liking her a little."

For, she was thinking, he needs her—a little. And if he keeps on good terms with her I won't have to try to learn tricks like arranging flowers. I'd be as big a dub at that as she is at running a speedboat.

THE LAWN TENNIS INDUSTRY

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

AS ANYONE even slightly familiar with American sport will inform you, lawn tennis in this, the twenty-eighth year of the Davis Cup, is in a febrile condition. One of the most important amateur sports, as well as one of the most interesting of games both to watch and to play, it has been for years in a state of increasing unhealthiness while hundreds of thousands of its followers look on with amazed astonishment. They wonder vaguely who is responsible for this condition. Although more people than ever are playing tennis in private clubs and public parks, the heart has gone out of the competitive end of the game. That feeling of sport for the sake of the sport which was such a characteristic of tennis and its champions of twenty years ago has been succeeded by a spirit of commercialism, wrangling, and suspicion. Rumors of this and of that float through the air, charges and counter-charges by famous players and prominent officials are exchanged until the bewildered public hasn't the faintest idea who is in the right and who is in the wrong. And what is more, the public doesn't care. It is getting disgusted with the game as it is to-day. Why has this happened? In a word, what is the matter with tennis in 1928?

"Does Tilden get paid for going into these tournaments?"

That is a question I am frequently asked by onlookers uncertain of his exact status. It is an easily answered question. No, Mr. Tilden does not receive money for playing in tournaments. What, then, about the lords paramount of the game: the President, the Vice-President, the Chairmen of Committees of the United States Lawn Tennis Association—the rulers of lawn tennis? Do they get salaries for their services? So far as I am aware, not a penny. Then they give their time and their efforts for nothing? They are generous and public-spirited citizens interested only in the furthering of amateur sport throughout the nation? Well—not exactly.

For the plain fact is that ninety per cent of the regular tournament players, and probably the same percentage of officialdom in the lawn tennis industry, are no more concerned with the furthering of amateur sport than is Mr. Tex Rickard or Mr. C. C. Pyle. They are in tennis—this sport which was formerly a sport for amateurs and the most amateur of sports—for what they can get out of it. Needless to say, they don't admit this. On the contrary, they utter lofty protestations of the time they have given up, the sacrifices they have made, the efforts they have spent to assist lawn tennis. But there is something a little hollow about these protestations. I have yet to find many men closely connected with the game who have lost financially through their association with it.

Just as a symptom of the state of lawn tennis, let us consider the case of Mr. Julian S. Myrick of New York. Mr. Myrick first became identified with tennis long before the War, when the West Side Tennis Club, of which he is such an illustrious member, was located at 238th Street, Manhattan. Polished, suave, competent and efficient in whatever he undertakes, Mr. Myrick is an

affable dinner companion, an able and shrewd executive who has spent years of hard work in organizing, directing, and promoting the game of tennis. That he has been of immense value to the sport both in this country and abroad even his enemies—of whom he has plenty—would, I think, willingly admit.

To appreciate his services to the full you have but to go back to the time when the national singles championships were played at Newport, Rhode Island. This was prior to the early years of the War, and the biggest tennis event of the country was in the hands of a group of men as roundly attacked for unfairness as are the present-day executives of the Association. Nor were those attacks, any more than the attacks of to-day, entirely unwarranted. Newport was the playground of society; few people could attend the national championships; many players were unwilling or unable to attend them for obvious reasons. It was, I believe, largely through the relentless efforts of Mr. Myrick that the tournament was taken away from Newport in 1915 and brought down to Forest Hills, where it was given to the West Side Tennis Club and where it has been held ever since, except for the years when it was played at Philadelphia. Before Mr. Myrick's time a man seen on the street with a tennis racquet was sure to be bombarded with a chorus of "forty love" in high falsetto tones from every urchin in the immediate vicinity. To-day you can carry a tennis racquet in the street as safely as a Chicago gunman carries a pistol. And the galleries flock out to Forest Hills, crowd the stands, take off their coats, and give vent to their feelings in the most approved baseball fashion. I shall never forget the look upon René Lacoste's face after his victory over Bill Johnston in the semi-final round of the National Singles Championships last fall at Forest Hills, when after the last point he was greeted by an avalanche of cushions from above. Lawn tennis has been democratized; but the gain is not without some slight loss.

The loss, however, cannot be charged to Mr. Myrick. His efforts in bringing tennis to a place where it was within reach of the crowd, his long years of service as referee and official at the biggest meeting of the season, his energy and endeavors for the good of the game—all this is sometimes forgotten by those who dismiss him contemptuously as "the Tzar."

"I remember Mr. Myrick as the only man at West Side with the authority and the organizing ability to run a big championship tournament as it should be run," said an old member of the club to me the other day. Nor is this the limit of his achievements. Soon after the fight which brought the tennis championships to Forest Hills he was made President of the West Side Club, the largest and probably one of the most important tennis clubs in the country. From this it was but a step in 1918 to the Vice-Presidency of the National Tennis Association. When Mr. George T. Adee, the President, became a lieutenant-colonel of infantry with the A. E. F., Mr. Myrick ran the tennis of the country. After being Vice-President in 1918 and 1919 he was rewarded with the Presidency in 1920. As President of the United States Lawn Tennis Association Mr. Myrick gave dignity and authority to the role; he seized the part as a fine actor seizes the lead in a play and holds it firmly to the last curtain. His term as President ran until 1923; there are those who assert that he has not yet lost control even though he no longer holds office.

Since the War tennis has broadened and developed in many ways, and much of the credit must go to Mr. Myrick. The placing of the game upon a firm financial footing, the spread of tournament tennis throughout the nation, the cordial relationships maintained with other countries, the increase in interest in the matches for the Davis Cup, that deft and subtle touch of having the draw made annually at the White House—these and other things too numerous to mention were products of

Mr. Myrick's fertile and resourceful brain. As you can see—and I have by no means read the entire roll call of his services to the cause of lawn tennis—Mr. Myrick has done a vast amount for the sport.

And now let us see what the game of tennis has done for Mr. Myrick.

Properly to appreciate this you must know something about the constitution and make-up of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, of which Mr. Myrick is to-day the directing genius. To the Association belong the various tennis and country clubs throughout the country, which—theoretically at any rate—elect officers and an Executive Committee at the annual meeting each winter. Actually, there is a good deal of controlled proxy voting and not a little politics going on every year behind the scenes. It is true to say that tennis in this country is ruled by the Executive Committee, and it is almost true to say that Mr. Myrick is the Committee. For he is one of the oldest, probably one of the most influential, and certainly one of the most active members.

Now this Executive Committee is composed of the officers of the Association, with eighteen annually elected delegates *and the ex-Presidents of the Association.* It is this provision which enables Mr. Myrick to keep his firm hand upon the tennis affairs of the nation. In addition, a joker is thrown in by which seven members, including officers, form a quorum of this cumbersome committee. You will perceive that Mr. Goss, the Delegate from Portland, Oregon, and Mr. Lawton, the Delegate from Tucson, Arizona, and Mr. Adoue, the Delegate from Dallas, Texas, have not much chance of being present at a meeting in New York, while Mr. Adee, Mr. Slocum, and Mr. Mersereau, all ex-Presidents, are within a stone's throw of Mr. Myrick's office.

The importance of this committee will be understood when it is learned that it has supervision over all the tournaments in this country, charge of all funds of the Association, control of all expenditures. Once again, tennis is ruled by the Executive Committee, and no unimportant part of the Committee is Mr. Julian S. Myrick. But as I said just now, Mr. Myrick and the other members get no money directly from the game. They are not paid for their services as officers of the Association or members of the Executive Committee. Their positions are honorary as well as onerous. No, they do not graft. The "gravy" to be derived from this amateur sport comes in another and far more subtle way.

The benefit that Mr. Myrick and the other gentlemen connected with the administration of lawn tennis obtain comes from one thing and one thing alone—publicity. In fact, the story of how this game has degenerated from one of the most amateur of sports until it has become a grab bag for players and officials alike is in some respects the story of what Americans will do to secure publicity. To be conspicuously successful to-day you must roar and roar louder than the next man. Is it necessary to suggest that those who have been clever enough to do their roaring through the medium of amateur sport are not usually to be found in the immediate vicinity of the nation's breadlines?

To understand fully how this works out you have but to follow the progress of Mr. Myrick: twenty-five years ago an insurance agent with a small office in lower New York, to-day the General Agent for one of the largest insurance companies in the United States, with a battalion of clerks, a large suite of rooms, and a corner sanctum within sight of Wall and Broad Streets, Manhattan. That he has achieved this entirely through his connection with tennis is, of course, absurd. Mr. Myrick is an able and astute business man who would probably have made money had the game never existed. But that his alliance with sport year after year has not been made at any great financial sacrifice is also, it seems to me, indisputable.

As President of the West Side Tennis

Club, as President of the U. S. L. T. A., as chairman of this committee and member of that committee, he was naturally enough thrown into contact with a class of men who could hardly fail to be of help to him in a business way. Yet the emoluments accrued are much more direct than that. For under his guidance the U. S. L. T. A. established an office with a paid secretariat and clerical force, the money to support all this coming from the annual dues paid by tennis clubs and moneys received each year from big tournaments. From this office emanates the publicity, the press releases sent out with great frequency to the newspapers of the country to keep them informed regarding events in the world of tennis—and interesting they are, these releases. Mr. Myrick does not get the worst of the breaks.

Thus during the past year some seventy releases were issued; twenty-five, or one in three, mentioned Mr. Myrick in one way or another. For his connections with official tennis are many and varied. In 1927 he was a member of the Executive Committee, a member of the Advisory and Finance Committee, the Chairman of the Davis Cup Committee, a member of the Men's National Singles Championship Committee, a member of the Amateur Rule Committee and of the Honorary Membership Committee. You can readily appreciate how difficult it would be for propaganda to issue from the offices of the Association without Mr. Myrick's name being mentioned in one capacity or another. And there is also the question of aid to the eye as well as to the mind. Scan closely the rotogravure sections of the newspapers in the past few years and you will probably observe, between bathing girls in Florida and scenes at St. Moritz, Mr. Myrick greeting the lady champion on her arrival from her successful trip to Europe, Mr. Myrick presenting a new challenge cup to the college boys, Mr. Myrick (third from left) at the annual draw for the Davis Cup at the White House, Mr. Myrick shaking hands with Bishop Manning during the tennis matches for the Sports Bay of the Cathedral, Mr. Myrick presiding as referee of the Davis Cup contest, and so forth and so forth. In other words, what Mr. Myrick has received through tennis is just what our great national advertisers like General Motors and Ivory Soap have spent millions to secure. And he has not paid a cent for it. Indeed, as one cynical observer has remarked:

"Mike gets the publicity, and tennis pays the bills!"

Certainly the first part of this statement cannot be questioned. Does publicity pay? Let a gentleman in Mr. Myrick's own business, the head of a great insurance concern, express his opinion.

"At a conservative estimate I figure the publicity Mr. Myrick has received as worth fifty thousand dollars a year."

Whether or not this is correct, what Mr. Myrick would have to pay if he went to one of the highly organized publicity agencies who specialize in these things is a matter of figures. A friend of mine who works in one of the biggest of such firms in lower Broadway tells me that a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars a year for securing the equivalent of the notice which Mr. Myrick receives through tennis would be a moderate figure. Publicity doesn't help? Tell that to one of the aforementioned national advertisers. And let me suggest how much more valuable the indirect publicity of a line or two in the sporting pages of the newspapers, plus an occasional picture in the rotogravure section, can be than advertising space bought and paid for by cash. Yes, publicity helps. And in so far as Mr. Myrick is concerned it is fairly apparent, as the cynical gentleman remarked, that tennis pays the bills.

"Absurd, all that," the friends of Mr. Myrick will reply. "Why, he has lost thousands of dollars annually through his devotion to sport." I, too, have heard such comments, have even had it stated for me in dollars and cents. One

man close to Mr. Myrick has estimated his deficit at twenty thousand a year, and that is doubtless an accurate figure. But even deducting the twenty thousand lost from the fifty thousand dollars' worth of publicity received, you have the tidy sum of thirty thousand dollars a year, representing the financial value to him of his connection with this amateur sport; let us say approximately three hundred thousand in the ten years since 1918, when he became Vice-President of the National Association. Ten short years ago. Mr. Myrick was then the rebel, the insurgent, the bad boy of lawn tennis, destroying tradition, despoiling the game from Newport, its first and its natural home. He was then an outsider. To-day he is the devoted friend of the men he once fought so bitterly; to-day he is in the seats of the mighty. May I, therefore, be forgiven for presuming that, despite his devotion to the cause of amateur sport, of which unquestionably he has been one of the foremost upholders, his bread cast upon the water of tennis has come rolling generously back?

II

"Attacking me has become a college sport lately; I'm used to it," said Mr. Myrick grimly to me one afternoon last fall.

The gentleman who has done most of the attacking is none other than our former national champion, Mr. William T. Tilden, 2nd. Like Mr. Myrick, Mr. Tilden has done a vast amount for the game of tennis. He has given earnestly of his time and his efforts to spread a love of the sport. He has sometimes paid his way to appear at exhibition matches; he has assisted younger players in parts of the country where good tennis is seldom seen. But to realize the extent of his influence one must be in touch with sporting circles abroad. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that his name and his personality are familiar in parts of Europe where Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Ford are rarely heard of or mentioned. He is looked upon as the greatest player of all time, the hero of the sport in every far, forgotten corner of the world where tennis is played—and where is it not played to-day? To say that he has had a greater influence upon the game than anyone in the past or present is certainly not an overstatement.

Since both men are born rulers and both intend to rule, it is natural that Mr. Tilden and Mr. Myrick should not get on together. That the two would clash was almost inevitable. Mr. Tilden is an individualist, he stands on his own feet, does his own thinking, and has never cared to have anyone else do it for him. Soon after his rise to fame he became disgusted with the politics and chicanery which he found in tennis. And he said so. He has been, it is true, tactless at times, but he has usually said exactly what he thought. He has, moreover, contended that he has received unfair treatment at the hands of the rulers of the game, treatment which amounted to persecution. Occasionally this persecution has had its amusing side.

There was the question of Mr. Tilden upon the stage. Was he or was he not a professional? Once his friend and admirer, Mr. Samuel Merwin the novelist, asked him to take part in an amateur production of "Clarence" put on by the worthies of Concord, Massachusetts, Mr. Merwin's native heath. The U. S. L. T. A. on hearing of it, went so far as to send a committee to witness the performance to see just how far, if at all, Mr. Tilden injured his amateur status. At the end of the performance the most prejudiced observer had to admit that he was still an amateur! Yet even if discrimination has been practiced against him, it seems to me that, in the English sense of the word, Mr. Tilden's professionalism is unquestionable.

Needless to say, I am not claiming that Mr. Tilden has ever taken money for playing tennis. That is beside the question. What I do assert is that Mr. Tilden professes tennis as a doctor professes medicine or a lawyer professes law. I mean that life to Mr. Tilden is tennis,

that he eats, breathes, sleeps, and thinks tennis. That tennis is his be-all and end-all. In fact, how anyone could be more of a professional in this sense than he is I am at a loss to understand.

Follow the former champion through a typical year, and you may perceive what I wish to convey. The year 1927, for instance, found him, in January, giving exhibitions in places as scattered as Hartford, Connecticut, and St. Louis. In February he appeared in San Francisco. Another dash across the continent and he played in the Southern Florida Championships at Miami, Florida, on the 28th of that month. The week of March 7th he played in Palm Beach, the week of the 14th in Jacksonville, the week of the 21st in Ormond Beach, the week of the 28th in Augusta, Georgia. On April the 4th he played in Asheville, North Carolina, the week of the 11th at Pinehurst; and three days after this tournament was over, on the 21st, he was sailing from New York as a member of the team sent abroad by the U. S. L. T. A. to play in Europe.

On the 6th, 7th, and 8th of May he played in Berlin in a team match against Germany; on the 10th, 11th, and 12th against Holland at Amsterdam. The 13th, 14th, and 15th of May he was pitted against the Belgians at Brussels; he played against the French in Paris on the 19th, 20th, and 22nd. On the 23rd of May the French Championships began, lasting until the 4th of June. Thence to Ireland where a team match was played at Belfast against Ulster on the 9th, to Dublin for a match against the Free State on the 10th, 11th, and 12th, and to Manchester where a team match was played against England on the 16th, 17th, and 18th. The British Championships took place at Wimbledon between the 20th of June and the 2nd of July. Mr. Tilden landed in New York on the 14th. On the 15th he was playing in Providence, Rhode Island, during the week of the 18th at Detroit, Michigan, the week of the 25th at Chicago, Illinois, the week of August 1st at Seabright, New Jersey. The week of the 8th he was at Southampton and, after a few days at Forest Hills for the Davis Cup trials, he spent the week of the 22nd at Newport and the next week playing in the doubles championships at Longwood, Massachusetts. The 8th, 9th, and 10th of September the Davis Cup matches took place at Philadelphia; the next week he sojourned at Forest Hills at the National Singles Championship. After this event you might imagine that Mr. Tilden had had enough sport for one year. Not at all. On the 20th he was back in harness at Chicago, and on the 5th of October he had flitted as far as Los Angeles, California.

If a player who pursues the game in this manner from week to week, year in year out, does not profess tennis, what in heaven's name does he do? Surely no high-powered executive of big business, no politician, no corporation lawyer could work more fervently at his profession than Mr. Tilden does. Now what chance have ordinary players who are obliged to earn a living, like Mr. Watson Washburn or Mr. R. N. Williams, players who can spend but a few weeks a year in active competition, against a man who plays all the time as Mr. Tilden does? And is it necessary to say that during these weeks Mr. Tilden's expenses, and most of his traveling expenses as well, are supplied by the various clubs where he plays or by the U. S. L. T. A.?

I am reminded of a chance remark dropped by a famous woman player who was asked whether she contemplated turning professional.

"Why should I?" she replied. "I go from one tournament to another every week with all my expenses paid. It would cost me fifteen thousand dollars a year to live as I do, and I don't happen to have an income of fifteen thousand."

There is a name for such people. It was first coined, I think, in Great Britain. They are called—these gentry who are neither professionals nor amateurs—by the delightful name of "shamateurs." There is no reason for Mr. Tilden to turn

professional, because he has far too good a time as a "shamateur." And if he has no well-organized publicity service at his behest, he has something far better, a mighty racquet. Let him but lift this racquet—until lately, at any rate—and kingdoms trembled. He was the most marvellous tennis player the world had ever seen. In a recent biographical sketch Mr. Tilden described himself as a "litterateur and actor." Does a reputation of this sort diminish his demand as a writer of fiction? Hardly. Does it prevent him from finding a manager to stage his plays or keep the curious public eager to see a tennis-champion-actor from attending them? Not exactly. If Mr. Tilden isn't a "debtor to his profession," as a wise man put it three hundred years ago, what, precisely, is he then? No, like Mr. Myrick he can hardly come forward and claim that his manifold services and sacrifices for the game of tennis have been made without any reward.

III

In discussing tennis and the low estate to which it has recently fallen I have treated so far only the two most prominent figures in the game, the leading official and the leading player. But it would be most unjust to them and unfair to their colleagues and confrères to convey the impression that theirs are isolated cases. Such is certainly not the fact. What they have done in a large way a host of imitators have done in a small way. These enterprising gentlemen run all the way down the scale to the youthful hope from college who pads his expense account as much or as little as he thinks he can get away with.

There was the nationally known tennis star who shortly after he ascended to prominence made the remark, "I'm going to get mine out of this!" He attached himself to a life-insurance company and, at the annual meeting of the U. S. L. T. A. a few months later, he installed himself at the doorway of the dining room, openly soliciting everyone who entered. There are the men who do the umpiring at the large national tournaments; glance over the list and you will find that ninety per cent peddle real estate, bonds, or insurance; something, in a word, that renders the publicity they receive from tennis extremely useful in a business way. They all have something to get out of the game, and they get it. A few admit it, freely and frankly. One of the best of all umpires and one of the first to take up umpiring in a semi-professional manner, granted as much when the question was put to him directly.

"Did tennis help me in my business? I'll say so!"

It reminds me of an expression of a well-known player who remarked some years ago in a private conversation, "From now on I'm going to play practical tennis."

Practical tennis! A priceless expression. Was ever a phrase so full of meaning? Others besides myself will testify that this "well-known net star" has played practical tennis and played it well. Among those who will bear me out is the chairman of the tournament committee of an Eastern club. This gentleman, during a big meeting, came across our practical tennis-player in the act of drawing up an expense account. It so happened that the chairman was not devoid of a sense of humor, and looking over, said, "Aha, I see you have taken to writing fiction!"

Have I conveyed the impression that only man is vile? That is not so. Mademoiselle Suzanne Lenglen was a professional long before she became one in the newspapers, as she herself told us at the time of her conversion. Nor was the French Association entirely ignorant of her status. A man high in French tennis circles said to me several years ago when she was playing internationally for her country, "We know perfectly well she is a professional. Have we not a file—so—so—big? But what can we do? After all she is our champion."

Delightfully French. Yes, but they were more severe upon Miss Wills when she visited the Riviera several winters ago. Her voyage, as she gave out, was a trip to study Art. Like Mr. Tilden, however, she benefited from proffered hospitality. By playing in tennis tournaments each week during January, February, and March she and her mother were enabled to enjoy the luxuries and the best suites of Grand Palace Hotels all along the littoral from Menton to Cannes. In fact, so steadfast was her devotion to tennis and so open was her desertion of Art that one malicious French journal wrote a supposititious interview upon her departure, quoting her as having said, "Yes, I've been perfectly delighted with my stay upon the Riviera, I've made one little sketch and have played tennis only to amuse myself and quite by chance. For before everything I'm an art student."

And why did the Grand Palace Hotels offer Miss Wills and her mother a salon, a bedroom, and bath, "*en plein Midi*"? First of all, because it is an excellent thing for the hotel business to have tennis champions "*chez nous*." And also because most of the big hotels run tennis clubs as an adjunct, and each club holds a tournament each season. With Miss Wills appearing, a gate of thirty to fifty thousand francs was assured. Without her presence a deficit of anything up to ten thousand francs was equally certain. The amiable Mr. Henley, the secretary of the La Festa Tennis Club of Monte Carlo, told me that several years ago when Mademoiselle Lenglen, vexed with the club authorities, refused to perform at their tournament, her absence cost the club nearly fifty thousand francs. I remember a delightful incident which took place in the club office that year in my hearing. An elderly English lady came in and asked Mr. Henley for seats for the tournament which began the following week.

The tickets were handed to her and the Secretary said, "That will be a hundred francs, please."

The lady gave him the hundred-franc note and remarked casually, "What day is Mademoiselle Lenglen playing?"

"Mademoiselle Lenglen isn't playing this year."

"Ah—then I won't take the seats after all." And she held out her hand for the hundred-franc note.

The Secretary was used to this, and smiled ruefully at me as she went out. In five minutes, however, she was back again.

"Will Mademoiselle Lenglen be over to see the tennis matches during the week?"

"Oh, yes, we are saving seats for her on Friday afternoon."

"Friday? Then will you please give me two seats for that afternoon."

You will appreciate this question of the gate receipts and how they operate when you come to analyze the financial problems that the tennis clubs must meet. For instance, the West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills, N. Y., was in 1922 one of the largest, most important, and influential tennis clubs in the country. It was in a prosperous condition, owning valuable property free and clear save for a small mortgage and possessed of a sinking fund of almost fifty thousand dollars. The club was persuaded to enter into an agreement to build a stadium for the big matches, this operation to be financed by the selling of ten-year seats to privileged subscribers at a hundred dollars apiece. The contribution of the club was to be limited to the surrender of its land for the Stadium and courts and the use of the clubhouse during the week of the tournament. But the Stadium cost several times what had been expected, whereas fewer ten-year seats were sold than was hoped. As a result a cash balance of ten thousand dollars, the entire sinking fund, and a mortgage of a hundred and fifty thousand were swallowed up without meeting the total cost of the Stadium. Someone had to foot the bill. Eventually the club was able to borrow a tidy sum from the U. S. L. T. A. to help matters along.

(This, by the way, explains the expression in tennis circles to the effect that "West Side is in hock to the National Association.") But with this enormous sum at stake some revenue is imperative. The proceeds from the big tournament, instead of being a nice little nest egg to add each year to the sinking fund, are absolutely necessary to pay off interest on the mortgage.

And what is true of West Side is true to a lesser degree of almost every tennis club in the country. For certainly all the large ones depend upon the revenue from tournaments to make ends meet. The best players *must* be secured for our club. Why? Because if they do not play there will be no interesting matches, and if there are no interesting matches there will be no crowds to watch, and if there are no crowds to watch there will be no gate, and if there is no gate there will be a deficit in the club treasury and the mortgage will be foreclosed. *Et voilà!* The good players are catered to, their services are sought, with the natural result that they are in a position to dictate, and the chairmen of tournament committees may know the players are "writing fiction," and yet be powerless to act. It makes more than ever tart the half-humorous, half-annoyed ejaculation of Doc Kelton, the genial promoter of the first professional tournament held in the United States last fall in New York. Some of the professional players entering in the tournament came to him on the opening day and asked where he was going to put them up.

"Where am I going to put you up?" said the usually amiable Doc. "Say, what do you fellows think you are, a lot of amateurs?"

And yet when all is said and done you cannot condemn the amateur tennis players entirely. For they observe with interest the overlords of the game—bond dealers, real estate men, and insurance archdukes—making profits out of tennis quite beyond the reach of the average player. Can they be censured when they stand by and watch stadiums built, businesses expand and grow, associations flourish, while thousands of dollars change hands before their faces mostly as the result of their efforts upon the courts?

IV

No one, I think, who knows sport from within, will deny that there has been of late years a steady tendency toward professionalism in tennis. And no one will deny that this is bad, not only for tennis but for American sport in general. It is bad simply because it means mixing two things that should never be mixed—sport and business.

So far as I am aware no one thinks the less of George Agutter of Forest Hills or Major J. C. S. Rendall of Gleneagles, Scotland, merely because they happen to be professional instructors of tennis. Nor does anyone think the less of Richards and Kinsey because they have become what the French so expressively call "*professionnels-exhibitionnistes.*" No more can Mr. Tilden be looked at askance if he wishes to make money out of tennis. Indeed, if he is able to command a thousand dollars for an afternoon's match, surely his tennis, the greatest the world has ever seen, is worth that much. Let him make his thousand dollars, freely, frankly, openly. There is no more disgrace in making money out of tennis than in making money out of the stock exchange or the automobile industry. The disgrace of the present condition of tennis in the United States—and this seems to have been overlooked lately by players and associations alike—lies in this mixing of supposedly amateur sport and business. In using sport as a means to personal ends. In pretending to be one thing and in reality being something far different. In posing as an amateur and actually being a shamateur. In bootlegging amateur sport.

Last year at the time of the professional foray led by Mr. Pyle, leaders of tennis officialdom in the United States affected to think that this exhibition

nonsense could hurt amateur tennis. But the only thing that can hurt amateur tennis is this false amateurism which simply covers a professionalism of the most virulent sort. Thirty years ago lawn tennis was the most amateur of games. It was played by men who cared for the sport and wouldn't have understood you had you suggested that there was something in it for them individually. If they went to a tournament they paid their own fare by train; they put up at the house of a friend or went to a hotel on their own. Gates, as we know them, did not exist. Publicity, press releases, associations were all unknown. The men who ran tennis were amateurs of the amateur. Doctor Dwight, Palmer Presbrey, Richard Stevens, R. D. Sears: their interest was simply the highest interest of the game. What the interest of those closely connected with tennis is to-day I have attempted to show in this article. Could anything be more of a contrast?

"Of course the English can't expect to win," said a casual observer of sport recently in commenting on American sporting victories during the past year; "they're amateurs." This is significant as showing how the average onlooker regards all the noise and furor made over our international sporting supremacy. Unquestionably golf, polo, and other sports beside tennis are touched with commercialism. But to a lesser degree. And in no other sport has the descent from amateurism been so great; in no other sport has the contrast between fact and pretense been so glaring. Tennis to-day is being run and ruined by those who affect to be its chief supporters. Its epitaph might well read: KILLED BY FRIENDS.

PRICES

BY MINNIE CASE HOPKINS

LIFE has sold me many things:
Houses, lands, and ruby rings;
Pictures old and vases rare
And gay ribbons for my hair.

Shreds of laughter, gay old friends,
Scraps of joy like rainbow ends.
I have filled a yawning measure
With a bit of every treasure.

But for everything that's nice
I have paid a soaring price—
Just a bit of love one day
Cost so much I could not pay.

ARE WOMEN A SUCCESS IN BUSINESS?

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THIS question was recently put to me by an unusually open-minded employer, a feminist who has given the women in his organization an equal chance with men only to find them lacking—not in capacity—but in ambition and in willingness to adjust themselves to the exigencies of the business world. As an illustration he told the story of two college women who had recently thrown up good positions—one to take a rest-cure and the other to go to Europe with her husband.

"But how much of a future is there for a woman in your company?" I interposed.

"As big a future as she is able to make for herself," he answered. "There is no reason, for instance, why the right woman should not become vice-president, in view of the fact that a woman's responsible judgment, seasoned by long training and a thorough knowledge of the business, would be particularly valuable to this company. But we have never found one who cared enough to make the necessary effort. Women are more concerned with pleasant and delightful working conditions for the moment. It goes without saying that they are immensely pleased when their judgment is vindicated and their work praised. But more than these things, they do not seem to want," this employer concluded.

Amazing! Here was an employer who was no ogre, who did not say to women, "Thou shalt not pass—beyond a certain point." Could there be others like him?

Then I thought of another man who had let fall the remark that his firm would allow certain capable women to go as far as they liked—if they would only stop wrangling among themselves. "But they will never go far," he prophesied, "because they are so hypersensitive to criticism and so jealous of one another that they constantly lose sight of main issues. We could hardly have for president or manager of the company an individual who looked at everything from a personal viewpoint."

Curiously contrasted with these opinions are the sentiments which one hears voiced by business women themselves whenever a number of them are gathered together in their clubs. Invariably there is talk of the prejudice against their sex and of the concerted effort on the part of men to keep all the good jobs for themselves. At a meeting not long ago I heard a woman exclaiming about the tragic case of a friend of hers, "one of the most brilliant women in New York," who had been trying for six months to get the right kind of a position, with no success whatsoever. Not a single employer had a job that was good enough for her, because she was "so very executive." The fact that such a story should have been received by a group of twenty business women without any healthy derision or skepticism would suggest a sad lack of perspective on their part.

How silly it is for women to jump to the conclusion that men as a sex have banded together and resolved to monopolize all the good jobs! Business men are primarily interested in securing individuals of big caliber for big positions; and if a woman proves her worth

they are not going to cut off their noses to spite their faces—as has been proved in the case of the few women who have gone to the top in men's organizations. How silly, too, for women to keep complaining of prejudice against their sex. Prejudice exists, undoubtedly; for there are still numbers of men who do not read their psychologies and who take it for granted that women are mentally the weaker sex. But there is only one way for women to overcome that prejudice, and that is by proving their ability and by accepting, in so far as is physically possible, the same working conditions as men accept—*if they wish to obtain the same rewards.* Women have made remarkable progress in business since the beginning of the century, but at present they appear to have reached a stalemate. Must we face the fact, then, that they are handicapped by certain failings and shortcomings of their own, no less than by man's traditional attitude toward them? But before weighing these possibilities let us consider to what extent women have already entrenched themselves in the business world.

II

It is true that there is hardly an employer—with the exception of the erratic Mr. A. B. See (a New York business man famous for his caustic comments on modern women)—who would so much as suggest that woman is an unfortunate excrescence in the business realm. On the contrary, she is conceded to be indispensable—but only in more or less feminine lines of work. As a business person she complements man, but she seldom rivals him.

Among the feminine qualities which have made women valuable in business are their patience and their passion for doing little things well. Indeed, it is doubtful whether big business could have become as big as it is if women were not there to do the monotonous exacting jobs for which young men would never have had the patience.

In addition to these qualities, women have an instinctive solicitude for the welfare of some one person, which makes them ideal private secretaries—especially when they are also endowed with an alert intelligence. Praises of women in this capacity have been sung again and again. "Indeed," said one employer, "there need be no limit to a secretary's effectiveness—other than the limitations of her chief's own position." So it would appear that a secretary—no less than the old-fashioned wife—must live by the motto, "His ambitions shall be my ambitions."

And since the great run of women do not object to limiting their horizons in this fashion, it is not surprising that most men prefer to have women for private secretaries. For one thing, they prove far more trustworthy than men, inasmuch as they are not given to discussing business matters with their friends outside of the office. But most important of all, the average woman secretary, unlike a man, does not look upon her job as a mere stepping-stone to something better. She may, it is true, use it as a stop-gap pending marriage. But if she does not marry (and business men are becoming rather canny in selecting young women who are not too attractive) she may remain with her chief for years and years, lulled by a sense of security not unlike that which marriage affords; for a secretary of long standing is harassed by no fears of losing her position and is never obliged to make major decisions without the comforting assurance that there is a man standing back of her.

Women, then, reign supreme in the secretarial field. Young men have stepped down—or rather up—with no protest. Undoubtedly there are a number of very capable women acting in this capacity who actually help run businesses, although they hide the light of their ability under a secretary's toga. One hears very little of them, however, when talking with heads of business houses, for the reason, no doubt, that

such a secretary has made herself almost one with her chief—which only goes to prove that these women have been martyrs either to their sense of loyalty or to their own fear and lack of initiative. The very fact that employers find women valuable as private secretaries because they stay "put" would indicate that they look to them to do the little rather than the big things.

However, when women have gone a step farther and have capitalized not only their feminine instincts, but their knowledge of things feminine, they have succeeded quite remarkably. Some have built up businesses of their own, while others have won remunerative positions in large organizations—more particularly the department store, where they have risen to the rank of buyers, style-experts, commercial artists, and copy-writers—all positions which pay well. Furthermore, there are a few outstanding women who as advertising managers and special advisers practically determine the merchandising policy of several of New York's large department stores.

In the fields of interior decoration, manufacture and sale of cosmetics, and preparation of food numbers of women have established their own businesses; and a few have shown such remarkable enterprise that they practically dominate their respective fields, men competitors notwithstanding.

But when it comes to business in general we find that there are only two fields wherein women have made their presence felt—advertising and selling.

Women have won their spurs rather easily as advertising and publicity writers, for they have developed a knack of writing gracefully and lightly about everything from books of etiquette to cold cream. Here again they have capitalized their knowledge of things feminine; but it must be remembered that successful copy-writing calls also for a keen analytical mind and a sense of style. The fact that some of the biggest national advertising campaigns are formulated by women would indicate that this particular group is very important to the business world—even though its members may not have been granted impressive titles. It is also worthy of note that one very capable advertising woman was summoned by a national manufacturing firm to become general manager of their industry, and has made a signal success.

Women appear to be competing with men more successfully in selling than in any other field. One hears reports of a few who have made amazing records; and the facts would appear to substantiate the reports. One young woman, for instance, sold a million dollars' worth of bonds in a single transaction, while a large bond-house reports that the women on their sales-staff have made "as fine a record as the men." Their success is attributed not only to their mastery of the subject-matter of the business, but also to their remarkable perseverance. "When once they have been given the name of a prospect they will not give up until they have gotten a definite answer," one employer remarked; "and as a rule they won't take no."

It would be interesting to know to what extent women use their "sex-appeal" in selling to men. The general opinion in business circles is that such methods get a woman nowhere if they are at all apparent—"for a client is not going to invest his good money just to please a pretty woman." "But," as the head of one bond-house went on to say, "if a woman is unconsciously charming and good to look upon, the client is not going to be sorry to see her whenever she calls."

It may be, then, that salesmanship offers women an excellent opportunity to capitalize their intelligence, their native intensity, if they season it with tact and discretion, and last but not least, their natural feminine charm. (I do not grant that the latter is always unconscious!) But again the question arises, where do women go from here?

Out of the large number who have succeeded at selling only a very few have so far advanced any higher in their respective organizations.

Apart from the activities of merchandising, advertising, and selling, women are cutting a very small swath in the main stream of business. In interviewing the heads of a number of houses, including several banks, an insurance company, two manufacturing concerns, and two public service corporations, I heard of only two women who occupied really big positions. There were a number who held positions of some importance, such as heads of departments, a purchasing agent, several assistant engineers, an employment manager, personnel workers, statisticians, and research workers. But none of these, in the opinion of their employers, gives promise of going much farther. What factors, then, are holding them back?

III

It is not easy to persuade the American business man to enlarge upon the faults of the women in his organization. *Au fond* he is still so gallant a soul that he would rather let them go on with their knitting than put a bomb under them by analyzing their failings.

In discussion, however, it soon comes out that men see one glaring fault in women, and that is their highly personal attitude. One employer, for instance, has never forgotten the actions of a widow to whom he had given a position when she was left with no other means of support. Upon receiving a slight raise not long afterwards she protested that he was too generous and that she had hardly earned it. But when she found a little later that another clerk, a younger woman, had received a larger raise than her own, her jealousy knew no bounds. She insisted that she be given a higher salary than her "rival" because she had "a better education and a better social position." She also referred to the fact that she and her husband had been old friends of her employer and had in the past done him many favors! She turned a deaf ear to his protestations that the other clerk was producing a good deal more than she was, and resigned in a huff.

All employers have the feeling that they dare not speak frankly to women about their shortcomings, whereas they can say to a man, "Look here, you can't do that or you'll have to get out," and the admonition will have its effect. A woman is generally so thin-skinned and so supersensitive that she is apt to be completely upset by such a scolding; or she may go to the other extreme and consider herself frightfully wronged. In that case she will probably strike back, alleging that her superior has never given her a fair chance, that she has slaved her head off for the company, that nobody knows how much of so-and-so's job she has been doing—and so on and on until she has worked herself into a paroxysm of weeping. And the average man, as we all know, abhors a scene as much as nature abhors a vacuum. So the next time he will save his breath—and allow the woman to hang herself eventually.

Another woman when urged to take criticism more impersonally was heard to explode, "But how can I, when my work is such a complete expression of myself?" . . . No wonder employers hold up their hands in dismay.

Yet I myself have known a few clear-eyed women who accept criticism gracefully, and who even ask for it occasionally. Deep down it hurts us all—for we are a foolishly sensitive sex; but experience has taught us that it is well to see ourselves occasionally as others see us.

From all accounts it is even more difficult for women to work with one another peaceably. For one thing, they tend to be frightfully jealous—often with no provocation whatsoever. Take the case of a private secretary who had been given a leave of absence when she had a child and upon her return found

that the company had ordered the substitute to remain on the job to help her, on the ground that she was not yet strong. This young woman repaid the act of consideration by becoming irrationally jealous of her co-worker; and in that way did herself out of her own job in six months' time.

Women often stoop to underhanded methods to assure their own ascendancy. The head of a large stenographic department was so jealous of her subordinates that she deliberately tried to discredit them in the eyes of the men whose dictation they took. Finally she was discharged, but not until after she had completely ruined the morale of the department.

Employers also point out that a woman never wants a first-class assistant; whereas a man naturally expects to drill someone to carry on his work in case of absence or advancement. "If a person is sure of his own ability he has no reason to fear that his assistant will supersede him," one employer succinctly observed.

It is hard to understand how a woman who is intelligent in every other respect will be so obtuse as to lay herself open to a charge of unfairness. But, as a matter of fact, a woman of unusual personality is often able to pull the wool over her employer's eyes, and then she will proceed to exercise her ill-gotten power over everyone else in the organization. Most employers, however—unless they are very susceptible males—will sense the situation sooner or later and attempt to right it. Of course if a woman is exceptionally capable her superior may have to put up with her flurries of temper and her unfairnesses. But it is a safe bet that he will not promote her to a position which would entail the direction of a large number of employees. Women will have to learn the knack of leadership and the fundamentals of fair play before they can hope to direct big businesses.

Yet an occasional employer will tell of a woman who has made a splendid executive; and in my own limited experience in the business world I have known at least two women who commanded both the respect and the devotion of their subordinates.

There is an even brighter ray of light ahead: for the very young woman, the so-called flapper, works with others in the same direct fashion that a man does. If she thinks that she has not been given a fair deal she will get down to "brass tacks" and ask her superior what is wrong—rather than carry a chip on her shoulder for months. By the same token she ought to make a good executive, one employer reasons.

Another criticism frequently levelled against women in business is that they are over-conscientious and too intense about everything they do. No matter how rational and intelligent a woman may be, she is likely to worry and strain over her job unless she has gained poise through long years of experience. And she will expect everyone else to worry and strain with her. Indeed, if every business woman were to make a frank confession she would admit that at one time or another she had asked too much of those working under her. I for one confess that in my business days I more than once overworked a young assistant who was too loyal to object.

Girls as a rule would rather work for men "because they are more human." A woman supervisor is prone to be so worried about completing the day's work and so apprehensive of criticism from her superior that she will expect miracles from her subordinates. One woman, for instance, had some fifty girls under her doing very exacting work; yet she never made allowances for the let-down that is bound to come at certain hours of the day. Once during a season when the department had been obliged to work overtime day after day, the personnel director of the company suggested that tea be served in the afternoon in order to relieve the tension. But the supervisor was so obsessed with the idea of turning out the work at any

cost that she fought the innovation, and thereby won the enmity of every girl in the department. There are other women executives like her who fail to bring out the best in their subordinates. Yet one company which employs thousands of clerical workers prefers to have women supervisors over their girls—"because the latter get away with too much when men are over them" and "women can get more out of them." The more progressive business men, however, have found that the policy of driving employees does not pay in the long run.

Women tend to be terribly exacting, not only of their subordinates, but of everyone with whom they do business. If a woman deigns to give a good job to a printer she is likely to expect a million dollars' worth of service. I can well remember a black page in my own history when I forced a printer to do a big job over just because the color of the ink was a few shades too light.

In other words—as one frank man expressed it—"women are not good fellows on their jobs: they are so afraid that some man is going to take advantage of them that they lean over backwards in demanding every pound of flesh they can get." Perhaps a fairer analysis is that as a sex we place a disproportionate value upon perfection and exactitude. And some of the most able women err in this respect. One employer said that he had tried out a brilliant woman in a very important job—that of transacting business with a number of the firm's clients. But it developed that the latter did not like to deal with her because she would never yield a single point when she knew that her firm was in the right. In other words, she was too inelastic and had too little sense of give-and-take.

Women furthermore fall down in their business relationships because they talk too much. (For centuries we have had no other way of expressing our energy and now it is well-nigh impossible for us to cure ourselves of the habit.) In fact, this propensity seems to be women's one handicap in selling. A man who buys advertising space, for instance, says that women solicitors "talk you blue in the face," and that more than one has inadvertently let fall some damning remark about her own medium.

IV

These, then, are the virtues for which women must strive: a sense of fair play, a sense of values, and discretion. But greater than any of these, men say, is business acumen, that mysterious thing which escapes definition. One employer says that it is something which men inherit and which women, therefore, can never hope to acquire. Another of a more analytical turn of mind declares that acumen is nothing but judgment acquired through long experience, and that if little girls were in the custom of swapping dolls with their friends the way little boys swap penknives, they would grow up to have just as keen business sense as men. But the argument at best is an academic one, because as yet very few women have appeared on the business horizon who have had the same kind of training in the realities of life as men.

Of the several women who have attained prominence in the business world during the past five or ten years, each has been gifted with an unusual personality, but more than one has been lacking both in experience and in native judgment. Not many years ago, for instance, the business world rang with the amazing story of a woman who was formulating huge plans and expending several millions of dollars as assistant to the president of a large company. She had big ideas, but little practical sense to supplement these ideas, and before she fell from her high place she had cost the company many thousands of dollars.

Employers who have witnessed such debacles as the one just mentioned are

naturally inclined to be skeptical about the ability of women in general. But they should remember that these women failed because they were not selected carefully enough. For similar reasons a number of the women who were promoted hastily during the War proved a great disappointment.

Very different is the history of the few women who have built up successful businesses of their own, or have risen to a high post in a large organization, by virtue of sheer ability and scope of experience. There is Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall, who started selling coffee in a small way, and gradually expanded her business until to-day it is worth several millions of dollars. She built slowly and took no fliers; and to-day no man would deny that she has exhibited plenty of business acumen. Men also have taken off their hats to Miss Mary Dillon, who was not long ago made president of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company because she knew more about the business than anyone else in it and because she had managed it successfully for a number of years. There are several other women who are real powers in their respective orbits. Mrs. Stanley Resor has been an enormous power in building up the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency; while Mrs. Jacob Riis has not only made an excellent record in bond-selling, but herself heads a corps of bond saleswomen.

Whether such women as these are brilliant exceptions, or whether a larger number of the young women now grounding themselves in the essentials of business will eventually come to the fore and prove that acumen is as much a matter of training as of inheritance remains still to be demonstrated.

V

"But leaving aside the consideration of ability," one employer argued, "the important question is, do women really want to succeed in business?"

Certainly they are not infected with the commercial virus which has got into the blood of the average American male. Most women in business want to earn enough to enjoy the comforts of life—especially if they have been deprived of them in their youth; but they are not ready to sacrifice their bodies and souls on the altar of big business unless they have families which they must support. Many a woman, if she is free to do so, will choose a congenial, stimulating job in preference to a more remunerative one. There are probably a good many men who would do the same if they were not obliged to educate a family and if our national *kultur* set up some standard of success other than a monetary one.

But apart from the question of money, have women any great ambition to stretch their ability to the limit, and to become eventually a controlling factor in their respective fields?

"No, of course they have not," says one employer, "because they are more interested in marriage than in anything else. . . . It should be noted that such women as Mrs. MacDougall and Mrs. Blanche R. Green, the one-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year corset sales-manager, took up business only when they were faced with the necessity of supporting their families." Then he concluded in the tone of an oracle, "The lure of business alone will never be a sufficient incentive for women."

Other men are inclined to agree with him, for they have observed that the women in their employ—at least those under forty years of age—are more interested in the possibility of marriage than of promotion. The women in one concern, for instance, seldom take advantage of their opportunity to entrench themselves by buying company stock, even though the president is very liberal in his attitude toward them as employees.

The question often arises as to whether marriage hinders a woman in the execution of her work. One company tried employing married women for a while,

but found that they were "clock-watchers." Another concern reports that about fifty per cent of the women who marry and keep on working show diminished interest. At the same time three other employers claim that marriage makes no difference whatsoever in the quality of a woman's work. It is also worthy of note that a great percentage of the women who are earning high salaries, as in merchandising and advertising, do very good work after they are married.

But the fact remains that the average woman does not plan to work after she marries, if she can avoid doing so. Therefore while there is still hope of matrimony ahead she is not going to spend her evenings studying banking, insurance, or public accounting. A banker, for instance, tells of one very able young college woman who is resting on her oars now that she is earning a good salary. In fact, she makes no bones of announcing that "when the right man comes along—good-by job!" Small wonder, then, that employers hesitate to groom young women for positions of great responsibility!

Yet we must set over against these average women, the occasional college girl who is systematically planning her business career, getting the necessary experience here, and moving on to a better job there, always with a goal in view. Only the other day I heard such a young woman exclaim, "What sport it would be to run the whole business some day!"

Furthermore, employers should remember that a young woman's ambition may very well be mitigated not only by the prospect of marriage, but also by her own conviction that no woman, married or single, would be allowed to advance beyond a certain point in her organization. The fact that a large percentage of married women remain on the job and function effectively in those companies which *do* give women remunerative opportunities would seem to prove this point.

It is decidedly unfortunate, furthermore, that the very large companies have a way of putting a fence around women, thus making it twice as hard for them to get ahead. One man, for instance, remarked that his company could not send a woman assistant engineer out on the road with two or three men—"for it simply wouldn't do." He added that he did not like to call a woman into conference because her presence gave the men a feeling of constraint—which suggests that there must be something wrong with the men if not the women.

Another man says that he would not think of having women make outside contacts with business men because "it would not be dignified." Yet his particular business could not function for long without the services of some eight or ten women who do a good share of the hard thinking as well as the hard work. This same employer has even frowned upon the women in his office who have bobbed their hair. Still another company actually issued orders against the wearing of rolled stockings. And it is well known that most concerns will have none of a woman who is suspected of leading an "immoral" life, whereas they care not a straw about the private lives of their men employees.

Such conventions and unfair restrictions are apt to drive an ambitious woman either to establish a business of her own or to associate herself with a comparatively small organization in which she will not have to combat the old-fashioned ideas of men in the mass. It is possible to win over an individual man, and he may even become a woman's doughty champion. In fact, one of New York's best-known business women told me that she never could have reached the office she now holds if some one man had not stood squarely back of her at every stage of her upward climb. Other women—in the professions as well as in business—admit that they owe a great debt to a few generous men. Incidentally, several women have confessed

that their men superiors have had more ambition for them than they have had for themselves!

VI

But every discussion of women's ambition in business inevitably comes back to the question of marriage. If they want both careers, to what extent will big business help or hinder them?

I found among employers all shades of conviction. On the extreme left there are firms who will not employ a married woman unless she is under the necessity of supporting herself. And on the extreme right I found such an outstanding man as Mr. Samuel W. Rayburn, president of Lord and Taylor's Department Store, expressing himself as follows (in *The Independent Woman*):

> An industrial leader who can use women to advantage should have the morals, the understanding, and the courage to establish a policy that will permit a woman executive to marry and have children without losing her position, provided that she will do her part to prevent unnecessary loss to the business arising in such an eventuality. In any large organization, if the leader will help, a woman executive can get a bright assistant and so thoroughly train her that the functioning of the department or the division can go on in an orderly and profitable way for six months or more without the actual presence of the head of that division. Naturally she should keep in mental touch with the business activities even if not physically present.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Rayburn has put this plan into practice in at least one instance—with happy results for all concerned. "The young lady is worth one hundred per cent more than she was before," he added.

The head of a large manufacturing company emphasizes the same point—that every woman needs the humanizing experience of marriage and child-rearing, or its equivalent in human relationship. He has in his employ a number of capable college women who have acquired an excellent grasp of the business, but he is unwilling to put them in executive positions over a group of other people because in his opinion they are not yet mellow and human enough. "They have never come to grips with the realities of human nature," he surmised. . . . It may be that they have not, or it may be that they have, in ways which he little suspects. In any event it would appear that he has made too sweeping a generalization, for there are a few rare individuals who are endowed by nature with a fund of wisdom and tolerance far greater than that of most married people. But in the main the gentleman's logic was sound, for he summed up the situation as follows:

> Any discussion of women's success in business as compared with that of men, is a purely academic one, so long as big business requires them to live such unnatural one-sided lives, hedged about by all sorts of restrictions. Business heads must not only yield the point of allowing married women to continue working, but—if they really value the services of women—they must formulate some such plan as Mr. Rayburn has suggested, with the purpose of enabling women to be wives and mothers as well as business women.

When big business has made such a move—if it ever does—then it will be more nearly possible to measure men's and women's ability by the same rule (although women who have children will still suffer from the handicap of enforced absence). Whether the members of our sex will then evince a far greater degree of ambition; whether they will have overcome their serious faults; and whether they will have acquired business acumen are questions which the future alone can answer.

THE LOST LYRIST

EIGHT POEMS

By

ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

YOU

YOU came like wind
The life-begetting,

You went like flame
At the sun's setting.

You were swift as Time
The un-regretting—

But Time will be dead
When I'm forgetting.

THE HOURS

SO SWIFT, so swift the summer,
So rushed the radiant days,
We might have guessed the Hours
Were stirring up the haze
To spread upon the landscape,
Were sewing on the hush
That was to fall on Eden
When autumn parted us.
Agony is something
It takes some time to make—
The Hours must have hurried
Our happy hearts to break.

PRESCIENCE

WE KISSED and laughed;
The lattice winked,
The chimney snorted,
The fire blinked;
The moonlight stepped
On the old stone floor,
The dark from the hall
Looked in through the door.
We did not remark
The cynical eyes
Of the candles
Or hear the spark's surprise.
We thought we were safe
With our youth and You—
But I wonder now
If the house knew?

ASEARCH

I SAW a woman walking
On a very narrow span
Which from the world we know about
Into the ether ran.

She walked somnambulantly sure,
As one absorbed in sleep,
And never seemed to swerve at all,
To pause, look back, or weep.

And yet it must have seemed quite strange
To step that skyey shelf—
I looked again and saw the one
Who swayed there was myself.

TOYS

YOU who loved to play
Left your golf sticks here
Cluttering the closet—
It is very queer.
Tennis rackets hanging
Idly on the hook
Now that you're immortal
Have a humble look.
Take them to the attic,
Save them for the boy—
Eternity's not needing
Any sort of toy.

NEWS

AND how is Barbara?
Someone said,
And what is Elizabeth doing?
And how, may I ask,
Does your brother John
Come along with his wooing?
And how is your Father these winter days?
And Mother, how has she thriven?—
But nobody asks me, no, not one,
What I have heard from heaven.

IN STORE

THERE came a certain birthday—
You had left me just before—
When I laid my golden girdle
And my red gown in a drawer.

And peace I folded neatly
And joy I hung to air—
It took both arms to lift it
Along the attic stair:

Bliss I tied in lavender
And comfort laid in rue—
And packed away my laughter
Till next I should see you.

THE LOST LYRIST

MY HEART'S a lyre one hand alone can play,
That hand is mute.
Now all day long my little house
Of song is destitute.
But when night comes and all grief's comforters
Have closed their wings,
Within these dear, dark, dedicated walls,
Fugitive as breath, a homing finger falls
Upon the strings—
And my heart sings.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW

A STORY

BY MARY LISPENARD COOPER

MAMMA had said to go to sleep at once, because they were taking a train at five the next morning; but the room was too strange and hot. The little girl kicked off first the blanket and then the sheet. Now she would go to sleep. She shut her eyes very tight and pressed her hands against the mattress, lying so flat. But all the day ran dreadful and tangled through her mind: prickly cloth of the seats in the train; the cross people who shouted in the next compartment; food with a queer strong taste, allowed because mamma "didn't trust the milk"; the rocking smelly cab that brought them from the station; the porter of their *pension*, with his blue-black chin; his wife looking out from the shadows; the Punch and Judy Show in the court that afternoon.

At first she had been afraid. "Isn't Punch hurting Judy?"

Papa had picked her up and kissed her. "No, dearest, they're only pretending."

After that it was fun. Punch had such a great red nose and such a high voice. Judy was strong. Sometimes she almost knocked Punch down. The little girl laughed and clapped with the crowd—the dark short people with great white teeth. The crowd laughed louder and louder. Cecily saw mamma look at papa with the little shake of the head that means "This is enough for Cecily." Papa nodded and took the little girl's hand. She didn't want to go but she saw mamma's lovely kissing mouth straighten, and she swallowed a small sob. They had gone off, papa and mamma, looking so tall and beautiful in their white clothes.

But what was the rest of the play? Did Punch or Judy win? Her eyes flew open. She felt cross and hot. It wasn't any use trying to sleep. She jumped out of bed. She would pin up her hair. Her curls clung to her neck and ears when it was sultry (mamma's word), but there was a hairpin on the bureau to keep them up. They were very slippery and didn't stay for her fingers as for mamma's long ones. Besides, there wasn't any light.

Now—perhaps it would be cooler by the window. She could lean out over the court where Punch and Judy had been. She went carefully across the room. There were so many corners to hurt you. The carpet tickled her feet.

It *was* cooler there. There was such a wide sill she could sit with her feet on the outside edge. It was really quite bad of her, first to get out of bed and second to sit in the window, but mamma would understand how hot she had been. The coolness was damp and dark like a cellar; there was a smell like the smell on the streets at home after the sprinkler had passed.

Cecily wanted to go home. The roofs around the court were too close and steep. The sky was clear dark blue.

Then what she saw made her clap her hands and almost fall from the window. There was a Punch and Judy Show going on in the room on the other side of the

court. Only the shadows on the shade showed, but now she might see how it would end. It did look as if Punch were hurting Judy. He hit with long hard blows, but she always got up and fought again. She clawed at his eyes with her fingers. How could it be only pretending? But she had papa's word for it.

Now Judy was getting tired. Punch picked up something that looked like a long stick and brought it down on Judy's head. She fell, but it seemed Punch was sorry now. He lifted her and took her to the window. The shade slid to the top. Perhaps he thought the air would make her feel better. He leaned over her a minute. His hands covered his eyes and then dropped. With a queer jerk he picked up Judy again and let her fall headlong into the court. Then the light went out. So that was how Punch and Judy ended. She couldn't help feeling a little sorry for Judy.

There was nothing more to see now and Cecily was quite cool. She went back to her bed and beat the great pillow cool, as she had seen the maid do. Before she thought to close her eyes or lie quietly she was asleep.

Mamma came in at four, when it was not quite light yet, to wake her for the early train; and Cecily told her the whole story of the Punch and Judy Show. Mamma laughed and pulled the hairpin out of the little girl's hair so that it fell down about her ears again.

"Silly darling! You were dreaming!"

Cecily knew it had been real.

"No—*no*, mamma."

She must make her mother understand. She clung to the collar of mamma's pretty blue dress.

"It's the window across from here. You can *see* the window—with the shade up to the top."

Cecily was begging

Mamma laughed a little but she went to look. Then Cecily saw her back straighten and stiffen, her fingers curl tight and hard. Was she thinking angrily that Cecily hadn't told the truth?

"Didn't I say so, mamma? Wasn't the shade up?"

Her mother pulled down the blind of Cecily's room and picked up the little girl, for all she was more than five. Mamma hid her eyes in Cecily's curls. Then—

"No, dear; there wasn't a Punch and Judy Show. The hot night made you dream."

Mamma was carrying her quickly into papa's room. He was shaving; there was a lovely smell of soap and lavender-water. Mamma sat down shaking and white at the edge of the bed.

Cecily asked, "Are you going to cry, mamma?"

"Mother is tired this morning, Cecily."

Papa turned away from the mirror. "'Lo, Cecily," he said.

Then he looked at mamma.

"Good Lord, darling—" said papa.

The little girl's mother shook her head as she had the day before, in the way that meant "This is enough for Cecily."

"I am glad we are leaving at once," she said. "This place gives Cecily bad dreams."

PORTRAIT OF A MAYOR-AT-LARGE

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE Honorable James J. Walker, Mayor of the City of New York for the past two years, has now completed half of his term in that exalted office. His administration has been expensive beyond any other on record and has been marked by an unprecedented irresponsibility on the part of its chief executive. But it has also been replete with artistry and good, clean fun. And the Honorable Jimmy has particularly distinguished himself as the best-traveled elected official in the history of the town. He has sunned himself on the torrid sands of the Florida coast and on the shores of the Mediterranean and has visited, with an entourage, Havana, London, Paris, Dublin, Berlin, Munich, Rome, and Venice. He has been constantly feted, dined and wined; on his recent European junket to such an extent that indigestion overtook him and he returned vowing melancholy allegiance to the 18th Amendment. He has been entertained by ambassadors, lord mayors, premiers, the nobility, and the lesser royalty. Crowds comparable only to those that greet a Lindbergh or a Prince of Wales have lined the streets through which he has been driven.

Jimmy Walker's wise-cracks, to the utterance of which he is more devoted than to almost anything else, have been edited into pointless Oxonian English by puzzled British journalists. They have been laboriously translated, with an equally meaningless result, into Gaelic, German, Spanish, and Italian. He has carried to the Caribbean, Europe, and the British Isles the notion that Americans are, if slightly erratic and invariably late for their appointments, a charming, youthful, and sophisticated race with a neat faculty for turning a pretty phrase. Our foreign cousins are unaware, of course, that Jimmy is as much of a phenomenon in his own city as he is abroad. They do not know that his fellow-townsmen shake their heads as they marvel at his gay ways and his disinclination toward work, that they wonder whether this musical-comedy mayor has yet accomplished anything at the City Hall; and cheer lustily whenever he makes a speech.

When the Honorable Jimmy was inaugurated in January of 1926, startled but in no way disconcerted by the turn of fate that caused him to succeed the dreary Hylan, there were frequent predictions that within a year the cares of office would have dimmed his sunny nature. The prophets said that no man could operate a civic machine costing one million three hundred thousand dollars a day without abandoning his night clubs, first nights, baseball games, and prize fights. He would shortly grow reserved and dignified, they set forth, and would make long and dull addresses instead of short speeches studded with quips from the latest Broadway show. Jimmy might start his term as "The Jazz Mayor," but the whine of the saxophone and the rattle of the traps would soon be stilled. However, none of this has occurred, possibly because he is content to let the civic machine operate by itself. If Mayor Walker has changed perceptibly from the dashing figure who led the Tammany Democrats in the State Senate, that fact

is hidden from the most meticulous observers. He finds time for all of his former diversions. Only a month or two ago, attending a first night, he scrambled up on the stage at the invitation of the comedian and took part in the show. He manages, in brief, to have his job and his fun, too. And as yet instances of public disapproval are but sporadic—occasional editorials (which he does not read) warning him that time flies, that important problems still await solution, and that he must be more industrious. Even the editorial writers join in the general acclaim when he returns from some journey and hail him as "Ambassador Walker," "New York's Super-Salesman," "Manhattan's Good-Will Delegate."

If Will Rogers is justly called America's "Congressman-at-Large," Jimmy Walker must be accorded the title of "Mayor-at-Large." No former occupant of New York's City Hall has been so widely known, so frequently photographed, so often a figure in the news reels. No other has greeted so many visitors at his office, visitors ranging from Paul Whiteman to an envoy of the Pope. It is an exceptional day when there is not a brass band in front of the City Hall, an honor guard of police, a shining limousine, and a (more or less) distinguished visitor being given the freedom of the city by a slender mayor wearing spats that are a shade lighter in color than the mode demands. Jimmy is the first American city official whose roamings are first-page news in all parts of the country. Hundreds of cable despatches reported his opinions, always enthusiastically favorable, regarding the cities that he visited on his latest grand tour. He has become more than merely the Mayor of New York. He has assumed national, even international proportions. Secretaries of Chambers of Commerce and Rotary Clubs throughout the country rejoice that he inspires friendly sentiments toward the United States and assure themselves that exports are certain to boom. I quote from the *Boston Transcript*, normally somewhat aloof about New York, as typical of the reaction outside of Manhattan to the reports of Mayor Jimmy's travels:

> He is extremely well liked wherever he goes, and at this time, when even International Peace delegates have to be protected in Holland by mounted police, it is certainly a good thing to have abroad for a little while an American public functionary with whom everybody falls in love. Mayor Walker might well be considered for the diplomatic service after his term of office of Mayor of New York has expired. Of course he is a Democrat, and the Democrats may never agree on a Presidential candidate who can be elected, but the diplomatic service is gradually acquiring a divorce from party politics, and any party might well be glad to get "Jimmy" Walker.

II

Save for such undemocratic incidentals as heredity, birth, and breeding, there are striking similarities between the present Mayor of New York and that other renowned globe trotter, the Prince of Wales. Both have an ear for music and an eye for that type of entertainment inspired by the woes of the tired business man. Jimmy, in learning the Charleston a year or so ago, struck his knee against a table and for a fortnight limped to his office with a cane; while the newspapers explained that he had been hurt at home, "hurrying to answer the telephone." The Prince, in mastering the same dance, incurred the displeasure of the Queen. Both, unless the gossip regarding England's darling is unfounded, have an active distaste for reading.

The parallel cannot, unfortunately, be extended to their respective jobs. The Prince of Wales serves his country best, no doubt, by exhibiting his charm as widely as possible. His public duties are numerous, but they are chiefly ceremonial in nature. Certainly he need not concern himself, in any official capacity, with England's tax rate, with the payment of interest on her loans, or with the mysteries of her government.

The utmost he is expected to do—and this only because he will one day be King—is to affect a polite interest in these matters. But the Mayor of New York, unhappily, is surrounded by what Jimmy Walker, about to take office in 1926, mournfully termed "the headaches of the City Hall." These are not dispelled by spreading good-will on foreign soil, by making affable after-dinner speeches, by handing out keys to the city in bunches, by learning the latest dance steps, by preserving a reputation for keen enjoyment of life.

The Mayor of New York is the responsible head of a corporation with a budget, for 1928, of $512,000,000. It has thousands of employees, is engaged in innumerable activities, and should pay dividends, in the form of better government, to the 6,000,000 people who pay taxes either directly or in the form of rent. Very few of the nation's industrial leaders control annual expenditures even remotely comparable to those of New York City. Nearly all of them work feverishly in an effort to reduce expenditures, increase dividends, and devise more scientific operating methods. Were they to spend their nights on Broadway or devote any appreciable amount of their time to travel, they would, I suspect, swiftly find themselves retired by irate boards of directors.

Campaigning for the mayoralty in the fall of 1925, Jimmy demonstrated that he was fully cognizant of the dimensions of the position to which he aspired. Many huge problems awaited solution, he said. Among the most pressing he listed new subways, additional schools, street-traffic relief, rehabilitation of public hospitals, and proper disposal of garbage and sewage. He criticized his predecessor, Mr. Hylan, for failing to attend to these crying needs. With the help of his fellow citizens, he promised, he would do so. Not only that, he declared in several addresses, but he would attempt a complete reorganization of the city government. This was archaic, expensive, and unscientific. There were many unnecessary departments, and these he proposed to eliminate.

It is, of course, unfair to call any American candidate to account for promises made before taking office. Ordinarily they are forgotten as soon as Election Day has passed. And the wonder is, perhaps, not that Jimmy has done as little as he has, but that he has done as much. Despite his attacks of wanderlust and his devotion to pleasure, he has been making definite progress with those projects which touch a side of him that is deeply sentimental. He is profoundly stirred when he thinks of the hardships of the poor and so, after visiting a city psychopathic ward and finding it "unfit for dogs," he forced an appropriation of $16,000,000 for public hospitals. Similarly motivated, he insisted that $1,000,000 be spent to improve Central Park and evolved a plan, of dubious economic worth, whereby the city is to assist in the construction of decent tenements. But these matters, important as each may be in itself, are mere trifles in contrast to problems regarding which he seems to be completely lost. He is continuing to build a subway, started by the Hylan administration, without knowing how it is to be operated or financed. He clings, for obvious political reasons, to the five-cent fare, although it is hardly possible that this will be sufficient to support any new subways. Schools are being built, but thousands of children are still without proper accommodations. Virtually nothing has been done to relieve traffic congestion and nothing at all to clear up pollution of beaches caused by the dumping of garbage at sea.

Jimmy was wary enough, even during his campaign, to avoid predictions that he would reduce the cost of the city government. In 1925 the annual budget was $440,000,000. During 1926, his first year, few increases were permitted, but for 1927 the total was approximately $477,000,000. Next year a budget of $512,000,000 will set another high rec-

ord. New York has grown, of course, and Jimmy is not to blame for the added expense that this brings. But were he less of an organization Tammany politician, and willing to attend to the details of his work, he could probably slash off hundreds of thousands of dollars. In almost every city department there is a degree of waste. The total of the salaries paid annually to political appointees is appalling. These, however, are problems that require detailed research into schedules of previous years and prolonged investigations into the efficiency of department heads. They are exactly the type of "headache" that Jimmy avoids. Besides, he has no time for them.

It is still rather early to know whether he will effect any of his plans for reorganization of the city departments. Soon after he was inaugurated various earnest gentlemen came to his office with schemes for civic betterment. They had ideas concerning every branch of the government. Jimmy listened with cordiality to all of their plans, pledged his co-operation and later, in a burst of inspiration, announced the formation of a huge advisory committee. On this he placed nearly all of those who had made suggestions and a great many others in addition. He asked them to study every angle of the problem and to report to him in detail. He would then draft a program.

As the second year of his term ends, the committee is still studying.

III

Surely the gods have thus far smiled on this youthful-appearing man who is so important an official of New York. It is not to be wondered that he is a happy spirit, for throughout his days he has achieved what he has desired. Had this been money in great store, Jimmy Walker would, I think, have been able to amass a fortune. But money, to him, is entirely unimportant, a commodity made to be spent and utterly useless in the bank. At a restaurant dinner he is the first to reach for the check. He delights in the role of impromptu host, particularly when he is on vacation, and he has been seen in Paris cafés inviting strangers to partake of his hospitality. On his present salary of twenty-five thousand a year he is getting along fairly well, but I doubt that he is saving a nickel. For years he was invariably "broke" and always had friends anxious to lend him more money than he could possibly use.

Jimmy was born—one is startled to realize that it was forty-six years ago—in the political district known as the Ninth Ward in Manhattan. The ward boundaries have long been forgotten, but the district included most of Greenwich Village, then a staid and respectable residential section of old houses with small gardens at their doorways. The new immigration had not reached its flood in the '80's, and the majority of the residents were Irish-Catholics. Among them was William H. Walker, an immigrant, for a time a Tammany member of the State Assembly, a prosperous lumber dealer by vocation and the father of a future mayor. Jim Walker—it was not until he entered politics that he was called "Jimmy"—knew no hardships in his boyhood. He went to private school, talked his way out of fights with bulkier lads, and exhibited, at a tender age, an inclination to remain out at night. He often incurred parental wrath by stealing over to a vaudeville house on Union Square and remaining, enthralled, as the performance was repeated until midnight. He shone as a debater at school and studied, if casually, enough to qualify for law school. In 1912 he was admitted to the bar.

Many things, though, had occurred before he became a lawyer. Influenced, probably, by the melodies he had heard on Union Square, he began to write lyrics during his twenties. One of these, that immortal waltz ballad "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in

May?" survived to be dinned in his ears constantly. He has heard it, in the years of his greatness, played by orphan asylum, military, police, street-cleaning, and fire-department bands. Only during the mayoralty primaries in 1925 did he betray regret that he had written it. In an unguarded moment he remarked that it was not much worse than most campaign songs. But would the voters love him in November as they were shouting that they did before the balloting began?

A political career was inevitable for a youth of Jimmy Walker's heredity and talents, and in 1910 he was sent to the lower house of the legislature there to find, among his Tammany colleagues, Alfred E. Smith, a veteran of six sessions, and Robert F. Wagner, a serious-minded young German from the Yorkville section on the East Side of Manhattan. Before long the three were known as the particular favorites of Boss Murphy of Tammany, were denounced annually by the Better Element, and were annually reëlected with increased majorities. While Smith became, in 1918, Governor of the state and Wagner went to the Supreme Court and later to the United States Senate, Jimmy flourished in the legislature. After five years he was promoted to the State Senate and eventually became the leader of his party. In that role he fought many of the battles which added to the prestige of Al Smith.

The fifteen years that Jimmy spent in the legislature left an indelible mark on his character. Although nominally an executive, he still is primarily a parliamentarian. Conferences bore him, and his schedule of appointments is in complete confusion before his day at the City Hall has well started. It is only when he is presiding at some meeting that he is really happy. He can then play the role he loved back in the old days. People are present to laugh at his wise-cracks, to applaud the celerity with which he keeps things moving, to marvel at his ready answers to all arguments offered by the side to which he is opposed. During his Albany years he had few real competitors when a debate was in progress. His sarcasm was the despair of his fellow-members. And he was never dull. When he was scheduled to speak the galleries were crowded, and applause was almost continuous as he walked swiftly up and down the broad center aisle of the Assembly chamber; a slim, excited figure with his dark hair in disorder, dressed like a Broadway actor, relishing the laughter his sallies earned. Jimmy often knew more about the bill under discussion than anyone else on the floor, particularly about those hidden diableries that are the delight of the smart politician. But he had, it was probable, barely glanced at the measure until a half hour before the debate began.

IV

In pondering the Honorable Jimmy one is tempted to the conviction that he thinks from the top of his mind, that he is wholly surface. He is not unlike those irritating youths found on every college campus who rarely open their books and yet sail through their examinations with distinction. Inevitably he often bluffs, and once in a great while he is caught at it. Late last fall he was presiding at a public hearing on the budget. Taxpayers appeared to debate some of the items and to protest against the manner in which their money was being squandered. As at all such meetings, Jimmy was in his element. He had a pleasant joke for one appellant, a witty saying for another, thinly veiled bunk for a third, and apparently righteous indignation for a department head who sought a greatly increased appropriation. During a momentary lull in the merriment an elderly lady asked that three thousand four hundred dollars be provided for "a dietician to supervise the lunches for children in the city schools."

"One dietician for all of the hundreds of thousands of school children?" asked

His Honor in surprise, reflecting on the indigestion that had resulted from his banquets abroad. "Why I've visited twenty of the best dieticians in town since I got back and they can't tell me yet what I can eat. How can one dietician examine all those children? It's absurd."

The lady looked troubled and attempted to explain what she meant. But Jimmy had no time for explanations from others. He held forth on the subject for several minutes and revealed that he had not the slightest notion of the duties of a dietician.

It is just this sort of thing that causes apprehension in the minds of Mayor Walker's friends. They are aware that he leans heavily on his assistants (and on the leaders of Tammany Hall) and often makes their advice the sole basis for his decisions. Many of the matters on which he is required to pass are extremely complicated, and there is always the possibility that he will be misled. A mistake in the wording of some contract might cost the city millions of dollars and discredit Tammany for years to come. It is an open secret that Governor Smith, whose influence brought him the nomination, is irritated by Jimmy's long absences from the City Hall and by his chronic inability to be on time at any appointment. He is in disagreement, also, with some of the Walker Administration's policies. Publicly, of course, Al and Jimmy are as cordially in harmony as ever. The Governor remarks, when the opportunity offers, that Walker is the best mayor since the dawn of time. Jimmy proclaims loudly that Smith is certain to be the next President.

Several factors will, it is hoped, combine to save Jimmy Walker from disaster. Despite his apparent superficiality he has undoubted ability to master the fundamentals of government. He knew, within a few months after taking office, as much as the diligent Hylan had been able to accumulate in years of grinding toil. His most valuable protective gift is a cynicism born of years in political life, a conviction that most of those who journey to the City Hall, usually in behalf of worthy projects, are looking out for themselves. Those cities of the Old World he has graced with his visits picture him as the Sophisticated New Yorker without equal. But even more than this he is the sophisticated politician. There are few tricks in this questionable trade that he does not know, although there are many that he refuses to practice. He is ever on the alert, as long as it does not keep him too long at his desk, for dirty work.

A large part of the city government is, moreover, automatic in its operation. Most of Jimmy's appointments, in some cases under pressure from Al Smith, have been somewhat above the average. He can safely leave many details to his department heads. At all events, Jimmy is not, himself, worried in the least about the future. He continues to arrive at his office at noon, to leave it early in the day on the slightest provocation, to be late for every appointment and every meeting. Almost never, in fact, is he on time for anything. He keeps scores of people waiting for hours, but escapes the wrath he justly deserves to have heaped upon his head.

"Late as usual," he grins cheerfully when he at last arrives. And somehow stored-up anger dissolves in his presence.

V

After eight years of Hylan, a gentleman of a desperately serious nature, Jimmy Walker was at first acceptable merely because he was so different. His speeches were brief and to the point. Instead of viewing every caller at the City Hall with suspicion, as a probable spy from Wall Street, he gave orders that all were to be treated with courtesy. He installed at the outer door of his office a police lieutenant whose manners would do credit to a head waiter. It is not to be wondered that he began his term with a degree of good will which extended

even to the Republican newspapers. But that he still enjoys no small measure of this is a political paradox.

For the Honorable Jimmy, skilled in the art of politics though he is, does nearly everything that he should not do according to the established code. Sailing for Europe last summer, he occupied a suite on the *Berengaria* identical with the one once graced by that excessively well-known celebrity, the Queen of Rumania. For days the newspapers had been filled with descriptions of his wardrobe: that he was equipped with twenty-five dress shirts, a galaxy of waistcoats, a dozen suits, an assortment of hats, and innumerable canes. He admitted, to the accompaniment of some shuddering at Tammany Hall, that he was taking along a valet. He let it be known that he would be entertained by scores of important persons abroad and rashly said that he hoped to drop in on the King and Queen of England. Fortunately, in view of the frenzy of indignation such a call might have aroused in the breasts of Irish voters, their Majesties were not in London at the time of his visit.

By all known precedents these elaborate details should have brought protests from the proletariat. But nothing of the sort happened. Just why no one minded is a little difficult to explain. I suspect, however, that for all his sartorial elegance, Jimmy never gives the impression that his top hats are "high hat." His clothes have never lost their Broadway flavor. He wears spats, but he does so as does Al Jolson rather than after the manner of a Union League Club swell. He holds his public, also, by his willingness to give forth exactly the brand of sentimental bromides that he surveys with cynical amusement when they come from others. Attending a mass meeting of school children, he insisted that their songs were "the sweetest I have ever heard." Just before going abroad he addressed a gathering of newsboys and said that he loved his city "more than anything else in the world unless it be my country and my God." He assured them that he sailed laden with the responsibilities of "a public servant," and not a mere tourist as he had been on a voyage some years before.

"When I rode through a park on my previous trip," he said, "it was just a park, nothing more. Now it must be a piece of ground full of trees and leaves that I will compare minutely with Central Park."

Similarly, in Berlin, London, Paris, and most of the other cities that he visited, he persuaded the American correspondents to cable home long accounts of how diligently he was studying transit, hospitalization, traffic, and sewage disposal. An occasional newspaper reader in this country must have deplored the fact that this industrious "public servant" had found it impossible to take a vacation, after all, but had become involved in civic problems wherever he had gone. Returning in September, Jimmy revealed that he was "a better mayor" because of his wanderings. Almost every moment not occupied with official receptions, he said, had been devoted to urban puzzles.

On the whole, Jimmy's foreign excursion was highly successful. The applause reached its highest point in Paris, where he tore himself from his studies long enough to visit Montmartre nightly and where he publicly denounced expatriate Americans who acquire a foreign accent after a year of residence and look with contempt on their native land. He presented a check to Madame Nungesser and entranced those present by joining in the Gallic outburst of weeping.

Having received an invitation to attend the American Legion jollification, Jimmy had an official excuse for visiting Paris. But his popularity with the veterans caused, it is rumored, the one unpleasant feature of his trip. It is said that the cheers with which he was greeted when reviewing a parade proved frightfully irritating to several underlings of the American embassy. These gentlemen, acting on their own initiative,

had expressed fears that demonstrations in behalf of a Tammany Hall mayor might be distasteful to the officials at Washington to whom they owed their jobs. So they had placed Jimmy as far back in the reviewing stand as they dared. Gossip regarding their resentment, when this scheme did not work and he stole the show, was all over Paris before he sailed for home. It had been reported for several days that he was to be initiated into the Legion of Honor and when, mysteriously, this rather commonplace ceremony did not take place it was whispered that the young men of the embassy were responsible. Finally back in New York, Jimmy permitted stories to circulate that he had been shadowed while abroad. The inference drawn from these tales by his friends was that the G. O. P. had hoped to catch him drinking champagne in some Montmartre den, to broadcast that scandal, and to injure Al Smith's presidential boom by revealing the true nature of his fellow Democrat. This naïve plan, if it existed at all outside of Jimmy's imagination, produced exactly nothing.

It was in Berlin that he caused the most wide-spread astonishment. The solid burghers of that city looked with awe at his youth and interspersed their cries of "*hoch!*" with ones of "*kolossal!*" as he rode down Unter den Linden. Being Germans, they were used to well-upholstered public officials, weighty men of great substance with flowing beards or, at the least, impressive mustaches. Jimmy seemed ridiculously immature. In Germany, as everywhere else, the New York executive remarked that each city he chanced to be in at the moment was the greatest he had seen. Berlin was "delightful and the cleanest of cities." In Rome, he said that Italy was "an earthly Paradise" and that he was shaken by admiration for the "genius and nobility of Mussolini." He found Venice "absolutely ideal." Reaching Paris, he declared a little plaintively that "here they know how to live and let live." And he charmed the French to distraction by his reply when he was asked how he managed to understand what they were saying, as he seemed to do, although he knew no French.

"It's not hard to understand the French people," he said, "if you have an ear for music."

"He has," remarked *Le Matin* following this gallantry, "a most attractive personality. By the movements of his body he interprets what is in his heart. That is to say, he speaks with his eyes, his nose, his arms, and his whole chest."

The Mayor of New York indulged, of course, his flair for wise-cracks. Adopting the idea, apparently, that if it got a laugh at one function it would go well at the next, he said a half a dozen times that "this meal is the best I have yet drunk." Speaking to Americans, he called them "fellow-refugees from the 18th Amendment." Baden-Baden, he suggested, was so lovely a town that it should have been called "good and gooder." Shown some ancient plate in a London museum, he said that one gold bowl would "be perfect if filled with cocktails." Nor could he, despite the frantic efforts of his staff, be on time anywhere. Italy, France, and even Germany took no notice of this delinquency. It was Ireland, the land of his fathers, that expressed irritation. One Belfast editor called him "New York's slow-motion mayor." Another said that his song should be "I'll Meet You in December if You Arrange for May."

For the moment, his yearnings for travel satiated, Jimmy is in town and is more or less involved in the troubles of the City Hall. During the two years that remain of his term these will grow in number and intensity. He declares from time to time that he will not seek another term, that he is through with public life. But since politicians are always making such declarations and forgetting them later on, he is not being taken too seriously. He will, after all, have very little to say about whether he runs again or not. If Tammany Hall

needs him to lead a ticket he will obey its command. The prospect that alarms him most is the possibility of an order to run for Governor in the event that Al Smith becomes President. This might mean living in a somber executive mansion one hundred and fifty miles from the city that he loves.

Meanwhile he adds in great measure to the hilarity of the town. He makes New York, in yet another way, unique among the cities on this planet. No other has ever had a mayor even remotely like Jimmy, and probably would decline to have. He has youth, charm, and humor. He finds that life is pleasant only as long as one does not analyze it too closely. Far from a simpering optimist, he attempts to find a bright side and would "rather laugh than cry."

"I like the company of my fellow beings," he has said. "I like the theater and I am devoted to sports."

And New York, laughing with him far oftener than at him, continues to like Jimmy Walker. The citizens of the metropolis are, apparently, entirely satisfied that he dances, and are willing to pay the piper in the annual budget.

OLD OR YOUNG

BY W. H. DAVIES

I QUESTIONED Poetry, "Say," I said,
"What am I, old or young?"
"Young as the heart remains," she smiled,
"While laughter comes and song."

"Say, am I old, or am I young?"
I asked Philosophy.
"The way that women look at you
Should answer that," growled he.

So when I claim, by my high blood,
A life still young and jolly,
Women, with their indifferent looks,
Reprove me for my folly.

SACKCLOTH AND LAUREL

A STORY

BY FRANK MARTIN WEBBER

NO MATTER what others may think, I am of the steadfast belief that Abbie Ransom was not guilty when she was sentenced to prison, and that she was not unbalanced after four years on parole to the Faithful Workers' charity Home.

As I have talked with people about her I find that those who can recall her case at all are of the opinion that she was guilty as sentenced. Few remember her sensational trial twenty-nine years ago, but here and there I have obtained enough flickering detail to outline the story of this woman whom I saw bargain for the hand of friendliness. It was chance which made me a witness to that transaction, but I was a witness, and I saw what she traded to them for the good fellowship which they so strictly withheld and which the urgency of her need could no longer deny her. And because I saw it I knew that she paid in full measure.

The Junior League in our town has long followed the custom at Christmas time of supplying the dolls for some private orphanage. It happened that the year we had meted to us the children at the Faithful Workers' Home I was appointed to interview the Head Worker as to how many dolls they required. Because of a vivid memory of my own childhood, I could not bring myself to report a sum total of dolls needed to supply a sum total of children. I wanted each child to have the sort of doll she liked, if she liked dolls, and I wanted it to be dressed in her favorite color. I had not forgotten that when I was eight I had yearned for a doll dressed in nile-green voile. I dreamed of it, I prayed for it, I wrote letters to Santa Claus begging for it. These letters never reached my mother's eyes, for they were whisked by the draft up the chimney which I knew to be Santa Claus's authentic and private mail chute. I have not forgotten my disappointment when for that Christmas I received a doll dressed in baby-blue organdie.

Since I must become acquainted with the orphans, I became a frequent visitor at the Home. It was in a part of town formerly very fashionable, now ugly and poor, an endowed institution maintained by a resolute band of evangelical women. These women and the recipients of their charity were housed in two contrasting buildings. One of these had been the residence of a proud first family. It was still a beautiful old place with a fine dignity. Its ancient brick, now weather beaten to a purplish red-brown, was covered by a creeping ivy; the tangle of vine leaves and tendrils, together with the patina of time, gave the walls the appearance of being draped in antique tapestry. On either side of the entrance stood giant elms, hoary patriarchs drooping toward an iron stag at bay. The great front door retained its darkened bronze knocker. This was the orphanage. The other building was new and of spotless white stone. This was the maternity hospital set four-square against wrongdoing, its green tile roof rising like a loud lamentation over

sin. Here were cloistered the unmarried mothers, girls of frail virtue stricken by their weakness.

I had been going out there long enough to know each child's name, which preferred pink to blue, which wanted skates or books instead of a doll, that one great-eyed miss fancied a green slave bracelet, before I discovered that under the orphans' roof, just under it, lived Abbie Ransom.

The Head had invited me to accompany her on a tour of inspection through the orphanage of which she was so justly proud. I am not one to enjoy poking about behind doors and into closets of other people's houses—and affairs. It was unintentional that I came to trespass upon Abbie Ransom's retreat and from there straight on into the privacy of her heart.

I had followed the Head while she made her tour of the first floor, waited while she scrutinized cups, plates, and spoons set at the long tables in the dining room. Then up to the second floor where she examined the pathetic precision of the many white beds laid like pieces of fresh chalk in a row. Next we climbed a dim and uncarpeted stair to the third floor.

With the complete resourcefulness of the public-spirited, the Workers had utilized every square foot of space in the building.

The Head moved heavily and importantly before me, and when we reached the top of the steep stair I was out of breath and my knees ached. The Head's knees must have ached too, for she paused to rest. But she was not out of breath. "Abbie Ransom lives up here. Her name may mean nothing to you, but your father will remember her trial nearly thirty years ago. She was given a life-sentence to prison for plotting the murder of her husband."

"And she's here now?" I was shocked into inquisitiveness.

"Here for the past four years, paroled to us after she had served twenty-five years of her sentence. We give her a home, and she mends. She's a great help, and a great care. She's stubborn and her mind is not quite right. She has never confessed her sin."

"Are you certain that she is guilty?" I challenged.

"We feel that she is guilty. She has never remained through a meeting. She comes, but she cannot stay through to the end."

"A meeting?"

"Yes. Of course our girls cannot go to church; so we hold services for them."

Her knee-ache must have assuaged itself, for she moved on before me down a narrow dark hall which terminated in a still narrower door, and upon this door the Head rapped loudly. She did everything loudly to emphasize her vigorous executive ability.

To my dismay she did not wait to be bidden to enter, but opened the door, and I, from behind her, looked up into the face of a tall old woman who, I knew, was Abbie Ransom. It was evident that she had risen at the knock for she still held sewing in her hand. She stood with her head thrust forward and a bit to one side in that intent attitude of one slightly deaf. From under scraggly brows her sunken eyes gleamed with a faint and austere reproachfulness. Her aquiline nose and jutting chin almost met over lips compressed into a thin line.

The Head did not introduce us, but began talking to her about her sewing, and I had an opportunity to appraise the room in which this woman had lived for four years. There was only one upright wall, the others angled downwards under the gabled roof. The room was shaped like a pyramid lying on its side, and I saw that there was very little space in which she could stand erect. There was one small window, obviously cut when the place had been made into living quarters. Beneath this window hung a water color. It made me think of a spot of pink rouge on a haggard face. Through one of the sloping sides of the room was a trap door which, I judged, was used as a passageway for

roof repairs. There was an iron bed, a boxy bureau, and an oil stove; radiation had not been carried to the third floor. There was a smell of smoke and age and dust.

Clean newspapers were spread about the floor—stepping stones to weariness—for on each was a pile of children's clothes to be mended. I gathered from the Head's conversation that these clothes had been donated from outsiders, and that it was Abbie Ransom's allotted task to lengthen or shorten the second-hand dresses, to sew on buttons, to catch bits of torn trimming, to adjust sleeve lengths.

I noticed that there was only one chair in the room—her own. Hence every day, all day, this woman sat alone in her cock-loft under the ridge of the roof and renovated old clothes for orphans.

The Head had turned to go when she suddenly remembered something and, digging down into the bag that hung from her waist, brought out several spools of thread. For a moment she seemed undecided where to deposit them, then she pulled open the lower drawer of the bureau. The cluttered emptiness of that drawer!—some stubs of pencils, side combs with missing teeth, a soiled candy box, a picture calendar far out of date—pitiful relics of a barren life. I raised my eyes to those of the woman watching us. We crossed glances above the stooping body of the Head.

Just before we left I spoke to Abbie Ransom, and what I said was not as silly as it sounds when you remember that my only justification for frequenting the Home was to supply a pleasurable gift for each inmate. Perhaps I wished to render account to Abbie Ransom for my presence there. Perhaps I wanted to provide something for that drawer.

"Mrs. Ransom, won't you tell me something that you would like for Christmas?"

When she answered her husky voice became harsh. "You can't get it for me, miss."

I wanted to insist, but I did not want to presume. It did not matter, for Abbie Ransom had turned her back.

Before I left the orphanage that afternoon I had obtained an invitation from the Head to attend a Sunday afternoon meeting. But before I went I had diligently ferreted out a lot of information about the case of Abbie Ransom. I got a little here and a little there, bits given to me vaguely which I fitted end to end—from my father and his contemporaries, from the Head, from the Workers, and from the children. And this is what I learned, pieced together for you into one pattern.

Life for Abbie Ransom had been blocked off into three divisions. Her first thirty years had been lived as life is meant to be lived, getting born and being a child, a school girl, a "young lady," a bride, and a wife.

Then she became a widow by the process of sudden murder.

The next twenty-five years had been lived as no God or compassionate man would decree a life should be lived—in prison. She had been convicted for having influenced a half-witted chore boy to kill her husband, and had been given a life sentence. It had been more than twenty-nine years since the day when the prosecuting attorney had asked a bewildered Timmy to tell the court who had taught him to use the razor which had ended Jessop Ransom's life. The question had been asked in the quiet indulgent tone one uses when asking a child its age. Timmy had smiled in silly importance and had pointed a wavering finger at Abbie Ransom. Later, on the witness stand, she had admitted that she had been the one who had trained the boy's uncertain hands to manipulate the razor. Timmy was sixteen, and the few whitish hairs on his purposeless chin had been a matter of extreme irritation to Jessop Ransom. Life for Abbie was not easy when her husband had cause for irritation, and Timmy had drooped under the lash of Jessop's ridicule. So Abbie had taught Timmy to shave—to hold and guide the old-fashioned long-blade razor which

later ended Jessop Ransom's life. The prosecuting attorney had hammered at this fact. The defense attorney had hammered at the fact that life had not been easy for Abbie when Jessop found cause for irritation. Between the two of them she had been sentenced to prison for life. After she served twenty-five years she had been paroled to the Faithful Workers.

Four more years had come and gone. While those four years dragged themselves by, Abbie Ransom lived as a pariah in a charity home. From what little I saw of her ostracism I think that surely the devil, in his most inspired conception, could not have devised a more trying punishment.

The Workers with unremitting patience had made manifest to Abbie that it was unprecedented and unforgivable for an impenitent sinner to continue to dwell in sanctuary. All that they asked in return for the warmth of their friendship was a complete and detailed confession of her sin—her crime. When she declared that she was innocent of any connection with that crime she was looked upon with eyes flat with unbelief and spoken to from mouths tight with suspicion.

The first by-product of charity is curiosity, and Abbie Ransom had denied their curiosity. They in turn refused her friendliness. No one ever went to her room except to deliver clothes to be mended. She was always spoken to as "Missus Ransom." Every other charge of the place was called by her first name, or "sister" in recognition of religious standing, or "dear" for one reason or another. But Abbie Ransom was "Missus." She bore her ostracism with aloof disdain. I have seen her standing alone by the iron stag under the elm trees, her face upraised, her desperate eyes flashing in their deep sockets as though she were flaunting her exile. Couldn't they see how she was suffering?

She was nearly sixty years old, but her back was unbent in spite of prison, the sloping ceiling, the two flights of stairs, the endless sewing, and her absolute aloneness. Her health was bad, and her teeth were in need of a dentist's care. She was never without a slight cough. She always wore several outer garments, two pairs of felt slippers, the outside pair ragged as to sole and toe, several pairs of thick stockings, I do not know how many skirts, and always two old sweaters. The top one was a muddy maroon, out at the elbows, pockets torn, and it was entirely without buttons. She pinned it across her flat breast with large safety pins, four of them, worn clean of nickel-plating down to the brass foundation.

Now whenever I hear a friend say that she is tired of a hat, or of last year's fur coat, or of the sun-room draperies; when I hear someone deplore her need of a change; when I hear a wail against boredom and the sameness of entertainment, I think of Abbie Ransom's four safety pins. She had used the same ones for four years.

And though her appearance was shabby and stale, though she was poor as poverty itself, though her position was that of a sinner in bad repute, I knew by the lift of her head that her will was secure in its moorings. I guessed that her soul wore black taffeta and stiff lace.

Since it was her assigned task to keep the orphans' clothes equipped with fastenings, mended, and complete, she did it thoroughly and toward no end; but no amount of ordering or persuading could induce her to put one single stitch into her own donated apparel. Abbie Ransom hated to sew. She wanted to paint. She had been an artist of sorts doing miniatures and water colors before they had sent her to prison.

Once the Head said to me, "She carries papers in her stocking, a little packet of them, letters from lawyers and witnesses, one from a governor now long dead, newspaper clippings. She says she will prove her innocence before she dies. She says she will not die before she proves her innocence. She's a little unbalanced."

Even the children considered her that. The little girls reflected with perfect imitation the adult attitude toward Abbie Ransom. They ignored her when a Worker was near, and were rude to her when they were sure they would not be caught.

There was the incident of Abbie's conduct the day the two beautiful children entered her room. Their arrival in the Home had created quite a sensation among the other orphans. They were sisters, three and seven, or thereabouts, both lovely beyond the dream of any potential mother. I have never seen children of such bisque-doll perfection. The little one soon became very spoiled. She was exclaimed over and petted by the Workers and the orphans, and she loved it and cuddled and did tricks like a pert kitten. The older one exploited her baby sister and shared in the appreciation and applause. Finally, so the youngest Worker told me, the seven-year-old discovered that Missus Ransom had taken no notice of them. She watched for a chance and when everyone was occupied she pulled her plump little sister up the two flights of stairs to Abbie's room. She opened the door, walked in and, holding the little one before her, faced the woman sewing in her chair. I think I know why Abbie did not speak, only stared. She probably did not hear the door open because of her deafness and when she looked up and saw the two children standing there —without bundles of clothes in their arms, without a quickly repeated message to hurry the mending, with no apparent reason for their presence in her room except a look of expectation on their faces, a look of being certain of welcome—she thought they had come to visit, and no one ever had come to visit. The older sister said afterwards, "She just looked like she couldn't see for lookin'. She stared and stared like she was crazy." And from that look the children fled in terror, tumbling down the stairs as fast as their legs could carry them, both crying from fright and disappointment. Other orphans caught them, and the youngest Worker quieted them, and no one contradicted the assertion that Missus Ransom must be crazy.

The children labelled her crazy because she had been awed by the presence of guests in her room. The Workers labelled her crazy because she could not remain through a Sunday afternoon meeting.

No, Abbie Ransom who had endured life with Jessop Ransom, who had been kind to a half-witted chore-boy, who had survived the astringent misery of prison, and then for four years had sat alone mending second-hand clothes for orphans, could not endure to remain through a Sunday afternoon meeting. She could stay through the sermon, and the prayers, and all of the repeated songs *but one*. I discovered that for myself. It was the one about a friend. That was too much for her. One dying of thirst cannot hear a song about water.

One Sunday afternoon at three I attended the service held in the hospital reception room. The "girls" made up the congregation. The Workers made up the choir, the audience, and the agitators. The Head read from the Bible, preached a sermon, prayed several long prayers, and finally talked directly to the girls exhorting them to confess and be saved. The Workers moved among the girls urging each to go up to the sinners' bench and become one of the fold. There were songs with the refrain sung over and over and over.

"Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus ju-ust now.
Though your sins be as scarlet,
Come to Jesus,
Ju-ust now."

Over and over and over.

Abbie Ransom sat erect and uncompromising. I saw her lips moving and, following her gaze, I decided that she was counting the green tassels on the piano cover.

"Oh, wash me in the blood,
Oh, wash me in the blood,
Oh, wash me in the blood,
And I shall be whiter than the snow."

Over and over and over. I wonder why so many charity workers sing alto.

Unsustained mothers stumbled up the aisle between the rows of folding chairs, wringing their hands, weeping, tripping on their chambray mother-hubbards.

I heard Abbie Ransom sigh and mutter to herself, "Hysterical fools. Why can't they pick up their feet, hurrying to blab out their secrets? Tearing out good hems. Strumpets."

The sinners knelt on the floor, fallen women prepared to confess their shame. Some in their humility and supreme surrender laid their foreheads on the platform. The Workers gathered about the row of crouching forms. There were ugly jangling sobs. The Workers sang, and this time without the piano.

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!"

At the word "friend" Abbie Ransom came to her feet. Then I knew. It was that song which drove her from the meeting. When they sang about a friend Abbie Ransom of the unbent back and burning eyes, Abbie Ransom clothed in ragged sweaters and many skirts, rose to her full height, tightened her lips, clasped her purple-veined hands, knotting the fingers together to still their trembling, and left the room. For four years at this time at the same song she had stalked out. And because of this they called her guilty.

I had been so insistent that each orphan child get the Christmas gift she desired that, contrary to the usual method of sending the correct number of gifts all boxed together and later to be delivered from the tree as they came to hand, I had tagged each gift with the child's name written on a gay holly card. As is the way of us who dispense charity, I wanted the reward of seeing the pleasure my work gave. Therefore, I went to the Christmas tree. It was held in the reception room where I had attended the Sunday afternoon meeting. "The girls" sat on one side of the center aisle, and the orphans on the other—very black sheep and very young white lambs—and in the back, a little way behind "the girls," sat the one goat in the fold, Abbie Ransom. Because there was a circle of unoccupied space around her, as always, I found myself standing by her side. She started to get up that I might have her seat, but I would not, and because of the anxiety in her eyes I laughed and sat on the arm of her chair. I touched her hand, and she murmured that mine was cold, and sought to warm it between her own. I left it there, and so we sat during the time I remained.

As this is not a Christmas story, I cannot tell you of the comedy and the tragedy of that Christmas tree for forty orphans and forty Hester Prynnes. Each child received the gift from our League and "something useful" from the Workers' fund. Each girl received a gift of exact sameness accompanied by a pair of crocheted bootees and a rattle. I had a foolish notion that concealed somewhere in each package was a scarlet letter. The League had purchased a soft gray sweater for Abbie Ransom, and I had tagged it "Merry Christmas to Abbie." But when the gift-distributing Worker came to it she held it to the light, mouthing the words on the card, then announced dryly, "This is for Missus Ransom."

That was the last I saw of Abbie Ransom until the Sunday afternoon when I stopped in to leave some magazines for the girls, realized it was the hour for service, and slipped in to look on for a moment.

The meeting was going full force. The Head was using all her splendid powers to invoke the girls to join the fold, to "come home," to "tell it all to Jesus." I saw that Abbie Ransom was in her customary corner, in the only

armchair in the room, her sweaters pinned across her chest, her gaze avid as each girl was wept over, prayed for, and consoled. I saw that the knuckles of her old hands were white under their grip of the chair arms. I saw her eyes narrow in calculation. I saw her lips move as if she were prompting herself. Then she rose to her great height and raised her hands high, palm outward, just like the picture of Moses prevailing against Amelek in my Bible book.

Every eye in the room turned toward her and the eyes were wide and greedy, not narrow and flat.

With majestic calm and measured tread Abbie Ransom marched down the aisle between the rows of folding chairs and staring faces. Up to the platform she stalked, her back straight as a ramrod, her hands held high, her wide skirts trailing, her felt-slippered feet making no sound.

When she stood before the astonished Head she waited for a moment in quiet rigidity, commanding silence. It was the perfect technic of a rehearsed drama.

"I confess." She announced in a loud solemn voice, and waited.

"Praise God!" "Hallelujah!" "The Lord's name be praised!" "O, dear Jesus!" came the chorus. A girl hushed the wail of an infant.

"I confess my sin. I am a guilty woman. I am a sinner. I—"

"Yes, yes! Tell it all to Jesus," urged the Head.

"Out loud?"

"Yes, yes," with wary eagerness, then because the Head was a clever woman, "Sisters, we have here one who is about to enter the fold. While she is preparing to cleanse her soul, let us sing."

> "What a friend we have in Jesus,
> All our sins and griefs to bear!
> What a privilege to carry
> Everything to God in prayer!"

It happened just as I thought it would. The word "friend" opened the fount of Abbie Ransom's frozen heart, tears that for four years had flowed coldly inward now welled up, filled her old eyes, hung in the hollow sockets, and ran down her cheeks. I wondered if she would break. But as the first verse was drawing to a close she wiped the heavy yellow tears from her face with the palms of her hands. Her tall body seemed to stiffen and prepare. I knew that she was gathering together the loose ends of her shaken determination.

Then she gave them a great exhibition, an arrogant confirmation of the crime for which she had been convicted.

And they gave her forgiveness. The Workers opened their arms in welcome. Abbie Ransom's face was flooded with an acute radiance. She had taken the only path out of barren solitude and henceforth she would dwell in the way of friendliness.

I have never seen such a demonstration of satisfaction. The Head, the Workers, and the saved girls crowded around her, embraced her, and patted her, hallelujahed and amened. It was an unholy manifestation of gratified appetite. They had wanted to know. For four years they had persevered in wanting to know. Now they had been given the thing they craved. Abbie Ransom had confessed her guilt. She had told it all to Jesus—and they had heard.

When the rejoicing had spent itself Abbie Ransom still stood straight and stiff, head and shoulders above them all. Her eyes met mine, frigid and disdainful. Her smile was fixed, wooden. I knew, and she knew that I knew, and she was defying me. I made a tiny gesture of salute which she ignored.

I had left the hospital and was about to leave the grounds when one of the older orphans came running after me. She was plainly scared, but she did not tell me what had frightened her as she clutched my hand and pulled me into the orphanage and up the stairs. With the uncanny intuition of the child reared in an institution, she realized that the cause of her fright must be concealed from those in authority.

She led me to Abbie's room, opened the door, pushed me inside, and edged in after me.

Besides the usual odor of the poorly ventilated room was the smell of burning paper. The child darted ahead of me and pointed. In the corner carefully placed on a newspaper was the china wash-bowl and in it were some papers now burnt black. I knew what they were. The Head had said that Abbie Ransom had papers in her stocking with which she hoped to prove her innocence. She had burned those papers.

I told the child to wait for me downstairs and to say nothing of what she had found.

I gathered the charred bits into my handkerchief and opened the trap-door to let out the smell, and in came a burst of winter sunshine. At that moment I heard Abbie and the Head coming up the stairs. I slipped through the door and into a hall closet. That gallant old soul should keep her secret if I had to stay there all night.

The Head was talking in her most religious voice. "You know, my dear Abbie, there are others besides us who have borne with your defiance all these years and who heard with gladness equal to ours your confession this afternoon. There is your husband in heaven. He knows that you have confessed. He can hear you. Those who have gone on can see us here on earth and can hear us. He knows that you have confessed and repented."

Then she added in her unreligious voice, and I wondered if Abbie could have smiled, "On next Wednesday I'll have one of the sisters take you to the dentist, Abbie. I notice that your teeth need fixing."

The Head came with her as far as my hiding place, paused and said, "You can just leave your door open. I'll send up another chair. From now on when you want to you can bring your sewing down-stairs so you won't be lonesome."

Her solid tread sounded down the stairs. I was warm and uncomfortable and opened my door a crack to see if I could not escape from my undesirable position.

The door to Abbie's room was wide open.

There she stood, arms down at her sides, eyes sick as though she were gazing back down the bleak vista of the last four years. The sunlight from the opened trap in the sloping wall streamed upon her, sparkled on her four safety pins, accentuated the lines in her prison-bitten face. She had humbled herself before them, but she had won an enduring victory—their friendliness would be a wreath upon her brow.

"O God! O Jessop!"

When she began to speak I closed my door, but her words came through to me.

"If you heard that in the meeting you can hear this now. Listen! I had to do it, Jessop. I was that lonesome. Do you hear? I was that lonesome."

Because I became fond of some of the children at the Home I often see Abbie. She is called by her first name and sister and dear. The children ask little favors of her and give her pieces of candy. It is now known that she loves candy.

She carries her guilt aloft like a banner. She is the greatest penitent of them all, an admitted murderess who has detailed her crime. There where distinction is won by contrition Abbie Ransom wears a crown. Her shoulders droop and her body is bent as if the backbone has been removed from it, but her eyes glow from an inner light.

Because I felt that I owed her some little sacrificial offering as atonement for my accidental eavesdropping, I had a shop deliver to her some really good water colors.

She does very poor pictures of the girls' babies and is beloved by the mothers for her attention to their foredoomed offspring.

No one in the Home or the hospital is so wisely content as Abbie Ransom.

BLUE LAWS FOR SCHOOL-TEACHERS

BY STEPHEN EWING

IN THE midst of the agitation over the various "blue laws" which have raised their heads of recent years it is surprising that so little has been said in defense of the school-teacher and her right to live her own life. For it is a lamentable fact that in any number of communities the public school-teacher no more dares call her soul her own out of the schoolroom than she does in it. If she dresses too youthfully, if she has too many "dates," if she is known to smoke cigarettes, if she walks home with the principal, if she declines to do any church work—in short, if her social behavior is at all out of the ordinary, she lays herself open to censure, or perhaps even dismissal when her year's contract expires. And finally, if she commits the indiscretion of marrying, she is more than likely to become *persona non grata*.

Indeed, it would appear that school-boards are doing their best to turn teachers into sexless human beings doomed to devote all of their waking hours to teaching and its attendant demands. No doubt there is nothing new in this situation. But it calls for special attention to-day in view of the effect that it is having upon the female personnel of the teaching profession. Not so many years ago the latter was the only field open to a woman who desired to earn her own livelihood; but to-day she may take her choice of a variety of interesting professions and vocations. It is not likely, therefore, that a young woman of spirit will deliberately choose a vocation in which her personal freedom stands in danger of being jeopardized.

The frequent newspaper accounts of the petty tyrannies perpetrated by school-boards and superintendents would suggest that the small-town mind suspects all youth of being immoral and, therefore, it is ready to fasten upon the slightest deviation in the dress or the social behavior of a young woman school-teacher as an evidence of "looseness" on her part. Not so many years ago, it will be remembered, bobbed hair stamped a girl as "that kind of a woman." In fact, as late as 1924 the superintendent of schools in Santa Paula, California, issued a ukase against bobbed-haired teachers, and refused re-employment to one young woman on this ground alone. A neighboring superintendent in Sacramento came to the rescue of the fair sex with the retort that the only hair he cared about was his own. Hard as it may be to believe, the debate spread all over the state, and college presidents descended from their rostrums to discuss the subject, President Campbell of the University of California declaring that "there is no relation between scholarship, teaching ability and especially character on the one hand, and bobbed hair on the other." Finally the state commissioner of secondary education clinched the argument by pointing out that if all the bobbed-haired teachers were fired there would not be enough long-haired applicants to go around. Similar fights were waged in a number of towns and cities in other states, but in the end common sense prevailed—so that to-day it is relatively safe for a teacher to shear her locks—although the manager of a large

agency tells me that he still advises applicants to conceal their bobs under hair nets when interviewing certain superintendents.

What the teacher shall wear is also a matter of grave concern to school officials. They expect her to be "neatly and appropriately dressed" no matter how little salary they pay her. And in the small towns they are likely to be very critical of skirts that are too short and colors that are too gay. The school-board in Hazel Park, Michigan, for instance, not long ago became so alarmed lest the morals of the pupils should be corrupted by the instep-to-kneecap exposure of the teachers' legs, that it ordered all of the teachers to wear ankle-length smocks. But the one hundred and eight teachers defied the edict as a body and came to school in shorter skirts than ever; and, furthermore, the state superintendent of instruction informed the worthy gentlemen of the board that the teachers had the law on their side.

Sporadic attempts have also been made in several of the large cities to introduce some such uniform for teachers as smocks—whether for moral or utilitarian reasons I know not. Fortunately, however, the idea has been cried down in every case. This is only another misguided attempt to efface the individuality of teachers. How blind school officials are not to realize that the standardized teacher is bound to bore her pupils to death. Even as a rowdy little boy I remember how I hated the sight of a certain teacher who always wore the same ugly shirtwaist and skirt, and how on the other hand I invariably thrilled to see the music-teacher come into the room, for she wore exciting silky dresses which matched the lovely quality of her voice. Heaven forfend us, then, from the day when the school-boards shall prescribe a uniform dress for teachers.

But even more damning than a boyish bob or short skirts is the fact that a woman smokes; for that habit, in the eyes of many, is still considered the hallmark of wantonness. A teacher may be discreet enough to indulge only in her own room; yet if the smoke leaks out she will very likely be called on the carpet, or will fail of re-election for the coming year. Furthermore, the tale of her smoking may give rise to the most unfounded rumors about her social behavior, as it apparently did in the case of Miss Helen Clark, a teacher in Secaucus, New Jersey, whose story several years ago was given wide publicity in the newspapers. In this instance it was the high-school principal who recommended to the State Board of Examiners that Miss Clark be denied a permanent license on the ground that she was guilty of cigarette smoking and drinking after school hours, alleged indiscretions, inefficiency, and failure to pay her normal-school debt. She admitted that she smoked in her own room and that she owed a debt which she was gradually discharging; but she categorically denied the other charges and carried her case to the State Commissioner of Education, Mr. John H. Logan, who ruled that the evidence against her was insufficient, and ordered the State Board to grant her a new hearing. In the meantime the principal had spread the report that she was the mother of an illegitimate child—a fabrication for which he later admitted that he had no proof. He had evidently manufactured the whole of this tissue of scandal on the strength of the fact that the young lady smoked cigarettes and spent many of her week-ends in a nearby city.

In the matter of smoking, men teachers are frequently persecuted as well as women—on the ground that it sets a bad example. The officials who make such an asinine rule quite ignore the perfectly sound principle that grown-ups are entitled to do a number of things in moderation which are not good for adolescents. Yet the school-board of the county of Los Angeles has a rule that no man may receive a certificate who is so immoral as to smoke. The same situation exists in the high school at

Urbana, Illinois, where the young men teachers must do their smoking furtively behind closed doors; while in Silver Creek, New York, the superintendent himself was dismissed because he smoked. But the school-board there was forced to reinstate him when the school as a whole went on strike and presented a petition signed by one thousand pupils and teachers. It is interesting, too, to note that when in Lynn, Massachusetts, the board passed a non-smoking edict for both men and women teachers, the only dissenting voice was that of a clergyman who happened to be the son of a bishop.

An occasional school-board in a backwoods community will put the clamps on even tighter. A teacher, Mr. Thomas Minehan, writing in the *Nation* recently, tells of a school in Missouri which asked him to sign a resignation with his contract, the resignation to become effective, together with the forfeiture of all salary that might be due him, if he should smoke a cigarette, pipe, or cigar at any time, in any place during the period of his contract. He refused to sign, and sought a job in a less hidebound community.

Young women teachers have been requested to sign similar contracts in which they engage not to have "dates" or to dance on school nights. One young woman was forced to sign such a contract in a Montana town. After the first of the year there was very little money in the county treasury, and she was paid in driblets until the end of May. When she applied for the remainder of her wages she was presented with evidence showing that she had been seen at a dance one night in March, and was consequently informed that no further money was owed her. If she could have afforded to take her case to court she might in all probability have forced the board to pay her, inasmuch as they had permitted her to go on teaching without notifying her that they considered her contract at an end.

It must be remembered, too, that there are numbers of provincial communities where dancing on any night of the week is considered a sin, and where it would be suicidal for a person to do as he or she pleases in this respect. Even though a teacher may not have signed away her liberty in a contract, the members of the board can make their disapproval felt in a hundred little unpleasant ways, and finally can hurt her professional record by refusing to elect her for another year, *unless she is protected by a tenure of office law.*

Such a law exists at present, in one form or another, in thirteen different states and in the District of Columbia. It is state-wide in its application, however, only in California, Indiana, Montana, and New Jersey, and in New York except for rural teachers. In other states it applies only to the large cities, while in Massachusetts it is statewide except for Boston. These tenure laws usually provide that the teacher shall be granted a permanent license after a probationary period of from three to five years, and that he or she may not then be dismissed for any reason other than incompetency, insubordination, conduct unbecoming a teacher, decrease in the number of teaching positions, or other causes tantamount to these. Even so a board might attempt to dismiss a young man or young woman on the ground that his or her conduct was "unbecoming to a teacher," although the Indiana law does provide that a contract may not be cancelled for either political or personal reasons.

But in the absence of any protective legislation both young men and young women teachers in backwoods communities must watch their step very carefully indeed. Woe betide those who indulge in innocent flirtations. Some school-boards actually have a rule forbidding social intercourse between the men and women teachers; while others do not hesitate to interfere with such goings-on, rule or no rule. Not long ago the New York papers featured the case of a young principal in a small town who was asked to resign merely

because he had walked home frequently with one of his pretty teachers, and had ridden with her of a Sunday. The school-board admitted that he had done nothing immoral; yet, it felt constrained to ask for his resignation "on account of the tongue-wagging which had poisoned the minds of the villagers." It mattered not at all that he had greatly increased the efficiency of the school and that the village pastor came forward to vouch for his character and that of the young lady. So finally the principal gave up and resigned in order to relieve the young lady of further embarrassment.

Instead of indulging in so much frivolity, a teacher would do well to take an active part in church work—for most of the school-boards are dominated by good churchmen. In a town in western New York the teachers are criticized if they go home for more than one or two week-ends a year, because they are looked upon as public servants of the community who should be on hand to sing in the choir and teach Sunday-school classes. In fact, in the very small villages the teacher's status amounts almost to peonage. Witness the following contract—also instanced by Mr. Minehan in the *Nation*—coming from a small town along the sea-coast of North Carolina:

I promise to take a vital interest in all phases of Sunday-school work, donating of my time, service, and money without stint for the uplift and benefit of the community.

I promise to abstain from all dancing, immodest dressing, and any other conduct unbecoming a teacher and a lady.

I promise not to go out with any young men except in so far as it may be necessary to stimulate Sunday-school work.

I promise not to fall in love, to become engaged or secretly married.

I promise to remain in the dormitory or on the school grounds when not actively engaged in school or church work elsewhere.

I promise not to encourage or tolerate the least familiarity on the part of any of my boy pupils.

I promise to sleep at least eight hours a night, to eat carefully, and to take every precaution to keep in the best of health and spirits in order that I may be better able to render efficient service to my pupils.

I promise to remember that I owe a duty to the townspeople who are paying me my wages, that I owe respect to the school-board and the superintendent that hired me, and that I shall consider myself at all times the willing servant of the school-board and the townspeople and that I shall co-operate with them to the limit of my ability in any movement aimed at the betterment of the town, the pupils, or the schools.

This amazing contract is obviously an extreme case. Yet even in schools where no such promises are exacted the teacher often finds so-called leisure hours consumed either by extra-curricular activities such as coaching the debating team or the senior play, or by attending parents' and teachers' meetings, church fairs, and the like. Furthermore, summer vacations are supposed to be consecrated to further study in methods of education. The School-Board of Hammond, Indiana, for instance, makes the handsome offer of a bonus of fifty dollars to every teacher who spends the summer studying at a normal school, a college, or a university. The second summer one may earn one's bonus by taking "a trip of educational value"; and the third summer one may actually rest—or travel. Then the fourth summer one must again burn the student's lamp—and so on and on for years. Even greater inducements to study are said to be offered by school-boards in the far west who will sometimes pay all of a teacher's expenses at summer-school.

Further study and cultivation are no doubt desirable, but it seems a great shame that a teacher should be doomed to pursue courses in theoretical education for a lifetime, all because school-boards and superintendents are now placing a high premium upon masters' degrees. Since a teacher's job is such a tryingly intensive one for nine months out of the year, should he or she not be allowed a complete change during vacation time? A friend who has fled from the ranks of the profession, and is now

doing newspaper work, strongly urges that teachers be rewarded with bonuses or the like for seeking a totally *different* environment in the summertime. "If they want to be active, let them go into the mills, the stores, the factories, any place where they will get a fresh viewpoint and will not have to associate with their own kind or with children," he concludes.

II

Petty regulations and restrictions are naturally most rife in the smaller towns and cities where the school-board and the members of the community find it easy to pry into a teacher's private life. In the big cities they can hardly exercise such surveillance. Yet there they do interfere with the woman teacher's private life in one respect, and that is in regard to marriage.

For years teaching was considered a single woman's job. But during the shortage in the profession during the War married women who had taught in previous years were urged to come forward and fill the vacancies. Since that time other women have married and wished to keep on teaching, just as women in business have wished to retain their jobs after marriage. But they have found that they are not welcome in a great many schools. In fact, more than half of the cities of the country with a population of more than one hundred thousand have definite rules against the employment of married women as teachers, including such cities as Boston, San Francisco, St. Louis, St. Paul, Jersey City, and Pittsburgh, while the same percentage applies to smaller towns and cities. In some cases an exception is made if a married woman is under the necessity of supporting herself. But as a general thing—even where there is no definite rule—preference is given to unmarried women, as proved by the fact that out of nine hundred and fifty-four schools which responded to a questionnaire sent out by the *American Educational Digest*, less than one-half per cent reported that they were employing married women at the present time.

This same questionnaire brought to light some very interesting opinions from superintendents in regard to the relative worth of married women as teachers. Those who go on record against them generally argue in the first place that the jobs should be given to the single women who have no men to support them. This attitude is based on the old theory that public positions are semi-gratuities to be passed around, rather than on the much sounder policy that they are responsible posts which should be given to the most capable. A second criticism is that the married woman no longer has any professional interest in her task, and is only working temporarily to eke out her husband's salary. Yet there are those who assert that the married woman actually displays more professional interest than the young unmarried woman since she has passed "the hunting-season" and is less flighty. Another objection raised is that she is not willing to give so much time to extra-curricular activities, and that she may have to ask for a leave of absence when she has a child. It is very likely true that she does not sublimate her job as does an older unmarried woman who has no other interest in life. But will she not bring a richer endowment to it for that very reason? More than a few superintendents report that they have found married women superior as teachers because they are more mature, because they have warm sympathies and are especially successful with adolescents, and because they have a mental serenity which the unmarried girl is likely to lack. It would seem, too, that when a woman has children of her own she must certainly bring a richer understanding to the teaching of other people's children—unless all the talk about the instinctive burgeoning of mother love is so much bunk.

But the conservatives bring forward still other objections which have nothing whatever to do with the teacher's professional functions. More than one super-

intendent writes that he is unwilling to employ married women, not because they are less efficient, but because "they are converting the schools into charitable institutions for the support of ill and lazy husbands." Now I have no desire to defend such reprehensible husbands, but it does seem outside of the school officials' province to prescribe what disposition a teacher shall make of her salary. Furthermore, some superintendents disapprove of having married women in the schools because "they are likely to neglect their homes, husbands, and children." Why not let the husbands speak for themselves? A woman who is doing her work capably has certainly every right to resent a school official's sticking his finger into her domestic pie.

As a matter of fact, a number of superintendents report that the married teachers on their staffs appear to be running both their homes and their jobs most successfully. But alas, in the opinion of many a board member, they are subverting the institution of the American home. One worthy gentleman inveighs against their employment as follows (in the *American School Board Journal*): "If a child gets the idea from seeing married teachers in the schools that such a proceeding is the proper thing, what is to become of the home-life of this country?" This board member had better blindfold the rising generation if he expects them to grow up oblivious of changing social conditions.

But the most cogent argument of all has not yet been mentioned, and that is that our public schools cannot afford to sacrifice teachers who have had extensive training and experience if the latter are willing to continue to serve the community. Indeed, such teachers represent a social investment, for they have been trained by the normal schools and universities, institutions supported by the state or by private endowment, and as beginners they have gained their experience at the expense, let us say, of the public schools themselves. An analogous situation arises when young women doctors who have been trained by medical schools at great expense to the latter, marry and give up their profession—to the horror of the leaders of the profession, for they, being wiser than our school heads, realize what an enormous loss is involved. Experience and training in any profession are the ultimate criteria and can hardly be affected by the married or unmarried status of the individual. That is the reason, no doubt, why out of a group of superintendents who have at one time or another had married women working under them, 597 reported that they had observed no difference in the matter of efficiency between married and unmarried women teachers of equal training and experience, while only 174 voted against their comparative value; furthermore, 42 considered the married ones even more capable.

The question next arises as to the legal rights of the married woman teacher. It goes without saying that a school-board in employing teachers can discriminate as it pleases on the basis of marriage, religion, or politics. But when a woman who is already holding a job marries, can she be dismissed for that cause alone provided that she has signed no contract to that effect? A number of women have been summarily dismissed for this reason, but only a few have chosen to carry their cases into the courts. When they have done so, they have generally won.

In 1904 a test case, that of Murphy *v.* Maxwell, arose in New York City where the Board of Education had previously enacted a by-law directing the automatic dismissal of any woman teacher who married. One teacher who had been in the system for eleven years deliberately married and, when she was dismissed, sought reinstatement through the courts, eventually carrying her case to the New York Court of Appeals. It was argued on her behalf that the by-law of the Board of Education was inconsistent with the city charter which provided for dismissal of teachers only on grounds of "gross misconduct, insubordination, neg-

lect of duty, or general inefficiency." Holding that marriage was none of these, the Court of Appeals directed the Board to reinstate the teacher. But the fight was not yet won, for married women were henceforth discriminated against, transferred to schools far from their homes, or assigned to grades which they did not like to teach. Promotion in rank and salary increases were slow in coming to them, and a ban was placed on women who absented themselves to have children. This latter phase of the question was finally settled, however, in 1914 when Mrs. Bridget Peixotto appealed to the State Commissioner of Education, then Mr. John H. Finley, against the action of the New York City Board in suspending her for having absented herself from her duties at the time of giving birth to a child. Commissioner Finley then made the following historic ruling:

"It is difficult to conceive how a reasonable, unwilful absence due to a natural unavoidable cause, could be construed as neglect of duty; and it is difficult to understand why an absence for the most highly creditable social reason should be so treated."

The board was consequently obliged to change its policy, and so adopted a resolution extending a leave of absence of two years to married women who expect to have children. The leave of two full years is compulsory, but the teacher's place is held for her. Since that rule has gone into effect married women have become the accepted thing in New York City schools and probably enjoy as favorable a position there as in any other system.

A survey of the several other cases that have been tried in New York, Oregon, West Virginia, Indiana, and New Jersey shows that marriage in itself cannot legally be held a just cause for dismissal unless the teacher has signed a contract containing such a clause, or unless the board can prove that its discriminating by-law is not inconsistent with the city charter or the state law. A tenure of office law operates to protect a teacher holding a permanent license from dismissal on account of marriage, although this point too has had to be settled in the courts in a number of instances. In 1922, for instance, the board in Milwaukee dismissed Elsie D. Thompson, a teacher of seven years' standing, because of her marriage, but was ordered by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin to rescind its action since it was adjudged that marriage was not a cause for dismissal under the tenure act. Another such case arose in New York in 1925 when a teacher by the name of Thomas was dismissed upon her marriage, but reinstated when the State Commissioner of Education, Mr. Frank P. Graves, ruled that the board's by-law was illegal in view of the fact that the legislature had passed a tenure of office act a number of years previously. He further expressed the opinion *ex cathedra* that "to declare either by a legislative act or an administrative rule that the marriage of a teacher unfits her for the public-school service would be opposed to existing public policy and would be an unfair discrimination against married women."

California is another state in which a number of local boards of education have attempted to enforce by-laws to the effect that any teacher who married during the school year thereby voided her contract—despite a state-wide tenure of office law. A recent opinion, however, obtained from the Attorney General of California at the instance of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, brands such action as illegal, for the reason that marriage does not fall within any of the grounds for dismissal enumerated in the tenure act. It is a heartening sign that more than a few state commissioners of education have showed themselves zealous in defending the legal rights of married women teachers.

But no state commissioner can aid a married woman who has not a permanent license and who is looking for a job, for so far no state has enacted a law

forbidding school authorities to discriminate against married women in making appointments. The school-board of Paterson, New Jersey, for instance, recently ruled that they would give no more contracts to married women, with the exception of those who already hold permanent licenses under the tenure of office act. A woman can, it is true, conceal the fact of her marriage, but then she runs the risk of being dismissed later on the grounds of "gross misconduct" based on her deceit, as happened in the Ortman case when in 1915 Commissioner Finley of New York upheld the local school-board in its action. It may have been a perfectly fair decision, but it is regrettable that prejudice on the part of school authorities should drive a teacher seeking employment to such subterfuge.

III

Teachers can hardly hope for unprejudiced treatment so long as the great run of school-boards are dominated by politicians and so long as they are allowed by the communities which they represent to function in a professional as well as a lay capacity. Undoubtedly there are numbers of enlightened public-spirited men and women serving on school-boards. But there are not yet enough. In many a board religious, racial, and political prejudice run riot, academic freedom is almost unheard of, and respect for the teacher as a professional person is even rarer. Mark Twain may have been a little too brutal when he said, "First God practiced on idiots and then he created school-boards." But it is a fact that many members of school-boards, whether they are elected or appointed, are not the mental equals of the teachers whom they hire and fire with the same high hand that they use on their office force.

Strangely—or naturally enough—it is frequently the woman member on a school-board or the wives of the men members who are the most loath to accord teachers the liberty of action which members of every other profession enjoy as their due (with the exception of the ministry, God save them!). For instance, women of conventional mold resent the fact that any woman should choose to live differently than themselves—as by continuing to teach after marriage. They are offended, too, by teachers who dress gaily and have their good times, for it does not seem quite fitting that the preceptors of their children should think of anything but their duty toward them.

The superintendent himself may be liberal enough, but he dare not incur the disapproval of the townspeople and the members of the board. The head of a teachers' agency tells me that a superintendent will frequently say that he himself does not care whether a teacher smokes, wears short skirts, and is married or divorced, but that he must bow to the wishes of his board. One superintendent was even bold enough to engage a teacher who had been dismissed from her last position when she had given birth to an illegitimate child. She had an excellent professional record, and the superintendent reasoned that she would not commit the same indiscretion a second time, although he solemnly warned her that the fact must be kept a secret from the board and the townspeople. This man, however, was a hundred times more courageous than the average superintendent who is chiefly concerned with holding on to his own job. So the vicious influence of fear travels down the line: the school-board cows the superintendent, the latter cows the principal, and he in turn cows his teachers. The head of one agency summed up the situation with the remark that "school-teachers are the most frightened group of people to be found in any profession or business."

If this be true, is it not an appalling fact to face? Our children are going to school to men and women who have had to stifle their own personalities and to swallow their own convictions. Fear is

written on their faces, and impressionable youth will hardly learn from them the courage that is born of independent thought.

If any gain is to be made, teachers as a body must insist upon their professional status. As John Dewey once said in an address before the American Federation of Teachers:

> Teachers are the servants of the community and not people hired by a certain transitory set of people to do a certain job at their beck and call. . . . To define the rights, the duties, and the responsibilities of the teaching profession on the basis of these official bodies (the boards of education) who happen to have the control of appointments and the fixing of salaries, is like regarding the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States as hired employees of the President and the Senate, because they happen to be the immediate parties concerned in their selection and appointment.
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> As the President and the Senate who confirm the nomination of a Supreme Court Justice are simply trustees for certain public interests, so the members of the school-board are trustees on behalf of the public to provide a machinery for the appointment of certain persons who are then to be not their servants, but the servants of the whole community, *not of any particular class or interest within it.* (The italics are the writer's.)

It is John Dewey's opinion that teachers must organize in order to gain their rights as members of a profession—and he is probably right. Up to the present time the American Federation of Teachers has a comparatively small membership; nevertheless it has wielded considerable influence in its struggles for a living wage, reasonable tenure laws, the raising of educational standards, intelligent administration, academic freedom, and promotion on the basis of absolute merit. The majority of teachers are afraid to join this organization, however, because it is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and because it dares to do battle with the school authorities. Many teachers, too, feel no personal need of its help, for they are content to remain in their own little ruts. Nor have they a large enough social vision to appreciate what the Federation is trying to do for the cause of public-school education as a whole.

If the teachers will not help themselves, it is at least to be hoped that the enlightened citizens of every community will awaken to their responsibility and come forward to serve on the school-board, instead of leaving the jobs to the politically ambitious. To attain this end Commissioner Graves of New York suggests that school-board elections be held at a different time from other elections and that members be chosen at large from the whole community. As a corollary to this suggestion, the Teachers' Union of New York City, a body which is a local of the American Federation of Teachers, has worked out an ideal plan, a utopia, one fears, whereby the school-board would be composed of representatives from the various social, business, and professional groups of a community. That is to say, the chamber of commerce, the women's clubs, the lawyers, the doctors, the ministers, and even organized labor would each be represented by one member on the school-board. And it is to be hoped that the teaching force would likewise be represented. But no reform of this nature will ever come until something has been done to overcome the great American apathy to all forms of civic responsibility. To-day the average self-respecting citizen pays his taxes and supports the public schools, probably even sends his children there, without giving any serious thought to the problem of school administration.

Indeed, if politics are allowed to rule the school roost much longer public education will become unfit for the children of the intelligent—since the teaching staff will reach a lower and lower level.

The time has passed when able young men considered teaching as a possible profession. And now one finds comparatively few young women of real personality entering the profession. As one

agency man said, the women who are to-day going into teaching are of the same grade as the men who have been going into it for some time; in other words, they choose it because it offers immediate returns and presents the safest method of making a living. Not that teaching is an easy job. To my way of thinking, if it is done well, it is the most difficult job in the world. But it can become a routine thing and almost a sinecure if a teacher is docile and unimaginative enough to follow the course prescribed and to obey all of the rules. With curricula minutely mapped out, teaching to-day requires less and less initiative.

But why are the best of our college girls giving the public schools a wide berth? Simply because no individual of spirit will choose to work in a milieu where her professional initiative will be curbed at every turn and where her personal activities will be under constant surveillance. One girl of my acquaintance taught for a year in a well-to-do New York suburb and at the end of that time was so outraged by the principal's persistent spying into her affairs that she resigned and took a position in a private school where she now enjoys much more liberty. An excellent teacher, she is much sought after, but she vows that she will never again teach in a public school.

It is a fact, too, that the "best families" of a town very rarely accept a teacher socially, or even treat her as a human being. I think of another attractive young woman who gave up teaching for business because she found herself utterly alone in the community, the other teachers being much older than herself. The mothers of her pupils did, it is true, invite her to lunch in a perfunctory fashion, but she found their air of condescension quite insufferable. It frequently happens that a school-board will legislate its teachers into the position of a third sex supposed to have no social instincts whatsoever, and then the townspeople will ignore them because they are "queer." A similar patronizing attitude toward men teachers has undoubtedly been a contributing factor in driving the best type out of the profession; for their overlords on the school-boards have treated them as ninnies merely because they have chosen to follow a profession which offered small financial rewards. It is too late now to bewail their loss, for there will be no luring them back from other opportunities.

And it will soon be too late to save the best type of young women for teaching. For the impression is abroad that the narrower and more repressed a life a teacher leads the higher will she rank in the esteem of the school-board. This brings up the final question: do we want our children taught by women who know little of the world at first hand? Perhaps the majority of Americans are quite content with the present situation, for the Puritan belief is still strong in us that there is great virtue in denying life and the fulness thereof. But let us not forget that it is the teacher of various experience and broad knowledge of the world and its ways who will quicken the imagination of the young and stir them to dream great dreams.

THE THIRD REPUBLIC—AND AFTER

MEDITATIONS UPON OUR PLUTOCRATIC GOVERNMENT

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

IT HAS been approximately half a century since Roscoe Conkling informed a Republican National Convention that if asked whence came his candidate he would reply, "He comes from Appomattox." This answer, as the *précieuses* would say, stood the convention on its ear, and the fact affords a certain insight into the psychology of that convention. If Conkling had said, "He comes from the American Exchange Irving Trust Company, Capital $32,000,000" he would not have achieved the same effect.

If some mighty orator of 1928 should nominate, say, Machine-Gun Parker with the remark that he comes from Château Thierry, the convention would applaud, of course, but in a fatally decorous manner, and some other candidate would get the votes. For we are no longer living in 1880, and the spell of military adventure works less mightily upon us than does the logic of Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, who has discovered that war is a fool's game.

But it does not follow that we are disillusioned as to all games. The soldier may be revealed as a puppet, worked by strings held in invisible hands, but there are still magicians. The captains and the kings depart, but business goes on at the old stand, and the Ku Klux Klan and finance still produce wizards. Some of us, indeed, are pretty well convinced that the wizardry of the Ku Klux is comprised in a bed-sheet, wherein we are probably in error. But what sound hundred-percenter harbors the shadow of a suspicion that the great lords of the business world are anything less than great lords? Julius Rosenwald, indeed, asserted the other day that one of the most important elements in the making of a vast fortune is blind luck. But Mr. Rosenwald is relatively a still, small voice as against the thunderous chorus of the country.

I do not mean that we fall down and worship the satraps of our economic empire. On the contrary, many of us are persuaded that they are altogether evil. But we do believe in them. We think them potent for good or for ill; and our political activity consists largely in fighting for them or against them. In short, either as protagonists or as antagonists, they dominate the scene.

I submit that an America which the Plutocrats dominate openly is not the America of 1880. To be sure, they were pretty successful in getting what they wanted during the administration of Grant. But they got it more or less secretly. They did not appear on the stage in their own proper persons and monopolize the limelight.

But as the year preceding the present Presidential election wears away and the time for choosing a nominee comes to be reckoned in months, there are in the dominant party at least half a dozen men of immense wealth who are admittedly probable choices. Mr. Mellon is perhaps the second richest man in the country. Mr. Hoover is said to have made his first million at the age of twenty-

seven. Mr. Lowden married a Pullman. Mr. Dawes, before he entered politics, was a power among the great bankers. Mr. Longworth's family owns the heart of Cincinnati's business district. Mr. Hughes is not, indeed, a multi-millionaire, but the year he withdrew from public life to recoup his personal fortune he is said to have paid taxes on an income of about fifty thousand dollars; and a man who regards his fortune at a low ebb when he draws only fifty thousand dollars a year is not to be numbered among the paupers.

It is impossible to forecast the situation next June. It is within the realm of possibility that some impecunious citizen may have captured the imagination of the Republican Party by that time. But now six months prior to the convention, Republican leaders are so strongly convinced of the possibility of electing a millionaire President of the United States that they are giving scant attention to anyone else.

Does anyone believe that they would have given serious consideration to a millionaire in 1880, or in 1896, or even as late as 1912? In those days a Plutocrat might work from behind the scenes, but as an active candidate for the Presidency he belonged to an ineligible class. To-day his class is so far from being ineligible that six months prior to the convention it seems to be the only eligible class, in so far as the party in power is concerned. That is to say, Republican political leaders—on this subject the best-informed persons in the country—are convinced that it is entirely feasible to elect a millionaire President.

This has not been true since the early days of the Republic. George Washington, indeed, was immensely rich, but it is significant that the fact is forgotten. George was so many other things that his status as a Plutocrat didn't count either for him or against him. The thing that did count was his status as a gentleman, as a member of a ruling caste which based its claims to power on aristocratic standards.

For it was an aristocratic republic that the men who overthrew the British autocracy set up in its stead. It was the third profound alteration in our polity. The country, when it became the habitat of white men, really began as a theocracy which gradually merged into an autocracy as the royal power undermined and supplanted the power of the clergy who, in the beginning, ruled as effectively in Virginia as they did in Massachusetts. Even Maryland, traditionally the home of religious tolerance, had its Puritan revolution in the seventeenth century. At one time the clergy were the dominant personalities in every community from Charleston to Boston, and we had, for all practical purposes, a theocratic government.

But, like the Israelites and the frogs, we demanded a king; and George III, like Saul and the stork, proved more than had been bargained for. So down he went, and the First Republic rose under another George who did not claim to be royal, but who was lordly, all the same. A country at war has, of course, a very special form of government, namely, martial law; and after 1783 there were several years when the government of the United States was nondescript. So the First Republic really dates from 1789, when the Constitution was adopted.

It lasted just forty years, but it was a fancy government while it lasted. Gentlemen only were allowed a voice in the settlement of affairs of great importance. Gentlemen manned the American embassies abroad and gentlemen only were eligible candidates for the Presidency. The Virginia Dynasty not only ruled, but ruled with an air. The only exception to its chosen succession, John Adams, strengthened, rather than weakened, the aristocratic tradition. True, one of the giants of the Virginia Dynasty was Jefferson, the Bolshevik, but he was a Bolshevik in the proper English tradition, in alignment with, say, Bertrand Russell or Ramsay Macdonald, rather than with Leon Trotzky. He was well born, a man of property, and had the

cultivated tastes of the upper classes—an eye for architecture, an ear for music, and a keen appreciation of fine wines and fine wits.

So the First Republic set up a standard of conduct which could be, and was, approved by the English gentry. It had its crudities, but it was by long odds the most polished government the country has ever known, and its charm has lingered in memory so long that sentimentalists are prone to believe that it was the Golden Age of America.

But the history of nations is one long reiteration of the axiom that your ruling class, no matter how good, will go down when there appears in some other class a "harder-boiled egg" than the ruling class can produce. George Washington was as hard as they made them in his day, but James Monroe was softer, and John Quincy Adams softer than Monroe. In 1828 the farther west you went the harder the politicians grew, and Andrew Jackson came from the extreme frontier. He took the theories of Thomas Jefferson perfectly seriously. His philosophy was that it matters but little how you played the game, provided you won. He won in 1828, and the following March the First Republic passed away.

Then came the democratic Second Republic, to rule for ninety years. This was incomparably the noisiest regime the country has ever known. The two administrations of Jackson, in which the Second Republic was established, were the most clamorous administrations ever heard in time of peace. In this uproar Democracy captured Washington. Thirty-five years later, to an artillery obbligato, it captured the country, when Lincoln's million bayonets swept away the last formal negation of democratic theory that still lingered in our governmental system. Fifty years after that it grasped at the empery of the world, and in the thunder of the greatest war ever fought the democratic Second Republic blew up.

But noise was not all there was to it. The Second Republic was enormous. Its mistakes were gigantic, but its triumphs were great, also, and its aspirations prodigious. It lacked the grace, the wit, the charm of the First Republic. It could produce a many-sided Roosevelt, but not a man with the innumerable facets of Jefferson. It could produce a Lincoln, who had the greatness of soul, but not the greatness of manner, of Washington. And when it rode to ruin, it rode with a man who seems to have been mistaken, and who may have been quite mad, but who was, in the language of the philologists, certainly no piker. It is far too early to attempt to evaluate the statecraft of Woodrow Wilson, but if we assume the worst, and rate it as a total loss, even then we must admit that the man's fall was attributable to no simple misstep, but to such a fault as Phaëton's, who seized the chariot of the Sun and fell only when he was struck from heaven by the thunderbolt of Jove himself.

There was greatness in the Second Republic. There must have been, or it could not have dreamed such mighty dreams.

But it has passed, and the Third Republic reigns in its stead. As the gentleman was the master of the First Republic, as the man of the people—apparent or real—was the master of the Second, so the Plutocrat is master of the Third. As usual, it began its reign with a momentary triumph of its extremists. At the beginning of the First Republic there were those who wished to call Washington "Majesty" and install him in office for life. At the beginning of the Second, there were men who thought democracy meant permission to stand with muddy boots on damask-covered chairs in the White House and to insult their betters in the streets. So at the beginning of the Third Republic there was the Ohio Gang.

The inevitable result is that Plutocracy begins its reign with a bad name. Arguing from the particular to the general, many people think Plutocrat is synonymous with thief, just as foggy-

minded people used to think that aristocrat is synonymous with snob and democrat with boor. But the thieves are really the camp-followers of Plutocracy, not its commanders; and one of its first tasks, once it was really established in Washington, was to put an end to the thieving.

It is foolish to rail at Plutocracy on account of what it does, for it is giving us, and may be expected to continue to give us, what is in many respects the best government we have ever had. If he is the least inspired, the Plutocrat is also the least dizzy of all our rulers, not excluding those in the pre-republican era of theocracy and autocracy. The foundation of his statecraft indeed may be described in two words—No Nonsense. Since the average man has always suffered much more from the nonsense than from the rascality of his rulers, this is, from his standpoint, an excellent foundation for any polity.

The catalogue of the merits of Plutocratic government, as those merits appear to the commoner, must begin with its dislike of first-class wars. Under the Plutocracy, the average man's chance of being dragged out of his home by conscript officers and sent to stop an enemy bullet is extremely remote. The Plutocrats understand too well that in a first-class war everybody loses, including the investment bankers. Therefore, such wars as it will fight will be reasonable wars, small wars with clearly defined and attainable objects. Plutocracy will never sally out in defense of idealism—to make the world safe for any idea, to relieve oppressed nationalities, or to avenge an insult to the national dignity, provided the insulter is really a first-rate fighting power. When it goes to war, it will be to gain something definite, as, for example, the mahogany of Nicaragua, the sugar of Haiti, or to retain the rubber of the Philippines. But there are always volunteers enough to fight these small wars, and no need of conscripting the average workman.

Then if great wars are unlikely under the Plutocracy, so are other scourges of populations, such as pestilence and famine. The Plutocrats are not illiterate in the social sciences, for economics happens to be the first of them and in its broadest aspects includes the others. The intelligent Plutocrat appreciates the necessity of keeping the livestock in prime condition. He does not relish the prospect of having to operate his business with starveling workmen; therefore, he favors a wage scale that will enable his operatives to be always well fed. Nor does he care to risk having his working force decimated by disease, not to mention his own risk of contagion; therefore, he favors maintaining the public health services at a high level of efficiency. Education and recreation are so intimately involved in the problem of public health that they, too, are bound to be supported by any really intelligent Plutocratic government.

Therefore, the chances are at least even that under the plutocratic Third Republic the average American will be better fed, better clothed, and better housed than he ever was before.

What, then, is to be urged against it? Nothing, so far as I can see, except the probability that it will pave the way for a frightful catastrophe, namely, the establishment of the Fourth Republic, which is likely to be atavistic.

For the Plutocracy cannot possibly last. With all its merits, it has one defect that is fatal. It is so damnably dull that eventually the people are certain to rise against it and destroy it out of sheer boredom.

Man shall not live by bread alone. He must have circuses, also, and these the Plutocracy is simply incapable of providing. Its motto is No Nonsense, and it is fundamentally the most idiotic motto statesmen can adopt, for where there is no nonsense the government perishes. There is no lack, Heaven knows, of nonsense in America to-day, but the trouble is that it all operates against the ruling caste, rather than in its favor. Plutocracy is, in the very

nature of things, as unemotional as compound interest. It regards emotion as nonsense and is, therefore, impotent to capitalize it.

Who was the most powerful individual politician in our history? Andrew Jackson, of course. He captured the government, he put through every important item of his program, he defeated every enemy who rose against him, and at the end of his second term, so far from declining in popular power, he was able to dictate the succession. Who came closest to tying that record? Theodore Roosevelt, without doubt.

As regards their political philosophy, Jackson and Roosevelt were far apart, but one thing they had in common—they were both interesting. During the eight years that Jackson, and the seven that Roosevelt, resided there, not a single dull day was seen at the White House. To borrow a phrase from the theologians, hell popped continually. Is this state of affairs imaginable under a Plutocrat of the first order? If Andrew Mellon, for example, were President of the United States, it is impossible for any sane man to conceive of stories coming out of Washington to the effect that the President was threatening to hang the Vice-President, or inviting Chief Justice Taft to go out and enforce the Volstead law himself, since he had sustained it judicially, or bawling out American women for not patronizing the maternity hospitals more extensively, or sending United States marshals to chase the editor of the New York *World* into foreign lands.

No, President Mellon would be correct, soft spoken, reasonable, and unexciting. He would be admired, but not idolized. And he might be defeated for re-election.

Eventually the Plutocratic candidate for President will be defeated, and what then? Aye, there's the rub! With theocracy, autocracy, aristocracy, democracy, and plutocracy all behind us, we shall pretty well have run the gamut. What then?

II

I advance the suggestion that we may start all over again. To support it, I invite attention to certain phenomena of the last five years, roughly the period since Wilson and the Second Republic blew up together.

What are the great movements that have agitated the public since 1922? I mean the things that have really agitated the great mass of the people, not such playthings of the intellectuals as the World Court, disarmament, and the payment of war debts. Obviously, they are three in number, namely, prohibition, fundamentalism, and Ku Kluxism. Each of these has produced fist-fights, as well as formal debates. Each is, therefore, a matter that "comes home to men's business and bosoms." Each is a weapon made to the hand of a leader strong enough and clever enough to wield a mighty blade.

Now the characteristic common to the three is the fact that each purports to be divinely inspired and to be, therefore, not an appeal to men's interests, but the embodiment of a moral principle. Their protagonists and, in the main, their antagonists as well, demand support, not as a matter of policy, but as a matter of righteousness. The basic assumption of prohibitionists, fundamentalists, and Ku Klux Klansmen alike is that the most important function of the United States government is not the accommodation of conflicting interests and the establishment of a *modus vivendi* in a necessarily imperfect world, but to establish and guard the rule of righteousness within its jurisdiction. And that assumption, it seems, has power to move more people than any other idea which impinges upon politics.

This is, however, nothing unprecedented. It is simply a revival of the philosophy of theocracy. The drift is plainly toward re-establishment of the most ancient form of government that the English-speaking inhabitants of this continent have known. The indications

are that the Fourth Republic will be a theocratic republic.

As the aristocrat was for a while admittedly the most important personage upon the national stage; as the democrat later was the figure that held the limelight; as the plutocrat now commands most of our attention; so, apparently, will the Bluenose stand in the estimation of our children.

Our children? Well, at least let us hope that the next revolution will be postponed so long. For to the remnant of us whose minds hark back sentimentally to the old days of the Second Republic the prospect is sufficiently appalling. We are aware that all human attempts to rule in the name of God have uniformly resulted in a polity that might much more appropriately have been established in the name of Satan.

If theocracy must be re-established, your congenital democrat prefers not to be here to see it. But its inevitability, after all, is predicated on the plausible, but not demonstrable, theory that the youngsters are no better than we are. There remains always the half-doubt that we are really the finest fellows that ever will be created. It is conceivable that this uproarious younger generation may develop a sounder political wisdom than is known to us.

The demand for stimulants apparently is everlasting. Deprived of alcohol and the heady wine of democracy, the present generation tends to adopt vitriolic beverages and still more fiery ideas—the moonshine of theological controversy, for example, or some such antifreezing mixture as Big Bill Thompson's political philosophy. But the stuff is deadly. We know it, but apparently we can do no better.

Let us speak for ourselves. In time youth will discover the deadliness of these things, and perhaps it will know how to do better. The contrary cannot be proved, and the scientific spirit never accepts as truth anything which is unproved. That being the case, let us scientifically bet our shirts on the boys.

THE HEART OR THE INTELLECT?

BY JOHN B. WATSON

THE ancients held the view that while the head was the seat of the intellect the heart was the seat of the emotions.

If we make heart include our whole "insides" this old view is strangely like our modern behavioristic view.

The good old Anglo-Saxon word *guts* is one of the simplest terms to designate that portion of our anatomy that moves —behaves—responds to emotional stimuli. The Latin word *viscera* is a bit more polite but less forceful.

Our viscera, or guts, are our stomach and intestines; our lungs with the diaphragm and windpipe; our heart with its appendages such as the arteries and veins. These organs all contain *unstriped or smooth muscles* (in contrast to the big red striped muscles of our legs, arms, and trunk) which contract and relax. Our visceral organs are all under *tension*. This tension can be increased or decreased. Many of them are hollow. They open or close under varying muscular tension. Then too, there are duct glands (composed of secreting cells, blood vessels, and other unstriped muscular tissue). These glands secrete. Good examples are the salivary glands, the lachrymal or tear glands, the stomach glands, the sweat glands, and the sex glands. There are ductless glands too which pour powerful chemical substances (hormones) into the blood stream. Each hair is supplied with a tiny muscle. When it contracts it causes the hair to stand erect. Truly in the gut we have a wealth of tissue which can behave in its own way when the appropriate stimulus is at hand.

But do not all these processes work smoothly—quite automatically? Do they not make up the so-called autonomic system and are they not controlled by an almost independent division of the nervous system?

The answer to each of these questions is "yes." Under ordinary circumstances the visceral organs work quietly without a hitch. You eat food. Immediately the salivary glands begin to flow—helping us to swallow our food and partly to digest it. When the food reaches the stomach other glands begin to function —absorption takes place; our circulation and respiration go quietly on. Our sweat glands become more active in hot weather, cooling the surface of the body and throwing off waste products. The whole visceral system when it works well is a beautiful study in bodily mechanics. It seems so primitive and staunch that nothing short of an earthquake could upset it.

What does upset it? Strange to say it is the most easily upset system imaginable. After we pass through bad childhood training and a worse adolescence and reach adulthood it becomes tricky and undependable. A bit of bad news can stop the digestion of food. The hooting of an owl in a tree near your window at night can slow down your breathing for a time—bring pallor to the face—alter profoundly, possibly for hours, your whole internal machinery. The sight of a snake can so paralyze the beholder that neither speech nor flight is possible. It is said that eight people died while listening in over the radio at the Tunney-Dempsey fight. Of course,

these people were not organically sound but they might have lasted another score of years if they had not put their guts to the strain of reacting to such a powerful emotional stimulus.

Thousands of home situations—verbal tilts between husband and wife, between child and parent, brothers and sisters, sweethearts and lovers—get the visceral systems so tied up in knots that they cannot work. Gloominess—despondency—shyness—joyousness—exaltation (there are thousands of others) are the names we give to emotional responses called out by such stimuli.

No wonder the introspecting psychologist gave up the problem of experimenting with emotional behavior and became content to spin verbal formulations. He might as well have tried to catch the changing scenes in a kaleidoscope or the shift of colors on a Maine coast at sunset as to try to lay verbal hold of the "stuff" emotions are made of. The mistake the psychologists made—William James included—was to look upon emotions as "mental states" and not as *ways of behavior which had to be learned like other sets of habits.*

Most of us when we think of *learning* think of the organized movements we make with our arms, legs, trunk, neck (including speech). But this organized behavior inculcated from the kindergarten on is due primarily to the action of the big red striped muscles which bulk so largely in our arms and legs and trunk. Until recently it has been the only kind of learned behavior we knew much about. Society very early got our striped muscles under its control. We were taught to dance, to walk, to sing, and pray—to acquire acts of skill both for working and for getting out of the way of work. Society has taught reading and writing and arithmetic—and heaven knows what else—to our striped muscles.

But striped-muscle behavior is not the whole of behavior. Sometimes it is far from being the important or major part of behavior. We may earn our bread with our striped muscles but we win our happiness (which I insist is in behavioristic terms only a mode of behavior) or lose it by the kind of behavior our unstriped muscles or guts lead us into.

It is strange that we have lived through so many millions of years and have never learned how to educate or organize our emotional life. But such is the case. It is the one realm that has baffled social control. We hear of no technic for learning how to behave emotionally or unemotionally. Anybody can teach you to play tennis, to drive a motor car, to set type, to paint, or to draw. We have schools and instructors for all this; but who has set up a school for teaching us to be afraid and not afraid, to fall in love and to fall out of love, to be jealous or not jealous, to be slow to anger and quick to forget, not to harbor resentment, not to let the sun go down on our wrath, to forgive freely, not to give way to angry passions?—and yet some of these modes of behavior make up the essence of the so-called Christian religion—as a matter of fact, they are a part of every civilized code. Outside of a few inert, verbal mandates, "control yourself," "don't be afraid"—no technic is offered by Bible, Koran, ethics, or current psychology for getting a grip upon our own emotional behavior or for instructing the gut of the youth to behave according to a standard social pattern. Emotional behavior has been learned under chaotic conditions. Only by luck and by chance do we get our emotional life organized, and when we do we cannot show anyone else how we did it. The psychoanalysts have made some bold claims about emotional control, but strict analysis along Freudian lines has not been very successful. It is but another hit-and-miss method—a trick or device rather than a scientific method.

As a consequence of all this, the head (segment of the body) may dominate the way our arms, legs, and trunk behave but it can issue no orders to our guts.

The head may say "arm, fly up"—"legs, bend at the knee"—"feet, move swiftly" and the orders are executed. How futile for the head to say to the salivary glands "secrete"—to the sudorific glands "pour out sweat"—to the lachrymal glands "stop secreting tears"! How childish then the command of the poet, "Be still, sad heart, and cease repining!" How ineffective the preacher's platitudes to the grief-stricken mother.

We are not the creatures of reason we think we are. Even the most austere are on the contrary creatures of steel-riveted emotional systems. After acting under the sway of our viscera we often "rationalize" our actions to conceal our weakness. "I took pity on him—I had to give him something." "The child was crying as if his heart would break—I didn't have the heart to punish him." "He was so bold in his love-making I was afraid he would become violent if I repulsed him." "I couldn't stand it—I had to give in on the quarrel with my parents—I can't bear a fuss." There are thousands of other expressions like these which we use as a verbal front to cover up the fact that our guts control our actions. Creatures of reason—not at all! The heart in devious ways manages always to steal a march upon the head. The Biblical chronicler was ahead of his time when he said, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it *are* the issues of life."

II

The psychological laboratories for years have studied the formation of general bodily habits (involving the red, or striped, muscles)—such as the acquisition of skill in telegraphy, typewriting, keeping two or more balls in the air, archery, gunnery, multiplication, addition, and the like. These experiments have produced results which are of practical value in the control of habit formation.

Pawlow first pointed the way to the control of the gut through conditioning, or habit. His experiments were carried out upon the salivary glands of the dog. It remained for Dr. K. S. Lashley, working in the Hopkins laboratory, to apply these experiments to the human being. He built a very ingenious apparatus for studying the human salivary gland. It was made of silver—about the diameter of a nickel and about one-eighth of an inch thick. It had two compartments—one of these fitted over the opening of the salivary gland in the cheek. A slender silver tube led from this compartment out through the mouth. The other compartment was connected with a small air pump. By exhausting the air, the apparatus was made to cling comfortably to the cheek. After the apparatus was attached the saliva passed out through the mouth tube drop by drop. Each drop was counted and timed. Ordinarily, when not specially stimulated, about two drops per minute appeared. How can we from birth make this gland secrete more rapidly—what is the natural (unlearned) stimulus to which it reacts? The *unconditioned* stimulus is a weak *acid*, weak hydrochloric or plain vinegar. When this is applied to the tongue with a common medicine dropper the saliva pours out at the rate of twenty to forty drops per minute (*unconditioned response*). What happens if you continue this experiment for a short time? *The salivary gland begins to pour out its secretion the moment the medicine dropper is shown to the subject. You no longer have to stimulate the tongue with the acid.* You have established a *conditioned glandular response*. Incidentally, you have won your first (experimentally produced) mastery over the human gut. You have taught it a *habit*. "Association of ideas" (that old meaningless phrase) you say! Not at all. Even after your salivary gland has been taught this trick try by every known "power of will" (another meaningless phrase) to make the gland secrete faster or slower. The head (verbal commands) cannot make the gland change its

regular rhythm. No—to "control" it you have to be thrown back into the old situation—namely be at ease in your chair and have a pipette suddenly shown you. Immediately the gland begins to flow. And in a nutshell this is the whole theory of emotion. There is no rhyme nor reason about it. Accidentally through family tradition and mishaps of routine the gut gets conditioned. You can't argue about it—your "will" won't function on it; but when thrown into the old situation the old emotional reaction takes place.

Cason has shown that the pupil of the eye (another gut element) can be conditioned in the same way to the sound of a bell. Pawlow, Anrep, and many others have shown that the glands of the stomach can be conditioned in similar ways. Now we begin to understand why every child's mouth waters when he passes a bakery shop, why the sight of a well-ordered dining room aids digestion, why our food and our dining room should be made attractive, why fusses should be undertaken only after digestion is complete. It is probable that every gland in the body—both duct glands and endocrine—are shot through with such conditionings. We have many experiments which show that our stomach, heart, and respiratory systems are encumbered with such habit systems.

III

Methods such as I have just described give us control of the viscera organ by organ. They are strictly laboratory experiments. They give us only slight help in handling the everyday problems of emotional behavior in our children, our patients, and in ourselves. It was this need that brought us at the Hopkins laboratory to the study of the origin and growth of emotional patterns of behavior in children from birth until the main emotional habits are set—an age I place at two years or younger.

What are the *unconditioned* stimuli (situations) which will arouse *unconditioned* gut reaction patterns in the newborn (unlearned behavior)? Are the situations numerous and are the patterns of reaction varied and complex? And given the answer to what reactions we find at birth, and given the situations which call out these reactions in advance of all training, how does our emotional life get more complicated? Finally, after it has become complicated can we devise methods for unconditioning—or removing emotional responses? These were the problems that engaged us at Hopkins where several hundred infants were placed at our disposal.

We began our work by putting the baby through hundreds of situations which we know from observing adults will often arouse emotional behavior. Place the newborn in darkness, flash a beam of strong light across its eyes. Show it many different forms of animals —furry, cold, wet, slimy, feathery, fishy—all that you can find around the home, laboratory, or zoo. Then try another set of situations: hold its head between your hands, clamp its knees together, hold its hands firmly but gently to its side. Let it grasp a pencil and then suspend it in the air over a pillow for a moment or two—jerk the blanket upon which it is sleeping. Try still another set of situations: rock it, pat it, stroke its skin, kiss it, joggle it gently upon your knee. Do all this at birth, at two weeks of age, at one month, at three months, being careful that you know everything that has happened to the infant during this time.

Slowly certain facts seem to emerge—our experiments are yet all too few and too few investigators have repeated them for scientific certainty:

(1) Apparently only two stimuli will call out that pattern of behavior we call a fear response. One is a *loud sound*, the other is *loss of support*. The banging of a dish pan, the shrill vibrations of a steel bar, the sudden slamming of a door are the kinds of sounds most effective. The other type of stimulus—loss of support—is best

shown when you jerk the blanket of a dozing or quiet infant; the first time the young child steps into deep water is another good situation. The obvious easily observable reaction is a sudden catching of the breathing, marked changes in heart beat and respiratory rhythm, crying, throwing upward of hands. While the deep-seated bodily reactions (gut changes) are profound, the hand, leg, arm, and trunk movements (striped muscle participation) are simple and easily observed.

We might write this down as a formula:

Unconditioned Stimuli	call out	Unconditioned Response
Loud Sounds / *Loss of Support*		*Fear*

We have never found any other stimulus that will call out fear in an unconditioned child. Children (unspoiled ones) are not afraid of the dark, of strong light, of furry animals, of slimy objects like snakes and frogs and fish and worms. When they show fear at any or all of these objects it is proof that the home has built them in.

(2) Hampering of the movements of a newborn or young child calls out the behavior pattern we call *rage*. Hold the head gently in one position, hold the arms to the sides or the feet close together—not violent enough to bruise or to call out a pain reaction—soon the body stiffens, the cry begins; louder and louder it grows, finally the mouth is opened as wide as possible, the face becomes black—again the visceral changes are violent. Our formula reads:

Unconditioned Stimulus	calls out	Unconditioned Response
Hampering of bodily movement		*Rage*

(3) Stroking the skin anywhere, but especially around the lips, face, breast, and in the sex zone, will produce a profound change: if the infant is crying, crying ceases, the smile begins; there comes a relaxation of bodily tension—if older, gurgles and coos. Our formula is:

Unconditioned Stimulus	calls out	Unconditioned Response
Stroking contact of skin		*Love*

Emotional behavior, then, in the unconditioned child is apparently a very simple matter. Three rather marked ways of behaving in the presence of four general types of stimuli. Is this an over-simplification? Possibly, yet the work has been checked by several other investigators.

If this is all there is to early emotional behavior, how can we account for later complexity? How does it come about that we all soon become more or less the victims of our emotions? Does the emotional life become more complex in older children just of itself through "heredity"? This was the problem we next undertook to solve.

No previous experiments were at hand to guide us at this point. The question of experimentally building in and tearing out emotional patterns had hardly ever been raised. Remembering Pawlow's work on conditioned responses, we asked ourselves the question: Can emotional responses involving the whole visceral system (and certainly the major emotions, fear, love, and rage, do involve not only the viscera but the whole body) be conditioned? After some fruitless effort we hit upon a technic which gave us an answer to this question.

We select some animal or other object with which the child (any age) has been playing for some time—some neutral object like a toy or pet animal—which has never aroused any emotional reaction in the child. Next we allow an assistant to carry this object to the child as usual in a covered tray. The instant the object is uncovered and the child begins to reach for it a second assistant strikes briskly on a steel rod or dish pan behind the child's head. Instantly the child—let us say one nine months of age—stiffens, catches its breath, begins to cry, falls down, and crawls away. We

quiet the child, let it play with toys. We repeat the test. The same thing happens. After a few tests show the object but do not make the noise. *Instantly the child reacts to the neutral object exactly as it would react to the noise.* A conditioned emotional response has been established. Does it sound too simple to be the keynote of all our emotional troubles, too simple to account for all our adult fears, apprehensions, dreads, and misgivings? We feel quite sure now after many other investigators have confirmed this work that the simple process of conditioning is quite sufficient to account for the genesis and growth of all emotional complexity. The home is the laboratory where the complexity is built in. Doors slam, window shades fly up, dishes fall suddenly, dogs bark in the dead of night, the thunder cracks —there are hundreds of noise situations which can and do serve as conditioning stimuli. This diagram may help to make the steps clearer:

Before Conditioning

Unconditioned Stimuli	call out	Unconditioned Response
Only { *Loud noises* / *Loss of support* }		*Fear*

After Conditioning

Conditioned Stimuli	call out	Unconditioned Response
Darkness Sight of furry animals Sight of family groups who cackle and laugh Flash of lightning Sight of moving toys Sight of father (who storms at child) Sight and touch of water (due to loss of support) Sight of high place		*Fear*

(The list is endless—not every child fears all of these things actually because the environment of each child is different.)

Whenever an object (not a loud noise) through conditioning gets to the point where it can arouse fear, it can then be used in the place of the loud noise for establishing other conditioned fear reactions (conditioned responses of the second order). This increases enormously the probability that a large number of conditioned fear responses will get set up under ordinary home conditions.

Conditioned rage and love responses grow up in the same simple way. The child gets attached to anyone or anything that strokes, pets, feeds, bathes, rocks, or pats it. The mother most frequently is the person who indulges in such pastimes, hence the child "loves" its mother. Soon the *sight* of the mother, the *sound* of her voice and footsteps, the *sight* of her picture or the *sight* of her clothes or her sewing basket or even the printed word *mother* is sufficient to call out the sentimental responses that go under the name "mother love"; later on in the sophisticated the *spoken* word *mother* or even the laryngeated (thought of) word *mother* calls out the same sentimental pattern response—husky, hushed voice, weeping, etc. The fact that this same mother love is responsible for a large number of divorces, a larger number of unhappy marriages, incapacity for work, dependency, invalidism is not enough to keep the mothers from petting their children. Nor will they when they read these laboratory tests begin to treat their children—even their babies—as *persons* rather than as lap dogs and other pets and be content to have their children behave toward them as they do toward any other well-bred person. The behaviorists have been under constant fire from the mothers of the country for the past ten years for this rather simple analysis of love. "*Cruel inhuman wretches* the behaviorists are, devoid of human feeling."

IV

Our view, then, is that emotional behavior is very simple at first—by conditioning it becomes complex. The conditioning is harumscarum, unwatched, unthought of in the home; hence our adult emotional behavior is

harumscarum, disorderly, and unpredictable. To-day we even partly excuse murder on the grounds that the murderer acted in the heat of passion!

By the time adulthood comes nearly every object in the universe is surcharged a bit with fire, has the power to stir up the gut. The "will," the "intellect," "pure reason"—they never had a chance; they are kept busy finding specious "explanations" for the ways our guts make us behave. The puritans, the conventionals, and the religionists for some reason back in the past eons banned the display of emotion—an era of repression began which is not yet over—which will not be over as long as a formal church, school, university, law court, or prison stands. We are not ready to dispense with them over night but we are ready, it seems to me, to think about doing without them. Since the gut cannot be legislated out of existence or repressed to ineffectiveness, since we must live with it—each with his own, why can't we train it or have it trained to behave in an orderly way, the way the rest of our body behaves? Should our child fear some one or two things, then teach it to fear those things and no others. If the child should fear snakes, spiders, and airplanes, cannons, swords, sabers and rifles, put those in and keep others out. If he should not "love" his mother—keep incestuous ties from forming. It is not the behaviorist's business to say what is good for society. Society must make up its mind what it wants its members to be and to do—then it's up to the behaviorist to find the methods and technic that will bring up the child in the way it should grow.

But to carry out this aim we must have a technic for *unconditioning*, for removing emotional reactions as well as for implanting them because we saw above that the home life, however carefully we bring up the child, almost daily stamps in emotional conditionings of one kind or another. Our experimental work on the unconditioning of emotional reactions is pitifully meager. After conditioning a fear response, let us say, to the rabbit, how can we remove that fear? Talking it out (Freud to the contrary), allowing the child to become habituated to the rabbit, ridiculing the child for its fear, letting it watch other children play with the fear-producing object, forcing it to be near the object—all have little effect upon uprooting the reaction. Not until we brought the gut into the experiment did we succeed.

We (Mrs. Mary Cover Jones at the Heckscher Foundation first made this test) succeeded in getting a room approximately forty feet long. At one end we seated the child at a small table. On the table we placed the child's lunch but covered it with a napkin. At the other end of the room we placed the rabbit in a wire cage concealed from the child's view. Then suddenly lunch and rabbit were disclosed simultaneously. If the rabbit was far enough away the child began to eat. If too near she stopped. The rabbit was kept at a "point of tolerance." The next day the rabbit was brought slightly nearer—the point of tolerance was thus advanced. At the end of a few days the rabbit was placed on the table and a day or two later in the child's arms. The fear had gone forever. There was no gut disturbance, no nausea, no vomiting, no indigestion. The gut was kept busy and orderly doing its biological duty during the whole experiment. Since these experiments were completed many similar ones have been tried out in the home. How universal this type of method will prove to be no one can tell. I have the highest hopes for it even in reconditioning adults.

The behaviorist is the first one to admit that he has built up a terrific superstructure of theory upon a foundation of very meager experimental results. His position, however, is the only one that has even meager experimental support. If his view is right then we can expect to see in the future real attention given in the home to conditioning and unconditioning the emo-

tional responses of the child. No longer will teaching the three R's suffice; to them we must add an E. The time must come when it will be just as bad manners in the home to be afraid, to sulk, to be over emotional, under emotional, seclusive, sensitive, whiney, to show affection to mother, father, or other members of the family as to come to the table with unwashed hands, to eat with a knife, or to speak of your wife as "Mrs. Smith" (if that's your name) in front of your associates.

The behaviorist, then, has given society the rough pattern of a new weapon for controlling the individual. Will it use this weapon when perfected as a steam roller to flatten out all that is different in human personalities (which it can do in spite of "heredity"), producing thereby a race of conformists? Or will it use this method wisely?

So far, counting the millions of years society has been shaping human lives, a pretty poor job has been done. We are still very close to the savage: strip off a little of the verbal veneer and polite behavior of the hands, feet, and trunk, and the raw, primitive stuff shows through.

The savage was all right for his time. Our argument is that you can't fit a savage to live in New York by teaching him only English and how to behave with his hands. It is essential to train his gut as well. This is one reason why human beings are so restless—they have the speech and manners of a Chesterfield and the gut behavior of an "Emperor Jones."

STRANGER AND STRANGER

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

I'VE SEEN 'em pass in limousines an' Fords,
Strangers an' strangers madder than lunatics.
I've felt 'em smash the summers an old man hoards—
The fewer they are the more the memory ticks.
Before the old King's Highway turned macadam,
While this was but a lane that needed weedin',
A man could take a walk like he was Adam—
The girl beside him Eve, an' those trees Eden.

None of us had machines inside the heart.
None of us cared which one of us won a race.
We loved an' lived an' died an' had to part.
It's hard for a man like me to change his pace.
The old all need the summer as they grow older.
I long for the lonely winter—though it's colder.

"VOODOO"

THE CASE FOR MAGIC SCIENCE IN WEST AFRICA

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

IT IS the common man's way to destroy what he cannot understand. In that giant composite common man we call our civilization, ignorance, not content with simple destruction, sometimes gives rise to a blinding contempt. We are scornful of alien cultures. The religions of our farther neighbors seem at best childish relics, at worst, impertinences which must be punished.

Magic, that strange far thing of the forests, has been utterly dismissed from consideration. It has mattered to no one that in the jungles of Africa for ten thousand years a whole race of mortals held magic to be their wisest and most precious possession.

Now, it is late. The black tribes of Africa are tired. Our force and our scorn have more than half convinced them that all the things which are not ours are lies. They themselves have let the old memories grow dim, and the magician's craft is no longer commonplace. But it is never too late to wonder while a few stories still come down to the sea. . . .

Many men of intelligence who have lived and traveled along the steaming western coast of Africa, who have seen manifestations of the black men's magic and heard still more of them, have asked a question which they think is worth an answer. They doubt the accepted certainty. They consider the possibility that perhaps what we call "voodoo" may be a science, a literal, marvellous thing the jungle men have adventured far in, even a technic and secret knowledge which we might find useful if we could understand it.

Magic, among the negro tribesmen of West Africa, seems to include a variety of practices. Under the heading, first of all, comes their science of healing. Closely allied to therapy, then branching off into innumerable other departments, is hypnotism. Then comes telepathy—which the witchmen seem to have lifted to the status of a literal, teachable technic. And lastly there is that wholly mysterious craft which deals with man's transmutation into animal shapes, and man's friendly fellowship with trees, night, and wind.

All men since the beginning have experimented with medicines and methods for combating disease. Judging by the healthiness of the people of African forest towns to-day (a condition surely not due to the salubrity of the equatorial climate!), negro medicine men have done as well as white ones. Pneumonia, half a dozen unpleasant sorts of fever, and a long list of complaints our medical science scarcely has names for, do, as a matter of fact, occur fairly frequently among the forest tribesmen. But the witchmen know the properties of herbs, they know the virtues of sweating, mud packs, and hydro-therapy; and they effect cures with astonishing rapidity.

Ceremony and ritual, contrary to ordinary belief, rarely accompany these cures. They are performed with rather less ostentation than an American doctor displays when he gathers his eyebrows

profoundly, purses his lips, and writes a hieroglyphic prescription for bicarbonate of soda. Sometimes, however, because the African witchdoctor feels very strongly the therapeutic importance of a patient's attitude of mind, he brings his hypnotic skill into play. Then mystery accumulates.

A few years ago an educated young negro of American descent who lives in Monrovia, the capital of the Republic of Liberia, was approached by a native witchdoctor from a village a short distance back in the bush. The young man had been born blind, and the witchman offered to cure him. The native waited for an auspicious moon-phase, then began his treatment. The young man was brought secretly each night to his hut, where the friends who escorted him left him. He was dosed internally with various brews, his blind eyes were packed with herbs and mud mixed with the witchman's spittle, and each dawn when the night's treatment ended the young man was warned that he must reveal no detail of the procedure and, above all, not mention to anyone the old man's name, his secret, magic name, not his common one. If he disobeyed, his sight would not return. After three weeks, exactly as the magician had predicted, his vision came back. The young Monrovian saw for the first time in his life. But, so the story runs, in his enthusiasm he told his grateful wife the details of his cure and spoke the witchman's secret name. The next morning he was blind again.

The case seems well authenticated. Something of the sort certainly occurred. But why should the native's threat have been so immediately fulfilled and for what reason? The obstinate skeptics in the European colony of Monrovia suggested that it was just a "temporary" cure (of permanent blindness) and that obviously failing to keep a secret had nothing to do with it. Skepticism is inconclusive and easy.

Without being too credulous, it seems far more likely that hypnotism played a vital part in the cure, that the patient's faith, strengthened by the insistent optimistic suggestion imparted by the witchdoctor, helped his recovery, and that this faith expired with the realization that he had failed to keep his part of the compact. In other words, with the revelation of the things he had been instructed not to reveal, the young man lost the hypnotic support of the native's superior mentality. Deprived of that invisible stimulus, the nerves and tissues that had been building lapsed again.

II

The corollary question that arises when one hears any such tale of the African magicians is, why should secrecy be so important? What of it? To a race accustomed to scientists who publish their findings as soon and copiously as possible this air of mystery seems discreditable. It is a long and painful process for an outlander to realize that mystery and concealment in that faraway, humid world are living and supremely vital things, the very root and fount of wonder. Yet the explanation lies close to the surface.

African tribal life rests upon two supports, the family and the philosophy of fetishism. Both are relevant to the cherishing of mysteries.

Among a considerable percentage of West African tribes special professions are hereditary. Fishing, basket-making, iron forging, and witchdoctoring are separate crafts that are frequently handed down from father to son—or from uncle to nephew—to the exclusion of all others in the village who are not of the same blood. A family's profession is peculiarly that family's identity. If trade secrets were too freely disseminated the family which had specialized in one trade since the immemorial past would lose its particular excuse for existence as a unit, would gradually disintegrate and, perhaps if the practice became widespread, the whole social system of the forest would tumble swiftly to chaos.

The jealous guardianship of family lore applies with double force, naturally, to witchdoctoring, a science that gains much of its influence, as does medical science in the temperate zones, from the high esteem in which the medical man is held. Mystery, the aristocrats of Africa know full well, has a powerful effect on proletarian minds. It is useful. Furthermore, some black tribesmen say the magician's secrets, philosophically speaking (and nothing could be more unjust than to deny the African negro's capacity for profound philosophy), are not his to tell, even if he would. Fetishism teaches that all knowledge belongs to the spirits of the jungle, that for man to tell what has been entrusted him by powers and gods beyond himself would be to break an ancient contract, an unthinkable dishonor and mistake.

Fetishism is perhaps, in its wholeheartedness, its vitality, and complete democracy, the most taking of all religious systems. Man, the negro believes, has an undying soul. But he thinks it stupid to say all other things are dead. Men and memories persist forever, but so do trees, the wind, and the pale stars that sprinkle the night sky.

The African, alone among mortals, suffers from no superiority complex. Nothing in his long experience in one of the most unfriendly environments in the world convinces him that his poor self is the *solitary* absorption and delight of God. He fails hopelessly to see that he, one naked man, is more important in the permanent scheme than, say, a tree or an elephant or even a single leaf on a bending reed in the black mud of the marsh. The negro of the forest feels only that man is a partaker in a glorious adventure and that his soul is neither greater nor *less* than that of anything else in profuse nature—with one difference.

Time, opportunity, and long friendship, say the jungle men, have taught the wise old fathers some of the knowledge that is beyond man, that belongs to the spirits about him. Mutual understanding has induced the living qualities in trees and shadows and weird things to share their strength with man. . . . It is not the herb itself in the mud pack over the blind man's eyes that will cure him. It is the living essence, the spirit of the herbs that heals. Therefore, they argue, if knowledge loaned by the jungle to a witchman is repeated by an outlander who is not of the jungle and does not love the old gods, it is cheapened, and the herb withdraws its spirit and help, and the mud pack and spittle, deserted by the living qualities of its component parts turns to—mud, and the cure fails. Therefore, secrecy.

There is another reason why high value is set on mystery. Since white aggression began its swarming slaughter over the lands beloved by the blacks they have felt with ever-increasing force that their one last hope for survival is to keep their wisdom hidden. The more Africa "opens up" the more the African closes in upon himself. They realize—and state frankly—that if magic, too, passed into our destroying hands there would be nothing left at all.

III

Often West Coast witchdoctors delight to impress a "civilized" visitor with their tricks, tricks that in many cases are the purest hypnotism.

A certain Mr. Cooper, whom I know, a resident of Monrovia, was once traveling in the mining regions of French Guinea, in the hills of the Futa Djallon. Like most civilized men in the African bush, he felt it incumbent upon himself to be impressive. His equipment was needlessly large, and his desire for haste and efficiency, he admits, may have profoundly irritated the tribesmen with whom he came in contact. Finally an important chief, who was reputed to be a skilled witchdoctor also, could stand it no longer and called Cooper aside. He took him to a little hut on the outskirts of the village. Its solitary window overlooked a wide expanse of grassy

plain. Night was falling and a moon already silvered the plateau. The chief told Cooper to remain alone in the hut and keep his eyes fastened on the open space commanded by the window. In a little while he would see something that would repay him. Then the native, with no further explanation, departed.

Mr. Cooper, slightly alarmed but profoundly curious, stuck to his post. An hour passed. He grew restless. The sounds in the village behind him faded off into silence. The moonlit plain, save for a thin mist that hung over the grass, was empty. Then, without warning, he heard a furious pounding of hoofs. Twelve white horses appeared from a clump of trees to the left and galloped across the clearing. He could see them plainly. Each horse bore a rider, and each rider was a living man a foot tall. Mr. Cooper stared. His eyes and senses told him the tiny men were unquestionably alive and, compared to the size of their mounts, strangely dwarfed, literally no more than twelve inches from crown to heel. They moved to the rhythm of the gallop, and their small shouting came faintly to him. In a moment the twelve horses disappeared in the white accumulated mist of distance, and the startled watcher heard a sound of splashing as if they ran through a deep river ford, though he knew there was no considerable stream within many miles. Another moment and he saw them again. The horses charged back the way they had come. This time the mounted men were negroes of almost giant stature, fully accoutered and bearing gleaming lances, as had the pygmies before them. They too shouted, but their voices were loud and booming. The twelve white horses disappeared, and the traveler heard a low laugh behind him.

The chief had joined him, but to Cooper's questions granted only an enigmatic smile. The show, though purposeless, had been impressive, and that was all the witchman had desired.

Apparently many West African native magicians have also the power so frequently evidenced by the fakirs of British India of hypnotizing groups of people without setting or preparation.

On one occasion an American missionary, the Rev. C. H. Bouey, was traveling with some friends in the Liberian interior not far from the little port of Cape Mount. The party rested in a native town during the day's march, and Bouey fell into conversation with an old black man who sat by his mud house in the sun, a rather ragged, very silent old man of no visible distinction. Bouey in the course of the talk remarked that to his great disappointment he had never chanced to see wild elephants in Liberia, though he had lived in supposed elephant country for many years.

The old man pointed, and Bouey and the men with him turned. The village where they rested stood in the center of a clearing of considerable size. At the edge of the wood two hundred yards away they saw the most superb of spectacles, a herd of elephants at feeding. A half dozen bulls were dragging at the tender tops of palm trees. Several babies stumbled close under their mothers. The cracking of the branches, the ponderous rasping of the great bodies against the trunks, and the loud blowing of the tuskers assailed the ears of the astonished men with vivid distinctness. This, they thought, was a coincidence as thrilling as it was curious. They turned to the old man. He still sat on the ground and had not spoken. He smiled and pointed again. They looked, and the place was empty. Palms leaned slowly in the feeble breeze, and the yellow equatorial sun illumined with crude brilliance the bare earth, the clumps of dry grass, and the mounting green wall where the jungle began. But of the elephants there was no trace. Bouey had marked a particular tree he had watched one of the bulls demolish. He ran over to it, and the traders and missionaries of his party came with him, all of them convinced there had been no deceit. But the tree was unharmed and

the ground had not been trampled. The whole show had been an illusion. The gentlemen compared notes. All had seen exactly the same thing, down to the smallest circumstantial detail. The witchdoctor, as usual, vouchsafed no explanation. . . . But it is hard to hold a revival meeting in a town where one has just seen a non-existent herd of African elephants.

IV

There is perhaps nothing genuinely magic, i.e. inexplicable, in either cure of disease or hypnotism. But telepathy—still for want of a better word—as practiced in West Africa attains reaches of sheer marvel that defy explaining, surely until we have learned far more than we at present understand.

The most straightforward and common telepathy in the jungles that march darkly back from the sea has been witnessed by nearly every white traveler who has gone back among the hidden towns where Africa's identity still survives: namely, the uncanny prewarning of a visitor's approach relayed invisibly from one witchdoctor to another. Sometimes code drumbeats convey news; on rare occasions, special messengers. Incontestably, however, many natives can deliberately convey by mental projection the most elaborate and minute details of an event of importance or of a person for whose arrival preparations are to be made. A witchdoctor, or any wise man, "sends," and another witchman five or thirty or a hundred miles away "receives," perhaps to send again farther on. Explorers, and especially leaders of punitive expeditions, have had innumerable proofs of this power. An African village is rarely surprised. The magicians admit the gift, see nothing extraordinary in it and, what is most intriguing, say it can be taught to any intelligent pupil . . . but never, of course, to a white man.

Another common but far more involved and curious manifestation of telepathic powers is displayed by the black sorcerers in the finding of lost objects, a procedure in which success depends, so far as one can see, upon the practitioner's ability to receive exact impressions from the mind of a man whom perhaps he has never seen, who in any case is unwilling to "send" or have his private knowledge "received."

There is one fairly conventional procedure. A single specific case is similar in its essentials to all the many instances one hears on the Coast—from European sources more often than native.

Not long ago an English wild-rubber buyer traveling in the Liberian forest lost a tin dispatch box containing business papers of great importance, though nothing of intrinsic value. It disappeared in the course of a day's march, he believed, though he did not discover his loss until he unpacked at a native town where he planned to camp for the night. The trader made inquiries, catechized his carriers, went back the way he had come, searched the trail, and found nothing. Then, despairing, he continued his way to the coast. The box had evidently been stolen. It was triply aggravating to realize its contents would be entirely useless to the thief. At the seaport he confided in an English friend.

They talked the case over and at last, in a somewhat embarrassed fashion, the friend suggested that they consult a certain educated witchdoctor (a by no means uncommon phenomenon) who lived nearby and had a high local reputation as a telepathic detective.

The magician was produced. He proved to be a frock-coated, bespectacled negro with a broad British accent and a sound knowledge of the classics, who had not, however, in the course of his education seen any reason to go renegade to the old faiths of his people. The matter of the lost box was put before him, and he agreed to find it. He stipulated that he would have to be taken to the district where the loss had occurred.

The rubber collector, unwilling to let any chance escape (for a year's accounts

are important), agreed to the conditions, and a price, to be paid only in case of success, was fixed. Together they walked for three days inland to the village where the Englishman had discovered his loss. After they had rested, the witchdoctor consulted with the headman of the town, and soon after the whole adult population foregathered in the central dirt clearing surrounded by the round thatched huts. It was midmorning and the sun relentless. The old man removed his frock coat, laid it tenderly aside, and rolled up his sleeves. He then instructed one of the bystanders to build a small fire and find an iron pot.

In a few minutes the fire was going and the pot suspended over it simmering with a brew composed of earth, palm oil, and a packet of dried herbs brought by the witchdoctor from the coast. The old man squatted morosely on the ground, and the townspeople, uneasy and interested, formed a circle around him. When the pot began to bubble he beckoned to a young man who stood near him. Apparently without the remotest possibility of prearrangement, he had selected his "subject." The boy squatted beside him and the old man placed the palms of his hands over the boy's eyes for a moment. Then they both stood up.

The witchman lifted the hot iron pot from the fire and placed it on the subject's head. Neither seemed to feel the heat—though it was obviously sufficient to sear flesh. With methodic slowness the old man then proceeded, first gripping the boy's hands firmly over the pot's rim, to smear his face with the simmering mixture. As it cooled it hardened and the thickening paste apparently sealed the youth's eyes, nostrils, and mouth. The movement of his breathing was no longer discernible. Naked except for a loin cloth, he stood as quiescent and still as a black painted figure on a sarcophagus.

The old man began to talk, and as he spoke the youth holding the pot began to sway. The words were in a language no one understood, but there was no mistaking the fiercely exciting emotionalism of their utterance. The invocation ceased with a final shout and the boy suddenly came alive. He ran three times around the ring of spectators and on the third round brought the pot down with a vicious side swipe on the head of a hitherto inconspicuous negro man in the crowd. As the victim fell moaning to the ground the pot bearer started at a run toward the nearby woods, the witchdoctor, half the town, and the appalled English rubber trader at his heels. He plunged into the bush, stumbled, fell headlong, tore his skin on briars, careened full into tree trunks—and kept on. Some of the more agile kept abreast of him and helped to clear the path he followed.

The performance had begun in the blazing noon of a humid equatorial day, and soon the Englishman was limp from exhaustion. But for three interminable, mad hours curiosity kept him going. At last the boy, still in a state of trance and now fainting from exhaustion, fell prostrate over a log at the edge of a swamp and did not get up. Under his head, half buried in the mud, lay the missing dispatch box.

The perspiring magician retrieved it and with a great "I-told-you-so" air presented it to the Englishman. The lock had been forced but the papers, though damp, were intact.

Later the rubber merchant reconstructed the story. The man who had been struck with the pot was the thief, as he immediately confessed on their return to the village. He had stolen the box not during the day's march, as the Englishman had thought, but from his luggage a few minutes after his arrival in the town. He had thought the box contained money, but on discovering his mistake, he had taken it with him a few days later on a hunt and tossed it into the remote swamp where it was found.

A detail which impressed the Englishman was that the "subject" had run toward the coast in his search for the

box—in other words, directly away from the general region where the box had supposedly disappeared. The path he had taken had ignored all known trails, and, with minor detours to avoid obstacles, had run in an uncannily straight line directly to the box.

The thief, the witchdoctor, and the "subject" all denied collusion. The witchdoctor did not, as a matter of fact, speak the language of the tribesmen of the village, nor did they speak his. To the Englishman's queries he replied with the empty word he had learned from the white men—magic.

V

The most baffling, exotic, and wholly unbelievable aspect of the magic craft is zoömorphism, the belief that men can convert their bodies into animal forms, go through with an adventure and then, by simple willing, shift back to mortal shape. Zoömorphism has yet to be seriously investigated—for obvious reasons. European and American anthropologists, followers of the most pitifully conceited of all sciences, have felt that a decided shame attaches to anyone who even admits to curiosity in anything so palpably impossible. It is an ancient attitude and an unprofitable one. I confess to somewhat the same feeling toward radio telephony.

Nevertheless, stories of zoömorphistic phenomena persist. Hard-minded British colonial officials have put themselves on record as having seen black men turn to lions before their eyes. And there is the account of how a reverend bishop once spent a night of terror in a town that was raided by a herd of leopards. In bright moonlight, the bishop said, the leopard pack came down upon the village, made its streets a bloody nightmare, killed and carried off certain men, and then disappeared once more into the darkness of the forest. This much the bishop swears he saw. To what he saw he added two things he knew, first, that the very men who were killed had been warned beforehand that they had incurred the fatal anger of the secret society of the Human Leopards—a zoömorphistic sect; and secondly, he knew, as everyone knows, that the African leopard is a solitary beast that never goes in packs. But that night he saw and smelled and heard not less than fifty cats all moved by certain purpose.

Possibly zoömorphism comes under the head of hypnotism. Possibly not. The dark gigantic forests still hide many things we are too young to understand.

All African magic has its root in the ancient friendship of the jungle man for the brooding, dangerous and lovely world in which he lives. If one understands, the witchmen say, and understanding, loves, then all living things will be one's partners in the search for knowledge. Nowhere is this attitude better demonstrated than in the practices of the *krajio* of the Kru tribe that makes its home near the coast regions of Liberia and southern Sierra Leone.

Krajio is an expressive word. To translate it "witchdoctor" is to do it scant justice. Literally *kra* means soul, shadow, spirit, or any everlasting quality, *Jio* means to play or experiment. So a *krajio* is "one who plays with the everlasting qualities." The *krajio* of the Liberian coast, though they are adept in many forms of magic, have a form and method of prophecy which is peculiar to themselves—"tree-talking."

In childhood the most intelligent boys of a *krajio* family are apprenticed to elderly relatives. Through years of single devotion they study the traditional lore of their science, assist at demonstrations and ceremonials, and all the time cultivate a very human, though to us incomprehensible friendship, with a certain tree.

Any tree of any species will do, though usually a tree in some remote, untroubled part of the woods is favored. As often as circumstances permit, the young witchdoctor goes to his tree, at first with a master, later alone. He studies it in all moods and all weathers.

He watches the fall and growth of leaves, the slow writhing of twigs that grow at last to branches, observes its lashing in hurricane winds and the way the heavy rains revive it. And soon he learns its language, and tree and man talk together. This language of the trees is a subtle thing, to put it mildly. The *krajio* wants one to understand it is not a *spoken* language, for whoever heard a tree make human sounds? No, it is a language of pale whisperings of wind, of faint gesturings, and essentially, one of spirit. When *krajio* and tree are in tune both can keep their silence and both can understand what the other says. No one knows all the precious secrets that they share, but one may assume safely that all they say is wise. Trees, you see, are the oldest things in the world. They are the giant sentinels, the very substance, form, and shape of the immortal jungle. So it is natural to think they have garnered profound wisdom from the years past, and, since in the unchanging woods past, future, and present all seem much the same, the trees can envision times when babes unborn will be old men. That is what the *krajio* believe, believe with the simplicity and faith and literalness of sages. Occasionally in times of stress they bring back to the villages the prophecies the trees have revealed to them.

Two years ago, when an American rubber company was negotiating for a large tract of Liberian land, a matter of paramount importance to native as well as civilized Liberians, a *krajio* of the Krus called upon a high official of the State Department and told him that his tree had revealed to him the name of the man who was to come to Liberia to complete the details of the agreement. The official was sufficiently curious to write out the prophecy, have it witnessed and dated, and file it away. Four months later the American arrived. His name, the date of his arrival, and the proposals he made, which he fondly thought were secret, checked perfectly with the *krajio's* statement. A comparison of dates proved that the *krajio* had put himself on record several weeks before the plenipotentiary received his appointment in the American middle-west, six thousand miles away, and long before the date of his arrival or the proposals he brought had been discussed. The *krajio* denied all credit for the feat. His tree had told him, he said simply. . . .

No one can explain magic. The white man's attitude toward the African is too well-known to make for mutual confidences. Unquestionably, however, it is the sheerest stupidity to dismiss it all with that contemptuous term "superstition." Superstition doesn't ever work, and magic very often does.

MEAT

A NOVEL

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Part IV

WHEN Rex India was sixteen he looked twenty. If he was slight, and on the short side of medium stature, he bore his one hundred and three pounds with an air that was nearer grace than was ever to have been expected, and nearer a grown man's than a growing boy's.

In his way, with his straight black hair, his white skin, his slate-colored eyes set rather widely on either side of a nose that was dominant without being heavy, perhaps because of the sensitiveness of the long narrow nostrils, he was more than passably good-looking. He could be charming, too. More than one stranger, a friend of friends, passing as the guest of an evening through this house where so many subjects were not to be touched upon, carried away the impression of a young man of the world in the phrase's finest sense, unobtrusively considerate and intelligently interested. This meant that Rex was a good listener. With his filmy, unwavering eyes he seemed to understand even more than was said; his mouse-quiet was flattering.

So, it would appear, Anne India was justified. Faith does move mountains. Had Doctor Blakeley still been alive he would have been more than ever edified. More assuredly than ever now, looking at India, his head streaked with gray and the beginnings of hollows behind his ears, and then looking at the self-immolating mother, a trifle heavier perhaps, but her carriage elastic, her eyes quick and clear, her heavy crown of hair still as immaculate in its blackness as if a magic had been done for her alone in time and space, and her shell of youth hardened and brightened to last out her need, Blakeley could have wagged a wise head. "Sacrifice doesn't work that way, my friend. Just look at her."

He could have added, of Rex, "Look at *him*." Of the child he had helped bring into the world he could have said, "There's nothing left. You wouldn't know it for the same human unit. Thanks to a fighting love, there's nothing left to tell."

If this was an error it was a forgivable one; the scurfy patch on the side of the scalp had been so long hidden by the boy's hair that nothing short of another doctor's examination would have told it was still there.

This other doctor was Doctor Kantor, the man called in hurriedly on the night the Indias' elder son disappeared, leaving the younger knocked out on the ground. The physician divined that there had been trouble, but that being outside his business, and his clients the Indias, he never referred to it. It was in the course of his scrutiny of the scalp in search of some contusion which might account for the boy's continuing unconsciousness that he noticed the horny spot. Even then he did not mention it, being more fully preoccupied with the sudden growth of a theory which would

have had him believe the nearly unbelievable. And this was that, for all his professional acumen, he was being taken in by an adolescent boy. The conclusion to which he was forced at length was that his patient was not now, and had not been, unconscious at all, but rather held in a state not unlike catalepsy, self-induced, strongly perverse, whether positive (a demand for frightened solicitude) or negative (a defense of his own reason against the incredible fact that he who was untouchable had been knocked flat down) he, the doctor, could not say.

It was not till weeks later that Kantor, having put two and two together a number of times, mentioned the scar of the infantile horn to India.

"It should have been operated at an early stage. It would have been fairly simple then. Now it is a considerably more serious undertaking."

India asked how serious. Kantor would not measure the chances.

"I'll only say that at the worst, providing the patient survived, there might be paralysis with loss of faculties. That's the gamble."

"At the best?"

"There, too. Cranial surgery, even if it's come a long way from the hocus-pocus of the bump-doctors, doesn't yet know everything. It does know, however, that where there's exostosis there's apt to be pressure, and where there's pressure there's something that shouldn't be."

Kantor cogitated. "He's an emotional type."

"What does that signify?"

"Probably nothing. Still, if he were to have a blood-clot anywhere in his system, and if it were dislodged, an area of pressure in the brain like that would be a fine place for it to land up in. And of course that would mean—" Kantor snapped his fingers. "Out!"

India had to think for a while before he told Anne. He had to undertake to climb over a barrier built high now between them. Also, the burned child shuns fire.

When he had come to it, Anne was for a moment drawn out by this wild new turn of hope. Caught off guard, she was taken by an excitement so powerful that it seemed an anguish. Little by little, though, as she learned the hard terms of the transaction, the odds they must all agree to face, her composure returned.

"No, no, Sam, chances as slim as that aren't worth the taking."

Her face began to shine again with the serene and glacial light of its inflexible devotion. Relief? Well, there's always a factor of relief.

"We're going at it another way, Sam, slower perhaps. But see Rex now. We're winning."

Yes, India had a sense of relief there, the sense of a grasping at a reprieve, as if for a moment it had been Anne's own life and reason for living that had been in danger of being wrested away from her. He had the extraordinary thought: "What would she have left then? What would become of her?"

India might have been expected to ask of himself, "What have *I* left? What is to become of *me*?"

The question as to why he stayed on in the house when staying on as he did, a sociable man turned solitary, grimly deferential in all the minor physical details of a home-life built to the needs of Rex alone, was to all appearance a confession of his defeat, is too complex a one to be served by a single answer.

There was his feeling about the house, buried as deep in India as any other inherited instinct. Unreasonable, perhaps, with more than a hint of perversity in it, possibly, a strong sense of loyalty to the hearth-and-rooftree of his line bade him take any punishment rather than be driven out. Hold the fort! "Don't give up the ship!" Perhaps he was able to wring a smile out of the ironic humor of that—the spectacle of himself, posed glum and indomitable, holding a fortress that anyone else would have said had been conquered, looted, burned down

around him, rebuilt and occupied by the enemy, years ago.

There was another reason for his seeming acceptance of defeat, and this was that he was not defeated; now that he had realized the weight of the force against him he was not. His predilection was for frontal attacks and cavalry charges; he had not got his own strength until he learned to "dig in." There are some battles that he who waits wins.

India was not strictly waiting, however, not in the negative sense, these years.

As far as anything articulate that passed between India and Anne was concerned, Fern and Flagg might nearly as well have been dead. The girl definitely, the boy progressively, like ships strayed in the dark from the close formation of a war-time ocean convoy; once down beyond the horizon they must be marked off, abandoned to their own devices, their very names forgotten for morale's sake in the desperate task of getting the remnant fleet to port.

Once in the second year after their defection their names were remembered for a moment. A letter addressed to Flagg, a piece of advertising sent out on the old mailing-list of some stamp-and-coin house, turned up one morning in the postman's handful. Anne passed it on to India with his share. For a while he stood there balancing it on his palm, a process of speculation at work in his eyes.

"I'm wondering." Something a little like a smile played about his mouth.

Anne was betrayed into curiosity. "Wondering what?"

"Wondering how it would be if I were to forward this."

"Forward— You don't mean to tell me you know where Flagg *is*."

"You don't mean to tell me you imagined I'd be standing where I'm standing here, all this while, if I didn't. If I hadn't kept *some* track of them."

"Fern too?" Anne was getting in deeper than she liked. "Where?—" But there she bit her lip. She recommenced coldly, "Are they all right?"

"All right is a pretty large order for kids of their age cutting out on their own in the world. No, I'd hardly call them all right."

Anne was caught once more, despite herself. "I've always wondered, Sam, knowing you, how it could be you should make no move to get them—Flagg especially—back again."

"Because, Anne, whatever they may be up against, they're better off there than here."

Anne got her distance and her poise before she spoke. Her tone was as level as pond ice. "I agree with you. It won't hurt either of them to have to fight a little. They're both strong and healthy, both given good sound stuff to begin with. Unquestionably, I think so too."

India stood and studied her, his glance even with hers. He had to shake his head.

"I wonder," he said, "if I shall ever succeed in being amazed enough."

Flagg India was a heavy fellow when he had got his growth. On account of his sandy hair he was known among the workmen in the boat-yard in New Bedford as "the big Swede." Sometimes he was known to the foreman as "you big bum." This would be when, on a very blue Monday morning, the fair-headed caulker turned up in a trouble-hunting mood, his eyes discolored, his thoughts tangled, his fists aching to take it out on somebody, as if in breaking another's head he could break his own clear.

"You big bum," the foreman would apostrophize him, "you better begin to use the soft pedal around here or pretty quick you'll be outside looking in."

Flagg didn't care. "Go on fire me. Or else don't keep harping on it."

More than once Jacobson was on the point of letting a cat out of a bag. He could have made this big bum sit up if he had wanted to retort, "If it wasn't for your old man's wanting me to keep an eye on you, you crazy kid."

Crazy kid. That was what saved

him. Among other and less gracious qualities, Jacobson had a sense of humor. Flagg India, born of a line of carefully nurtured and highly civilized people, matured slowly. Ruggedly built, well muscled, unquestionably a man in stature, Flagg at nineteen was still a boy. He had the look of it; he could still flush hotly; the mask of devil-may-care he put on to hide his confusions, vacillations, and mercurial despairs was as transparent as glass; it was comical.

His week was like the curve of a graph, and any one might have been laid over any other without showing a radical variation. Starting from the depths of Monday, it reached its peak on Thursday. By Thursday he had settled it. "Never again, so help me!" He worked enormously, with a satisfaction of the hands, hummed and whistled, played amiable tricks and cracked spleenless jokes on everybody. Things about him took on beauty. The racing hull on which he worked smote his eyes and through his eyes his heart with its whole fitness and symmetry; dinner at the "dog-wagon" tasted like a rough ambrosia; supper at Mrs. Sousa's better still.

On Friday, to the uninitiated eye, the curve would have seemed still to be ascending. Flagg's gaiety was intensified; so was the violence of his labor. But now his jokes grew far-fetched and shrill, and the over-swung blows of his maul left half the work spoiled behind him.

Then Saturday.

In a way, all Saturdays were alike. In other ways, of course, they were different. Here was a Saturday in mid-December. All the houses and all the buildings, yards, factories were a dirty brown against the dirty gray of the slush. It was so bad one had to think there must be some way of escaping from it, like rubbing one's eyes and waking up.

Lincoln Silva, who had been in the A.E.F., and who was now a clerk at the yard, a round-shouldered, close-eyed, rather handsome fellow who prided himself on "never letting anything get by," thought they "needed something."

"Mike's got some down at the wagon."

"The hell with the wagon; I'm going to the pictures."

"Pictures! Say, grow up!"

"All right, go where you want to." Flagg's chin was away out in front of his face. "I'm going to the pictures."

He swung around and walked up the street, humming a tune. Slush, slush, slush. The raw, dirty, early dark. It was still an hour before suppertime; up where the stores were there were still crowds of people going in and out, shopping for Christmas. A whole hour yet. Shopping for Christmas. People, people.

"I hope this time he doesn't come, the bastard!"

Flagg walked on, his hands in his pockets, stubborn shoulders squared, hat on the back of his head. He stopped to look in a hardware window. He used the window as a mirror, cornering an eye. It was a poor sort of straw to catch at in the ocean of loneliness, but it was a straw: Silva was following. Flagg wheeled and waved.

"Come on, Linc, get a move on; they've got a good picture at the Star."

Once in the thronged darkness of the picture-house, however, it was Silva who settled down to enjoy the film, Flagg whose thoughts went scattering.

Flagg had been on the loose for three years and a half, and he had seen the sights and learned the ways of some pretty hard places. Still, with sixteen years of another life behind him, he could never be thoroughly at his ease with people who pressed and smelled. Four hundred shoes wet with the slush and beginning to steam in the warmth now, two hundred weekly baths yet to be taken, a weight of breath perfumed with cinnamon, pepsin, and all the family of the mints. *Agh!*

But then, against revulsion, the revolt. As always. By one trick or another, Saturday could always work it.

This Saturday, with the holidays in

eye, the picture was a Christmas melodrama. There was a Christmas morning in a happy house, early, before the young ones were up. There was a tree, lighted and waiting, in what for all of Hollywood's efforts might have been a fine, long-lived-in room. At least there was a feeling about it of space and of peace.

Flagg wished. Nostalgia, a hungry, black, shapeless old thing, finished the week as ever by dragging him down. Down, down, and down. To save him he had to shake himself. He had to do battle now. He had to mouth oaths, swagger, sneer.

"*There's* a ribbon-clerk's life for you! Slap me on the wrist!"

Squirming in his seat, he dilated savage nostrils and sniffed in greedily the effluvium of lungs and pores. Deliberately renegade, he framed his thoughts in the slovenly words of the yards, the foundries, and car-barns.

"Gi'me this kind of an outfit any time. Them for me. We got hair on our chests. Got no time for drinking pink tea and reciting poetry, not this gang. We know what we want and we go after it. If we like a guy, that's that, he can trail with us; if we don't we can knock his God-damn block off. We got hands, and God help the lads and lassies when we double 'em up into fists. Stink, do we? Take a smell of it!"

His defiant bitterness touched bottom when he thought of his father and mother and brother. He had to make himself laugh, make himself sneer.

"Oh, no, father mustn't go down cellar, or father'll get boiled. Listen to mother now!

"No, and Flaggie mustn't go down cellar either. Oh, horrors! Flaggie's had a whole sip of red ink and Flaggie dear is as boiled as an owl. . . . Now don't you dare touch your brother, you bad boy. Rex is a good little boy. Rex is mother's angel. Don't you dare!"

It was a pain to think of his father.

"Father loves you, Flagg, old man."

"The hell you do! The hell of a lot of difference it makes to you or anyone else what I do, where I go, or how I make out."

After the show, emerging with the supper-bound crowd, Silva said, "Where do we eat? Home?"

Flagg scowled at the lobby-lights, his face looking bruised and congested.

"Home, my ——!"

"Childs', then?"

"Childs', my ——!" Flagg flung away. "You eat where you want to; I'm going to see what the gang's got on down to the wagon."

In the "dog-wagon," down near the Nantucket boat dock, the air was thick with steam. The hottest spot of all was where Flagg sat, next to the coffee-machine, at an end of the long counter. It was as hot as hell, and it was Flagg's own hell. Into it at last the curve of the graph of his week descended.

He had a Hamburger roast, fried onions, raisin pie, and coffee, but he only messed with them. His throat kept contracting and contracting. All down the line the feeders, freight-hands, shipyard hands, Brava fishermen, champed their teeth and breathed into their victuals. Linc Silva had something in a coffee cup. The whole ritual of its producing, from Silva's wink and nod, through "Wagon Mike's" sleight-of-hand in the pigeonhole between the sugar and flour under the counter, up to the slide of the cup across the imitation mahogany, Flagg watched with a tightening fascination. When Silva had emptied the cup at a gulp, winced, and wiped his mouth, he put it down near Flagg's elbow. Flagg pushed it back roughly in among the other's dishes.

"Rot holes in your own guts if you want to. But keep it out from under *my* snoot, please."

"Be yourself, be yourself! That ain't no hooch, that's bond stuff. Mike got it off a coastguard. Say, what's crawled up you?"

Flagg licked his lips and continued to stare across Silva's shoulders at the empty cup. He spoke with a running, disordered vehemence.

"Bond stuff or not, what good's it to you? Where's it get you to? . . . No, keep your simp look to yourself, I'm no Sunday-school boy. It's just I've seen too much of it. I can remember the time when my father—why, my father was a prince of a man. But then the booze. I was no more'n a kid; I never got wise to what was going on till I saw how nervous it got my mother, scared of it all the time, worrying herself. Then the fights. Oh, no, you don't need to tell *me* about booze, Linc. When you hear your own mother bawling your own father out for a drunken bum—"

Flagg shut his mouth tight. He shut his eyes tight. Wave on wave, the black tide he knew so well came rushing. Homesickness. Want. The sense of his immaturity, and so his inferiority to these men about him who either knew how to handle themselves or else knew enough not to give a damn.

Panic. Booze! Booze! Booze! Everywhere he turned, monstrous to grab at him. Booze! Booze!

Nothing left but mutiny. If you want to be strong you must hate.

"They made a fine mess of everything, they did. To hell with 'em! They thought they knew so much. Mother, trying to tell me I was drunk on one swallow of red ink. I could show her a few."

Disdain. Headlong. Pitiless.

"They set 'emselves up to tell me what to do with my life; look what they have done with their own. To hell with all that tripe!"

He kept trying not to think of his father. But there was his father.

"Well, why didn't he beat her up, then? No hair on his chest, that's why."

Revenge.

"I'll show 'em. To hell with what they think of me! What do I care?"

"Mike! Hey, Mike, one 'Ceylon tea'."

He hated the taste of this stuff that Mike peddled. First it burned, then it sickened him. "Bond stuff in a pig's eye!" What did anyone want to put that cheap, tricked-up imitation of real liquor into his stomach for?

"Sss! Mikey. Gi'me another to take the taste of that one out."

There came a point when Flagg confided to Silva, "I'm a heller when I get a bend on. Keep this in your trap. Once when I had a snoot-full I killed a guy." Horror whipped him on. "My brother. My own kid brother."

It was curious. He had long been aware, of course, that Rex had been no worse than knocked out that night. But at a certain stage of intoxication he forgot this, and the nightmare of the fleeing murderer, coming up out of the cellar of his mind, was the truth again. This was what made him so hard for his friends to handle. If he was a killer, he would be a killer. "What'd that guy say to me? Doesn't know who I am, does he? Christ-a-mighty, get outa my way, le'me break his little white neck for him."

Flagg could forget at last what it was he was unhappy about, but never once till he passed out completely could he forget that he was unhappy.

A girl in a place, somewhere between Saturday's supper and two o'clock Monday morning, said to him, "India. That your name? That's a card of a name, that is. But I heard it once before, though. A jane that lived in the boarding-house I did in Roxbury, Mass., when I was working. Say, *there* was a hard one for you to figure. Had a card of a first name, too. Fern. Worked in some store in Boston. Any relative of yours?"

Pain. Confused, shapeless, unplaceable.

"I can't remember. Girl? No, hell, I've got no girl relatives."

His eyes began to fill with tears, red tears because his eyes were red.

"You mean—you don't mean Fern India. Not *Fern!*"

When pain got too bad, when Flagg was drunk, it made him ugly. It made him hit at anything, anything.

"Oh, her. She wasn't my sister. She was a girl they had at the house a while. They had to kick her out. I

don't know why. What's the diff? I don't care, she's no relative of mine. Who asked *you* to mix in, anyhow?"

It was a day in August, hot as only downtown Boston can be hot. In the King's Court Book Shop the second saleslady alone carried on unwilted, even though by being able to do so she let herself in for continual shifts of work from others' shoulders. "Oh, Miss India, a gentleman for the *Story of Mankind*." . . . "Road maps, Miss India." . . . "Miss India" this, "Miss India" that.

It was like Fern India to go on "as hard as nails" till she was ready to drop. It was a matter not so much of pride as of an habitual self-defense that none of the other salespeople should guess that ten times more than theirs her nerves, tightening day by day under a weight more oppressive than any summer's heat, were ready to go twanging to pieces now.

She dared not bite her lip; without even the help of that she must carry on at the dead level of an impersonal graciousness. "Yes, I have read it; yes, madam, it ends very happily indeed."

Mr. Sycles came through the sticky air from the office, bringing her a letter. She knew from whom it must be, since but one person ever addressed her in care of the shop. And she thought, as one thinks of a last straw: "This too!" Her employer, pausing in his retreat to study her for a moment, thought to himself: "By gracious, I wonder if it's ever occurred to anyone that Miss India might be good-looking—darned good-looking—if it weren't for—for—if it weren't for—what?"

There it was. If it weren't for what? Never mind, she was an ideal employee. No feuds, no intrigues. No one in the place had ever got close enough to Miss India either to like or to dislike her.

Fern opened the envelope, which contained a correspondence card.

"*May your birthday be bright, Fern, and your twenty-second year your happiest. With my love. Sam Henry India.*" On the reverse was written in the same minute but flowing hand: "*From all I can hear, Flagg is somewhere around Boston. If you should see him, give him my love, would you? He is lots younger than you, Fern. He takes his windmills hard.*"

All through her, inside of her, Fern heard the song of the wires of her nerves heightening. "This too!" she repeated. Crumpling the card she threw it into a basket.

"Sir? . . . We haven't a copy at present, but we should be glad to get it for you, sir. . . . Beg pardon? . . . It is published by Alden & India, I believe."

And she was too hard-set to smile even at the irony of that.

She was the first out at five. Out and lost in the crowd. With the deep red of her cropped hair hidden under a severely blocked, too tightly fitting *cloche*, her straight skirt inches longer than the season's wear, her feet more-than-sensibly shod, and her eyes strictly on their road, it was hardly likely that anyone would choose Fern India to look at twice.

Still, there were men in the world—

But she was so preoccupied for once with the coming around again of the hour of bickering, so novel, so dreadful, that she had almost forgotten, until, at a stand near the Park Street subway station, she saw a picture of a girl all-but-naked on a magazine cover, and a young truckman, his shirt sweated through between the shoulder-blades, his feet spread and hands on his hips, standing there studying it frankly.

Fern had to hurry on to keep from being tempted to slap the fellow. It was stifling underground. In the car all the young girls lolled for air, showing the legs through their stockings half way up their thighs. All the men—Fern had no need to spy on them to know it—were leering.

Clysta Spencer, her library-bag on her arm, boarded the car at Dartmouth Street. Fern gave up her seat and worked her way out to the platform, which was as far as Clysta had been able to get.

"You came in early this morning. You were gone before breakfast. Why?"

"I had stacks of filing to get done." Clysta handled her bag.

Fern loathed herself. But she couldn't help it. "He brought you home in a taxi last night."

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Did he try any—did you have any trouble?"

"What *are* you— I don't understand what you mean."

These evasions. These avertings of the eyes.

It seemed to Fern she would rather have torn her tongue out of her mouth than to have it shape another word. She, who had stripped life down deliberately to the quick of pride, had she no pride?

"Did he try to fondle you, Clysta? Did he—kiss you? . . . There! He did, he did. . . . Didn't he? Why don't you answer me, then?"

The swift exhaustion of self-loathing. Fern had to stop and rest a moment before she went on. The nearest thing to her eyes was an ear of Clysta's, just the lobe, peeping from beneath the hair. How translucent that leaf of flesh was, unpigmented, bloodless. And yet it seemed to Fern's close eye that it bore on itself a film of light come from within, an eager-tentative opalescent eradiation. Or perhaps it was all a trick of day-shine broken among innumerable tiny beads of sweat.

Now Fern felt something more frightening than anything else, a hidden tremor of revulsion. Hide it deeper, then. Kill it. Bury it!

"A week ago, Clysta, you wouldn't have— You despised him. You told me so, you know you did."

A fling and a frown. "Don't be so dumb, Fern. Must I explain again that the only way I could hear that concert was by going with Mr. Rathburn?"

"Oh—*yes*."

An oppressive wordlessness, all through the boarding-house dinner. Worse than oppressive, eerie. Afterwards, capitulation. The final plunge into the bottom depths of shame.

"Is he coming this evening, Clysta?"

"Who?"

"Let's go somewhere, then. Anywhere. For a ride or a walk or—"

"Surely. . . . But I don't know, though. I don't feel awfully—"

"Head ache?"

"A little."

Fierce penitence. "Oh, you poor dear! This hot day! I'm a pig!"

The slow summer dusk. Darkness coming up the long straight street. And with the darkness, from four houses down, the slightly fattish form of Rathburn, the "Tech" tutor. Drifting. By and by two forms, drifting away into the darkness up the long straight street.

Up in her hot room Fern undressed and lay down on the bed. Hours passed, or what seemed hours.

The heavy air of the night was like the water of a Dead Sea; it would let nothing sink. The whine of trolleys away on Blue Hill Avenue, the voices of people blocks distant, it brought floating. It was as though your dentist, gone mad, were buzzing his buzzer right through into the core of your brain. Fern couldn't lie there suffocating herself. Up she got. It seemed to her that she could have killed Clysta.

Around and around the black room she walked, knocking against things. Pushing them away from her she found that her hands were cold, in the hot night. Not chairs, not furniture, these things she pushed away, but creatures. Perhaps it was jealousy that had given her the faculty; in her arid innocence it was the first time she had ever been aware that there were creatures around her, spawn of shadows, ringing her in.

And now she had to do more than push them away; she had to press through, break out, escape. Dragging some clothes on she opened her door, descended the stairs, went into the street.

She walked without aim and at a rapid pace, not for long in any one line.

Two figures strolled there. Halt. Retreat. Against the ring of a street-light at a corner, two other silhouettes. Turn! It might be they.

She crossed a wide avenue, climbed a little rise of turf, got through a pipe fence and struck out into the rolling savanna of a park. It must have been very late, for here where at another hour there would have been many shadowy, summery couples to avoid she advanced in apparent solitude. Mounting steadily, keeping to the turf where her feet made no sound, presently she was in cover, shrubs and trees.

The night was moonless, lighted only in the gaps among the tree-tops by a few fat and feeble stars. Fern came to a stand. She hadn't to be quiet for more than ten seconds before a multitude of things began to stir all about her in this bit of wilderness, mites that crept, lives no greater than dust-particles, flitting, twittering. Up from the grass came the strong, cool scent of roots and dew.

Fern thought, "Clysta!" But of a sudden it was no more than a puzzled interrogation. "Clysta?" It was as if a thick, hot, heavy cloak had fallen from her shoulders. "What of Clysta? If she wants a man, why shouldn't she? Lots do."

So without apparent reason something that had been snarled was untangled. In a wink a water that had been muddy ran clear.

Like a wild earth-creature, Fern India had gone to earth. Men and women, boys and girls? Humans? She wanted no tie or likeness with that race. Of all things she would be, she would be a tree. A smooth-skinned, white, slender sapling in the hush of a wilderness, holding the earth to her with the deep, blind, quenchless embrace of her roots, draining out of it and into herself the sweet-bitter water of its life.

Fern took off her dress, pulling it all in one quick motion over her head. She kicked her shoes off. She had a strange and a strong desire to lie bare against the dewy earth. Prone and close.

She untied the ribbon of her plain white step-in. As she did so a thought out of nowhere came winging. A writing on a card.

"*From all I can hear, Flagg is somewhere—*"

Flagg.

Why had she had to think of Flagg?

With fingers gone wooden she retied the ribbon, drawing it tight. She stooped to catch up her dress, lying pale, like a wilted chaplet, on the black grass. Half way of the gesture, though, she sank to her knees and covered her face with her hands. For a moment nothing was to be heard but the chattering of her teeth. Then she began to cry.

She cried, cried, cried.

Feet were falling. Legs thrashed through brush. The man they belonged to advanced to within a few paces and half stooped to peer. It was one of the park police. Perceiving a girl in dishabille and sobbing, he arrived at the park policeman's inevitable conclusion.

"Hunh! Not so good, eh? Well, you were askin' for it, weren't you? Where's he gone to?"

Fern couldn't move a muscle. "Oh! Oh!"

The man started to hunt around in circles, widening his cast, striking the branches of the undergrowth aside. "As for you, Daisy, you get dressed and get out of here."

"Oh!"

"Which way'd he go—your boy friend? Listen, talk!"

When Fern could stir she stirred with the speed of scared lightning. Her dress streaming and bellying from her fingers she ran.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Dim as a ghost, flying.

The park man followed a little way, then gave it up.

"Oh!"

One day one of India's partners, Maynard Wills, who had been out over the week-end, said something that brought India up standing.

"About that boy of yours, Sam. What's his line to be? Thought yet?"

"That boy of mine?" It was absurd, but there was an instant when India's mind went everywhere. Then his eyes fell, and a slight flush ran to his temples. "Oh, Rex?" The flush deepened. It was awkward. Wills ought to have known better. "Well, in a case like Rex's it's a little hard to say."

"If he's to carry on in the firm, I was just thinking, it seems to me there are jobs we could put him at right now. There's nothing like learning the ropes early. We lost something in the world when we lost the apprentice."

"But—Rex, now—but somehow I had never thought of Rex as—"

"As in the book-business? Lord, I should say he was cut for it. I was talking yesterday with his mother. Why don't you bring him down?"

Of all things! Of all things! For a while India went around rubbing his eyes. Had he been fighting a blind man's fight, these years, holding a fool's ground? There was Rex. There was Anne.

When India looked at himself now, in the beginning of his fifties, it gave him a queer turn to see how old he had grown. Would he have been younger, stronger and straighter if he had seen the kind of truth that Anne saw? There *is* nothing after all that succeeds like success. He who rides on the band-wagon rides high.

He saw, as if it were all of a sudden, that Rex was nearly as tall as he. Not only that; he saw Rex, the weakling, standing on stronger legs than his own, better armed in self-assurance, the dark and utter stranger, going his own way now, silent with the silence of them that can afford to hold their peace. The day it came to India that that look in Rex's eyes, which had always been to him an enigma, was a look no longer of self-defense, but of a kind of pitying disapproval mixed with an iron, Puritanical disdain, was the day when the light was nearer than it had ever been to going out.

Who knows but what it might have gone out presently, had it not been for the saving lift of an anticlimax? When one is being put to the ground by the odds of weight in a private tussle, there's something comic, and by that reinvigorating, in the sight of all the neighbors running in to jump on top of the pile.

Riding out in the train one late afternoon in May, two of India's townsmen came to sit in the double seat with him. When they had exchanged a few words with him, India found himself, mystified, beginning to doubt that they had fallen into his company altogether by accident. There began to emerge a certain purposefulness.

One was a clergyman, pastor of an old church which had once stood in the open valley, but was now grown about by the mills. The other was his solidest parishioner, the prohibition enforcement officer of the district. The latter did most of the talking, reddening from time to time, occasionally hesitating, making the best of a subject which must be difficult for them all. The Reverend Mr. Cornhouse contented himself for the most part with sitting tight and holding India with his eyes, in which there glimmered green lights like little beads.

It came around to this: "Your land runs up the ridge a good way beyond White Brook, doesn't it, Mr. India? . . . Yes. . . . Did you know that we had been on your land lately?"

"You have been on my land?"

"Were you aware that part of your land has been in use lately, by some of the youngsters from Mill Town, India? As a place of—of—"

"Debauch," Mr. Cornhouse supplied.

India looked from one to the other. "I was not so aware."

"I'm telling you. . . . Well, India, to get down to brass tacks, am I right in my understanding that you've got a stock of it at your house?"

"Stock?"

"Of wines and liquors? A cellar, I mean. No, no, there's no call for your —you can be perfectly frank about it—

I'm told it's all O.K.—stuff you put down a long while before the law came on. So now?"

"Such being the case, may I inquire what all this is supposed to be driving at?"

"Now, Mr. India, I hope you won't—A man of your standing, of course the farthest thing from our thoughts would be that you personally were in any way responsible for it. *But!* If you'll just co-operate with us. By telling us if there's any way you know of, of there being a leakage from your stock. . . . No, no, now, Mr. India. But there's always servants. Yes, I know, but they're so hell-bent for the stuff nowdays they'd get around the honestest of them; they'll do anything, these kids, pay anything, damn 'em—excuse me, Mr. Cornhouse. But we've been pretty successful lately in drying this section up, and that's how I happen to know this booze couldn't have come through any of the bootleggers."

"Moreover," the clergyman put in, thinning his lips, "the bottles we've found up there are not bootleggers' bottles; they're all old pre-war."

"So, Mr. India—servants? Or—well—you've a son, I'm told."

It was Cornhouse that protested. "Leave the son out of it, Osborn. I know Rex. If there's anyone that's with us on that, it's Rex India. He's been in our men's class for the past two years."

("So that," thought India, "is where he's been all these Sundays.")

"I was just trying to—well—narrow it down. So—servants?"

India took his time. He didn't want to snort in their faces; that would have been too good of him. He took his keyring from his pocket and laid one of the keys along his finger.

"Gentlemen. From the outside of my house there is no conceivable way of entering my wine-cellar. From the inside there is only one, and that is through an oak door two inches thick. You will examine this key. You will observe that it is of a most intricate type. For some years past it has been the only key left in the world that would unlock that door. It has been continuously in my possession. . . . And now, since it makes many people giddy to ride backwards in a train, and since by turning that seat of yours over you might as easily be facing the engine, I—I should think you would do it."

Yes, it was a lift. For the first time in months he felt he could laugh, and by laughing, get his neck straight and his arm free. Anne and Rex with Osborn, Cornhouse, Tom, Dick, and Harry behind them, were of a sudden not as prodigious as Anne and Rex alone.

"By the Eternal," he could say once more, "I *am* right."

That evening when he got home he could do something he hadn't dared trust himself to do for some time, he could clap Rex roundly between the shoulder-blades. "Well, sonny, how's everything? Fine?"

Anne studied him, touched by curiosity. "What's the news?"

"It seems I'm a low character." India chuckled. "I'm being watched by the police. I'm thrilled, my dear."

Later in the evening, when he had been out on the porch alone for a time, staring into the afterglow of sunset across the populous valley, he came in to say: "When I take my September holiday this year, Anne, I'm thinking of spending it in Boston."

"A holiday—in *Boston!* For heaven's sake, why?"

"Both the twins are there."

Fern had the evening before her, and nothing to do and nowhere to go. In the ten months that had passed since she had lost Clysta Spencer to Rathburn, the Technology tutor, she had found it increasingly hard to know what to do with the hours when she was not at work. The break-up of that passionate confederacy of man-hate and man-fright, the peculiar perilousness of which she had never been able to glimpse until the

hour of jealousy, had left her more profoundly shaken than she would have guessed it could.

The worst of it was that, whereas she had long been strange in the sight of ordinary everyday people, she now began to grow strange in her own. She had a good brain, and she knew it. So it hurt her pride and undermined her intellectual self-faith to find herself, more and more often, and seemingly willy-nilly, doing the commonest things, frequenting the silliest sort of shipping-clerk and shop-girl places, as it were incognita to her own self.

Perhaps it was simply a matter of anything rather than inaction and solitude and the facing of thought. Or, perhaps, it was something else.

To-night, mainly because street cars are moving things, she went out and took the first street car she could find. At the end of its run she transferred to another, going always with the traffic, caught without a struggle in the summer evening's tide. It dumped her out at Revere Beach, among the glare-lights and giant whirligigs.

Fern was not rich, and the pleasure she took was an inexpensive one. Wherever a crowd was, there she could indulge herself. A crowd such as this, young, irresponsible, and adventure bent, was ideal for her purposes.

All she did was walk, minding her own business. She was dressing differently these days and altogether more becomingly, wearing a higher heel, a shorter skirt, and a sheerer stocking, and letting a feather of her deep burnt hair show against the startling whiteness of her temple. Feeling physically at an ebb, she had taken to touching her mouth with carmine.

Now, more and more often, the thing she loathed happened: men looked at her. Having looked once, many looked twice, and some even turned to follow, to "give her the eye," and, at the worst, to accost her. As a matter of fact, that was not the worst. On two or three occasions in a crowd she had suffered soft pinches, above the elbow or on the hip.

She had not had any of these offenders taken up, actually, contenting herself with a full, cold, impersonal stare. Only in her imagination did she let her fury run; vividly, in fancy, she saw herself calling a policeman, sharing the rough-and-tumble of capture, enduring the stares of the gathering mob, waiting for the patrol truck to come racketing to carry the wretch away, its gong ringing down through all her arteries with her pulse, an electric clangor, a wild beatitude of revenge. All in her own mind as it was, after an orgy of this sort she felt ashamed. Puzzled, despising herself, depressed by the inevitable hang-over from an emotional excess, she was glad if it was a Saturday night, giving her a long Sunday to lie, half-sick, in bed. . . .

June night, full of stars, but no stars visible. On the ocean's edge, but no ocean to be seen. Nothing but blue-white suns and sprawling moons, incandescent crags, bright stucco gates leading to tawdry enchantments, things oscillating, things whirling, all ablaze. Music, music, everywhere. So many kinds of it, from so many directions, that it ceased to be music and became a mere wash of sound, under-run by the wash of the rivers of thousands and thousands of feet, thousands of breathings, gigglings, squeaks, and hails. An eye . . . Another eye, arrested, brightening, narrowing with a wink. . . . Another. Eye of a southron, darkly melting. . . . Eye of a young mick, blue, daring.

"All 'lone, sweetie? So'm I; ain't that sad? Care if I—"

First of all she had to conquer the faintness that ran up her legs, wave on wave, but when she had done that it seemed to Fern her strength was more than human; it was tigerine. Chin rigid, lips curled at the corners, gaze leveled, lids narrowed, pupils enlarged, she would begin now to give it to him.

"I am alone, yes. Of what possible interest can that be to you?"

There was more than a satisfaction, there was a curiously voluptuous pleasure in seeing him try to take hold of that with his simple mind. Blinking. Not quite knowing whether it was a lead or not. Gaping, like a fish out of water. There was a rapture like no other rapture of the senses in watching him (the more slowly, the sweeter) shrivel up. Then, the *coup de grace:*

"*You?* Agh! Go on about your business, quickly, before I call an officer."

After that, walking on, she would become aware of the attack of that faintness once more, but now it was not as of fright, but as of an accomplished transport. For fifty or a hundred yards she had to go with downcast eyes. . . .

Late in the evening there was a fellow who passed her several times, always at a distance, first in a gang of four, then by himself. It seemed to take him forever to get his nerve up. When he was plainly about to accost her at last, seeing he was a lusty, careless, finely muscled young bruiser, contentment whipped Fern's heart. "The bigger they are," as the prize-fighters say, "the harder they fall." But then she saw it was Flagg India!

They stood in the middle of the human torrent, eddied about, elbowed and shouldered, and widened their eyes.

"It *is* you, Fern. I knew—I thought—I knew it was you."

"Why, Flagg! Why . . . Flagg!"

Presently he was going to wonder how he had known she was Fern; she was going to wonder how, in those features, thickened by all the kinds of blows life had rained upon them, she had recognized Flagg's features, or how she had seen Flagg's clear eyes in these that were so unclear, so absurdly hag-ridden, so pathetically fearful of being anything but roustabout and bellicose. But as yet, as though the pupils that were so big were, therefore, blind, neither perceived that the other was strange. Years were wiped out. They awoke for a moment out of tangled dreams, and for the moment did not seem to know that they were going back into them again.

"What are you doing here, Flagg?"

"Just bumming. Drifting around with the gang."

"I mean—here in Boston."

"Oh, nothing. Working. I've got a job over in South Boston—it's the Hendrix Leather Company—in their shipping sheds."

"Where are you living, Flagg?"

He gave her the address of his boarding house. And then, "But what are *you* doing here, Fern? How did *you* ever happen up around this way? How long have you been here? Where do *you* live?"

She told him. That was the astonishing thing. Struck, not dumb, but garrulous, they forgot themselves. Perhaps it was rather that for a wink they remembered themselves, and were making all haste to give themselves away beyond recall before the sorcery should pass and they be whisked apart again.

There they stood for a while, like two come from the ends of the earth to meet wading in a ford, and then, though the tide of bodies that bore against them and the froth of innumerable fragmentary voices that washed over them meant less than nothing, Flagg protested, "Come on, let's get out of this," and making a way with his shoulder led her down to the quieter sand.

They sat there on the soft, long-shadowed stuff, still unguarded and almost feverishly voluble, each catching the word from the other before the other was done.

"Now that I've found you, Flagg—"

"Now that I know you're here, Fern, and know where you live—"

At first it had been only his eyes, but now the boy's whole face seemed changing, like contused flesh blown upon by a healing wind.

Fern sat and never stirred, all the knots of her nerves undone. For the while she felt the heaven of one who has

been kept awake beyond endurance by the blows of a "third degree" let sleep and caught into immediate dream. The scene was set for nothing else, indeed, a formless ground, an uncharted reef, claimed neither by life nor death, light nor darkness, sound nor silence. Blaring brightness on one side, black space on the other, there still lay this no-man's-land between.

"Flagg—"

"Fern, now listen—"

"We can do—" There were so many things they could do.

"We can go—" There was a whole city, a whole world.

"But, Flagg, you've got to take some care of yourself. You look as if you hadn't been."

"How can a fellow? Batting around with the gang I do. What's there in it, anyway, when there's nobody that gives a damn. You do though, now."

"Oh, Fla-a-agg!"

"You *do!*"

Suddenly, making a great, sliding hole in the sand with his hip, the boy was down with his head in her lap. Not a sound. Simply a letting-go. A complete, awkward, heavily imprisoning sprawl.

Something took hold of Fern's throat and squeezed. It was almost as if Flagg had reached up to do it.

Fern tried. "Don't be a fool!" she implored of herself. Aloud but weakly, clearing her constricted throat, she maundered over him, "Yes, Flagg, yes. There, there!" By an act of will that made her break out in perspiration she lifted her free hand to lay it upon the thick, disordered hair, and then, because it shook so that she was afraid he could feel it all the way down her limbs, could not.

"Oh, Flagg!" But it might have meant anything.

Still she tried. She looked down over her chin, her eyes dilating. All she could see, now, were the cords at the back of this man's neck rounding in to the processes of the vertebræ, swollen with growth, covered with short bristles, and pitted with pores. She felt the weight of his shoulders as an animal aggression pinning her to the ground and the heat of his contact as a violence striking through her clothing and spotting the hidden whiteness of her knees and thighs.

But it was only Flagg, only Flagg, she kept on protesting.

She bit her mouth. Only Flagg. And she saw in a flash that that was just the trouble. It was not that Flagg was a man, with the others, but that all those other men against whose proximity her body had rebelled these years had been Flagg India, and none but Flagg. She saw him on the bank of that brook, red-faced and white-naked, and suddenly staring. Her mouth fell open, and she began to breathe heavily.

Flagg lifted himself on his arms to study her. In that second she was on her feet, yards away.

"Why, what's the— Fern!"

"I'm sorry, Flagg. I—I don't—can't bear being—"

"Being what?"

"Being—what you were doing."

"What was I doing?"

Flagg was too bewildered to move. He remained there, reared on his arms like a stuffed walrus, his neck cracked back.

"Say! What was I doing?"

"I can't help it. I hate being touched."

Now the magic was gone, and with it Fern, the "twin" he remembered. The time was come for him to wonder how in the devil he had imagined he had recognized as anyone he had ever known this strange, tall, narrowly contained, chance-met young woman, who stood there above him in the streaked half-light of a Boston pleasure beach, mysteriously troubled. Yes, and mysteriously troubling. Now that his eyes were cleared and he saw that she was not Fern, he saw that she was, in her own queer pestilential way, with that stark coloring of hers like blood on snow in moonlight, beautiful for a man to look at.

Fury and shame darkened his face,

shame at having acted so with a stranger, fury at the fashion of her rebuke. He scrambled to his feet and stood, not knowing what to do with his hands.

"*Touching* you!" He scowled, he was so hurt. "For God's sake, if you feel that way—"

"It's my fault, Flagg." Could he but have heard the sob behind it.

"If you think for one second anything off-color ever entered *my* head—"

"Flagg, Flagg, haven't I told you I was sorry?"

"Sorry! In a pig's eye, you are!" He spoke out of a black gap in one corner of his mouth. He laughed and spit. "You're sorry like the rest of 'em. You give just about that much of a damn."

He wheeled and started off. He hesitated, muttering, "*Touched* her; what do you know about that?" giving her one last chance. When she failed to take it he opened his mouth to the sky. "*Good . . . NIGHT!*"

After he had gone, Fern sank down on the sand. She put her face in her two hands. It was only after she had rocked and twisted for nearly a minute that she could cry.

When it was too late she hurried up into the thinning crowd on the boardwalk, trying to find him. More men than ever looked at her, with that mark of wildness on her, but none of them was Flagg.

Next morning, before eight, she stood in the alley opposite the gate of the shipping-shed where he had said he worked. Here were men, with a vengeance; the street outside her hiding-place ran hordes of them, human bucks and bulls, big-necked, smelling of machinery and tobacco and sweat. But eight o'clock on a dozen whistles blew them away through gates and doors and no Flagg yet had she seen.

He came along the street alone, a quarter-hour late, kicking the pavement woodenly with his soles.

"Didn't I tell you I was sorry, Flagg? I do care, so much, so much. And now that you're here, and I'm here, and we've found each other again—"

But not a word of it aloud. Not so much as an inch, she found too late a second time, had she budged from her ambush in the alley. Flagg, still punishing the ground, disappeared in the yard across the street. The gate closed with a bang.

To Be Concluded

OUR LOST DIGNITY

BY ERNEST BOYD

WHEN President Coolidge enlivened the doldrums of summer journalism by allowing himself to be photographed as a cowboy, with ten-gallon hat, blue shirt, red necktie, and chaps emblazoned "Cal" in gigantic letters the spectacle aroused indignation in the honest bosoms of his political opponents. It even caused embarrassment to some of his supporters, and stirred to sardonic mirth those neutral onlookers who see most of the game of life. People recalled the President's apparent predilection for this kind of movie entertainment, the pictures of him in the role of a horny-handed Vermont haymaker, or sturdy rustic extracting maple syrup from the unprotesting tree. They even remembered the electric horse, whose Edisonian prancings and cavortings beguiled the tedium of the White House in a manner less suggestive of "Way Down East." One editor went so far as to call him a "pitiful puppet of publicity," and the general consensus of opinion was that the President was acting in a way that was incompatible with the dignity of his high office.

George Washington, presumably, would not have posed for a photographer fired with the ambition to present the Father of his country in the act of cutting down the cherry tree, nor would Abraham Lincoln have gratified the nation with a picture of himself splitting rails, or leaning gauntly against his little log cabin. Dignity, apparently, seems to have been one of the adjuncts of the Presidency of the United States until comparatively recent times. Whatever may be said about certain occupants of that exalted post, however lacking some of them may have been in those great personal qualities popularly supposed to be the characteristic of democratic rulers, all of them, until recently, paid at least that homage to their position which, as Swift said, vice pays to virtue. They were hypocrites. In other words, they had the grace not to make a public display of their fatuity.

Some earnest historian, writing of the decline and fall of the American Empire, will doubtless trace in due course the process of degeneration whereby the Cæsars of the New World followed in the footsteps of their Roman predecessors, offering themselves in the circus as a spectacle for the mob. Calvin Coolidge fishing, in a carefully pressed business suit and wearing a stiff collar, while Sacco and Vanzetti "burned," may suggest a parallel to Nero's recreation when Rome burned. When Cincinnatus was taken from his plough, the rural simplicity of the tableau had a certain charm of novelty. A President of the United States being taken from the White House in a special train to his maple-syrup can is a reversal of the situation which is neither dramatic nor natural. Our historian will doubtless insist upon the similarity between this artificial rusticity and that in which the Old Regime indulged at Versailles, until that Arcady, its shepherds and shepherdesses, heard the mob roaring at the gates of the castle and knew that the Bastille had fallen.

While the historian must be permitted his little flights of fancy in search of parallels, he will doubtless take his task

seriously enough to try to determine the exact point at which presidential masquerades and vaudeville acts became an integral part of American statesmanship. He will note that the much maligned Woodrow Wilson did not go in for this peculiar type of shirt-sleeves diplomacy, possibly because his public performances had the striking setting of a world war, which was assuredly not of his making, but which dispensed with the necessity for creating special sets for his big scenes. He may mention further that Warren Gamaliel Harding may have shown himself in plus-fours on the golf links, but that the honorable, if rather appalling garb of a shriner in full panoply represented his highest flight of histrionics, a flight on which the imagination of millions of humble citizens accompanied him. Upon neither of these worthy occupants of Calvin Coolidge's throne can responsibility for this presidential play-acting be fixed.

It seems likely that dispassionate research will designate Colonel Roosevelt as the first, and so far the greatest, of the White House movie actors. It was he who welcomed the omnipresent camera, to record his deeds as a rough rider, to immortalize him leaning meditatively with his elbow on his knee, and his triumphant foot on the neck of a hippopotamus in the African jungle, or engaged in a life-and-death struggle with a bison on the great plains of America. This exuberant, two-fisted, and quintessential American acquired these aids to political immortality instinctively and naturally, for the postures in which he was depicted related more or less to some genuine manifestation of his personality, and in politics one must express one's personality. A Theodore Roosevelt without a photographer is as unthinkable as a Woodrow Wilson without a moral platitude. But what is sauce for a Roosevelt is not sauce for a Coolidge, or, one President's meat is another President's poison.

It is said by those who specialize in the devious arts of mob mastery that Roosevelt was a mountebank, but no one has asserted that he was undignified to the point of being an object of ridicule. There was always some plausible connection between his public posturing and his private predilections. The tangible evidence of his big-game expeditions we have still with us, but we have no expectation of seeing La Follette's scalp adorning the hall of Amherst because Mr. Coolidge went native for a few moments in Dakota and was rotogravured in full war paint and with all his feathers. Nor is it likely that a spirited mustang in the grounds of the White House will replace the ingenious electrical device with which he slenderizes, merely because he graced a rodeo in hat and chaps of inconceivable magnitude to the effete Eastern mind.

The plain blunt citizenry of These States are so shrewd that, as every politician knows, you cannot deceive them, and they suspect that the President cannot do, and dislikes the thought of doing, most of the things which he is purported to be about to do in the photographs. Putting two and two together, they suspect that these incongruous pictures are just publicity. They are right, as we all are right when we sapiently use that epithet opprobriously, but that does not prevent us from enjoying all of it, believing most of it, and paying, directly or indirectly, for every bit of it. To jeer at publicity and to swallow it has become as easy a feat for the American public as to reward richly every person who demonstrates in fiction or drama that they are all ignominious imbeciles, without a rival for sheepish pusillanimity in Christendom. They no longer care so much for the scream of the national eagle as for those who scream at that fabulous bird. The only way nowadays to insult an intelligent American is to suggest timidly that he and his country are no worse, and in many ways considerably better, than the mythical nations of super-sophisticates beyond the seas.

Some have held that this kind of insensitiveness to hostile criticism, this bland toleration of abuse, is a sign of strength and superiority. When America was on the defensive, Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens could create a storm of civic protest by referring to cuspidors and expectoration. Now, with Judge Lindsey's book in hand, and other evidence acquired in the larger centers of liberal culture, one cannot even provoke an argument by alluding to matters which once were inaudibly whispered into the ears of the family doctor. These things are now accepted features of the American scene. Where is the old dignity, the decorum of a simpler age, when everybody, from the President down, trod cautiously in fear of what the neighbors might say? Is America undignified or magnificently insolent in the true fashion of those who think imperially? As a French marquise could undress in the presence of her servants without sacrificing the prestige of her rank, may an American President not be superbly indifferent to the effect upon his underlings of official fatuity?

Those monarchs who have survived the attempt to make all nations equal in the sight of the electorate appear with impunity in varied garb, and their loyal subjects are in no wise conscious of any absurdity in the protean and chameleon-like qualities displayed. The ex-Emperor of Germany used to excite some derision outside the borders of his own country because he had as many uniforms as his cousins and colleagues elsewhere in Europe. But he had a bad press; he needed an expert public relations counsel, then a lot of things might have been different. Actually the parade of uniforms, of ermine-clad judges, of bewigged lawyers, of bishops in gaiters and apron is maintained for publicity purposes, and serves the same end as the President's axe artistically lodged in the bark of a Vermont maple, or his hay fork carefully poised while the sun shines and the camera clicks. Good British Episcopalians undoubtedly believe that a bishop in a shovel hat, apron, and gaiters is the true embodiment of ecclesiastical dignity, but the lesser breeds without the law merely think the costume is archaic and rather foolish.

If the American President were bound, as a matter of routine, to don various disguises, under certain conditions, as European rulers do, sensitive citizens would either become inured to the sight and blind to its absurdities, or they would agitate until a series of costumes had been devised which, if inherently preposterous, would at least seem to connote dignity and tradition. The public likes and must have a circus and clowns, and it is a wise government that devises its own big parade and its own forms of clowning. In this country the matter is left to chance and to press agents, with the result that a President in a Shriner's fez is not so impressive as a common London beefeater, nor can the opening of a rodeo, however gaudy the cowboy costume, compare with the Ziegfeldian magnificence of a king's coronation robes. Why is Mr. Ziegfeld not invited to glorify the American President? Since a show is essential, let it be a good show.

At the same time this would release all American citizens from that fixation on uniforms and decorations which, in the absence of official and national insignia, has resulted in the multiplication of friendly orders gaily caparisoned. That depressing and undignified national pastime of parades would be consigned to the oblivion its ugly futility deserves, and on state occasions Americans could combine dignity with pleasure . . . and publicity. Even the women could then benefit by the British practice whereby their frocks are advertised not only by themselves to their envious friends, but by their dressmakers to a gaping public eagerly scanning the accounts of royal levees. It is sad, indeed, to reflect that the penalty paid in this country for its stern and Spartan republicanism should

be the partial frustration of two fundamental human instincts: the desire to dress up and the desire to act. It is next to impossible for an American to release these impulses without being called undignified. Hence the deflection of those instincts into unworthy channels, usually at the instigation of publicity experts.

If President Coolidge is a "pitiful puppet of publicity," that simply means that the government is keeping abreast of the times. The buffooneries which make the reputation of a movie queen, or a quack medicine, or an evangelist may seem unworthy of the lofty purposes of a President. But in this pragmatic country even a government employee has enough sense to know that, although its mechanism has been often explained and its secrets exposed, publicity works, for all that. Therefore, even if most people suspect the press agent, why should the head of the State not benefit by the offices of that indispensable pillar of modern American society? It is all very well for the conservative and expiring civilization of Europe to cling to some remnants of dignity, as reminders of the grandeur that was once a reality. As a matter of harsh fact, the dignity of nations indebted and demoralized, convulsed with hatreds and torn by problems beyond their comprehension, has something about it of the air of a beggar on horseback, even if he has always owned a horse. America can afford to be undignified, for it is only those who are not sure of themselves who feel obliged to stand constantly upon their dignity. Once, perhaps, the dignity of simplicity was the chief ornament of this country; that, at least, is how a Franklin and a Jefferson impressed Europeans. It is, however, as unreasonable to expect America to retain the virtues of that generation as to ask the United States Government to apply the principles of that ingenuous age. The times have changed and Americans have changed with them!

Dignity seems to have been invented for the purpose of exciting respect and reverence. Neither of these emotions is precisely an outstanding characteristic of the present day. Children no longer respect their parents, but they like them much better. We have abandoned the attempt to revere women, in the face of their manifest desire to be treated like human beings, and they apparently are more satisfied, while men are saved a vast amount of trouble. As practical people we are as irreverent and as disrespectful as we can conveniently be, and we welcome the disappearance of dignity as one of our most useful time-saving devices. Old-fashioned observers are hurt and disturbed. They cannot see things with the eyes of the new order and attribute to a changed world ideas which no longer hold because the postulates on which the ideas rested are gone. We mean no harm nowadays by our disrespect: it is instinctive, not deliberate.

Those who fear that if we do not revere and respect our masters the latter will cease to command our attention and obedience omit the compensating factor. Cynicism and disillusionment have happily taken the place of reverence and respect, and we accept brute force as a workable substitute—and a more honest one—for dignity. Never were governments, their representatives and all their works, held in such low esteem as to-day, and never have they shown themselves more brazenly corrupt and incompetent and more certain of their power to bully and browbeat. We no more expect a democratic government to display the remotest concern for the rights which it is supposed to safeguard than we expect a revenue officer to be honest, or a political champion of Prohibition to be sober. So long as we were all dignified, in other words, when we deemed it necessary to indulge in mutual and polite lying as between governors and governed, between employers and employees, between men and women, between parents and children—

it then took an intelligent person the best years of a lifetime to discover the truth behind the fair appearance. Without even the waste of a thought, youngsters now reach the age of twenty-one equipped with a healthy skepticism, based not on theory but on practice.

In the presence of this generation, the less we say about dignity the better. It is the gradual, the almost unconscious adapting of society to the conditions which are making this generation's world, that is responsible for the incongruities regarded as undignified. They would be undignified if the conception of dignity, as once understood, had survived, just as women fashionably dressed would be immodest, if the conception of modesty, as once understood, still prevailed. From time to time, it is true, champions of things past denounce feminine fashions, and enforce the old rules of modesty, but the women who cover up their arms, neck, and legs, at the behest of a Mussolini, do not appear any more or less respectable to a rational observer than those who display as much of themselves as current conventions permit. It is the convention, not the display, which determines the degree of modesty. And it is the convention which likewise determines the degree of dignity. Those who argue that a woman whose knees are visible cannot be dignified need not be surprised if she prefers shortness of skirt to height of dignity. The most she will do is to substitute stockings of the all-silk variety for the lisle tops of an earlier dispensation. Her sense of dignity reposes upon a foundation of silk, whereas it once depended upon several petticoats and flounces.

It is inevitable that there should be regrets, that many of us should be seized by a nostalgia for the flounces and furbelows of yore, that we should bewail the disappearance of all that once stood for decency, dignity, and beauty. As people are shocked by the nakedness, as they see it, of women, they are uncomfortable in an age which is bare of pomp and ceremony. Nowadays everything is exposed, in both senses of that word, and decorum and discretion seem to have disappeared. The most conservative circles make a stand for the old order, and are not aware that they have already accepted changes which were once outrageous and revolutionary.

A French commentator recently expressed his shocked indignation at the exploitation of the Prince of Wales as the eternal adolescent, declaring that the heir to the British throne was no longer an infant and should be married in the interests of the dynasty. But, he gathered, it was deemed more profitable to monarchy to maintain the Prince as a sort of *matinée* idol, with whom every British woman is in love. The Frenchman's feelings as a republican were outraged by this lack of monarchical dignity. No such indignation was manifested when the previous Prince of Wales, before he became Edward VII, disported himself discreetly in Paris.

Reflection will show that decreasing dignity is an integral part of modern history. The flapper of to-day looks no more shorn of all graces to her grandmother, than the latter looked to hers, when wigs and patches and ruffles went the way of all fashions. If President Coolidge appears in roles from which President Poincaré would shrink, George V is a wild bohemian in comparison with Queen Victoria. The Four Georges were more dignified, as befitted their age, than the Fifth, but that did not prevent them from behaving in a manner which this degenerate age would consider impossible. The privileges of conduct once reserved for the privacy of a restricted class are now widespread. By democratizing them we must pay the penalty, which consists in the uncomfortable suspicion that the plain people are getting to know too much. Why dignity should not be thrown to the mob, since everything else has been surrendered, has yet to be explained.

The Lion's Mouth

HELP WANTED

BY HAROLD W. BRECHT

IN THESE encouraging days in which we welcome small girls as poets, and little boys as novelists and naturalists, I take it upon myself to shatter the conspiracy of silence that is leagued against Ralph (author of *The Curse*, *The Freshman's Revenge*, etc.). Ralph has been a writer for only a month, since, at fifteen, life offers so many beckoning prospects, but he has already finished three stories and part of a novel with that fine energy which should appeal to editors, and which, translated into so enviable a celerity of production, seems to exert no deleterious effects on the peculiar qualities of his talent. I have watched him at work (for he is none of your delicate souls that demand quiet and seclusion, and he could do a short story, if necessary, at his own birthday party) awed a little by the breakneck speed with which his pen races over the paper, as I am jealous, too, of the smiles and rapt looks which now and then cross his face, by which I know that some scenes of robust comedy are being enacted, some new figures are springing fully accoutered from his imagination to assist—or even entirely to supplant—his former characters. And yet, no publisher.

I shall keep myself from speaking now of his early period. In it he falls a trifle short, we think, of the austere ideal of impartiality; the brilliancies of word and deed are reserved too often for his heroes, and his villains are left to mouth either ineffectual curses or tiresome and outworn platitudes (see, passim, *The Freshman's Revenge*, and the unnamed work beginning, "Who killed him, was it his beautiful daughter?"). Then, too, it is often felt that death is allowed to stalk almost at will through his pages, too many of which are stained with an extravagance of blood; tragedies no less affecting because they arrive unexpectedly and are dismissed curtly and without tears (e.g., "She died, and the body was sent home"). But his last work, while fulfilling the promise of his comparative immaturity, is different. Contrariwise to the accomplishment of more popular, though no less fecund, writers, it is his best, and if the peering eye of criticism can detect in it outside influences, Ralph borrows, as did Shakespeare, but to adorn. It begins:

> Claire, a very attractive blonde, was just an ordinary typist of the busy and whirling metropolis, New York. She worked for Harold J. Ramsey, a prominent and influential banker, who looked with favor upon her as a "wife for a lucky man."
>
> "Twelve bells at last," exclaimed Claire to her working-mate, Margie. "Let's go down to the Automat and get some good old Boston baked beans!"
>
> Margie, a few-worded high-minded girl with romantic ideas, answered in the affirmative, and Margie put the "Gone to lunch" sign on the door while Claire rang for the elevator. Their plans coincided, and both girls were ready when the elevator stopped for them on its downward flight.

I cannot refrain from pointing out the apparent paucity of effort with which Margie's characterization is achieved. And how truly! How many of us, high-minded and with romantic ideas, are

forced by the bludgeonings of life into being "few-worded." Notice, too, the attention to minutiæ which governs the elevator scene. Here is no haphazard sallying into the corridor, no trace of the common, inefficient methods in vogue among elevator passengers. One girl rings while the other puts up the "Gone to lunch" sign, certainly a bit of thoughtfulness in behalf of Mr. Ramsey, that eminent banker. Nor is their care unrewarded. They are ready, and the elevator stops; "their plans coincided," as the text has it.

Jim, the new hot-dish server at the restaurant, had a wonderful personality as well as an aristocratic set of features. "Well, girlies, what's on deck to-day?" he asked.

"Oh! We'll both take beans, frankfurters, peas, mash potatoes, and sauerkraut," replied Claire, speaking for them both.

We are perhaps a hint disappointed, if there lingers in us any of the Victorian ideal of women as other-world beings unsullied by ordinary desires, to find that our heroines eat so much; we are inclined to suspect an intrusion of Ralph's own character, or rather, his appetite. But the passage has certainly the pragmatic sanction, since without it we should be denied the repartee it gives rise to.

"Here you are, sweeties," Jim said after some quick work. "Twenty-five cents apiece."

"Pretty cheap for all these eatables," Claire remarked.

"Yes," Jim wittily replied. "Pretty cheap to pretty girls."

We must skip, at what sacrifice, until "good old five o'clock rolls around" when Mr. Ramsey summons Claire into his "separate office." Here, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he announces that since she has worked so well for five years, she deserves a reward. As he puts it, "'I will give you a month's vacation in the best resort in the country, and I will have my chauffer obey your least commands.'"

Claire demurs, as we knew that she would, but she is overruled. "'Tuh, tuh, Claire Jones,'" Mr. Ramsey surmounts her last objection, "'I'm only doing for you what your Dad would have done if he was living to-day.'" Of too rare a type, like the Cheeryble brothers, Mr. Ramsey; and though we may be a trifle impatient at his slavishly waiting until five o'clock with such important news, we cannot fail to be impressed, it seems to me, by the nobility of a nature so tactful and so generous.

"Then came days of hustle and bustle for Claire Jones, the plain ordinary stenographer of New York." (We like this insistence that she is ordinary.) "She received every shampoo known by the best hairdressers of New York City; even her fingernails received the best attention of Mme. Douwell the manicurist of London." She buys dresses, blue, yellow, red, and, as Ralph ably puts it, "all the other colors." She buys shoes in similar profusion; "in fact Claire said, 'A nice new pair for every affair.'" She fills "twenty suit-cases and five trunks with her clothing-wardrobe." . . . "She arranged to be driven to Palm Beach by Mr. Ramsey's chauffer so as to make a decided impression upon the other guests. Her suit-cases and trunks would be sent down by train, and there they would be taken care of by the Hotel Geltbilt employees."

At the office Claire is given "a hearty farewell and many 'Enjoy yourself's'" (no hint of envy, we are sure, in Margie's) "including, of course, the enthusiastic Harold J. Ramsey with his parting words of 'Better grab yourself a millionaire down there, Claire.'" The next sentence takes us to the midst of the gilded atmosphere of the Hotel Geltbilt, Palm Beach, "where only millionaires and multi-millionaires are accustomed to stay, because of the exceptional high rates and the extreme partiality of the hotel manager." Allowing for the pun in this sentence Ralph has contributed in it a long-sought *mot juste* to literature. The partiality of the hotel manager; we, too, have shrunk before it.

The millionaires, and multi-millionaires, are deceived by a similarity of names into thinking that Claire is Miss Jones of Long Island Sound, heiress to the Jones millions; nor did she "try to disillusion them" (by telegraph, doubtless) "that she was only a hard-working New York City stenographer, because she was out for one great splurge of one month." In her honor they arrange all sorts of dances, card parties, and hunts. We get the tenseness of expectancy which pervades the hotel; when a limousine draws up in front of it, the next day, we can picture the millionaires crowding to its windows and lining its staircases. Out of the automobile "stepped an exquisitely dressed aristocratic young woman whose refreshing perfumes instantly turned all eyes her way. She wore a headband of pearls, a beaded white dress, beaded white shoes, a white spring coat of imported material, and in her hand she carried a beautiful, large, ostrich-feathered fan." This, we can guess almost at once, is Claire, and though it is to be admitted that her costume, perfume and all, is a little unconventional for traveling, we may surmise that, intent on her splurge, she paused to don it just outside the city, or that the imported coat had some of the attributes of a duster.

After Claire registers and disappears with a bell-boy all the guests crowd around the clerk's desk to look at her name. "'Worth millions,' 'some looker,' 'spiffy legs,' 'nifty clothes,' 'wish I could meet her,'" are their remarks, and it is gratifying to find the thought and idiom of millionaires so similar to those of us humbler folk, although I confess to a slight fear at this point that the Geltbilt Hotel is exclusively masculine. The millionaires are aroused, to borrow Ralph's word, and they wait fully three hours for Claire to descend. Here, I think, our author has reached a climax. For these rich men, accustomed to the swift deference and the pampered desires which their great wealth gives, to wait so contentedly for just a passing glimpse of those nifty clothes, those spiffy legs illuminates the power of Claire's loveliness beyond the ability of words.

At last Claire, able now to disdain elevators, comes downstairs. She is surrounded by the waiting throng, who shower her with invitations. She hesitates (and no wonder), accepting finally that of Robert Van Huesen, son of the coal magnate. "Robert was just stepping out, so Claire thought they would have some swell times together. Besides, in her heart she was really awed of the society folks about. Just then the supper bell sounded and Claire and Robert slowly proceeded into the large and spacious dining room."

Here, I regret to say, the manuscript ends and, from my experience with Ralph's methods, I am disposed to the foreboding that it will never be finished. The practice of writing several stories at once has its drawbacks. For example, in the unnamed work I quoted, after refusing to suspect the daughter because of our experience with the false trails mystery writers would lead us on, we are yet breathless for any satisfactory evidence that will clear her of a foul and unnatural murder. And, since a prize contest was necessary to end Conrad's last book, and the intervention of a spirit from another world failed in *Edwin Drood*, I shall hazard no awkward guesses now as to the outcome of the present story. But need we fear? If we must say farewell to Claire let it be here, when, arm-in-arm with Robert, she stands at the threshold of the large and spacious dining room, her lovely eyes lit with anticipation of the swell times to come when they step out, but awed in her heart.

If I could remake Ralph according to my soul's desire, there are two things that I should change. The first is a certain mercenary attitude, shared, I am sure, by none of his child-competitors. Of each of his stories he is prone to ask, "How much will I get for that, do you think?" The second is a more grievous fault. If I venture to put some question (such as, for instance, how in his search

for mannered simplicity the hotel manager happened to think of the dinner bell) he will answer with his quick smile and the words, "Well, I don't know much about writing stories, you know." Modesty is never among the baggage of the artist.

THE SQUASH-BORER

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

A FRIEND of mine who carries on an unequal struggle against nature in his effort to grow vegetables in his back-yard has been telling me something about the squash-borer. This pest, it seems, selects some long and juicy stalk of the squash, insinuates himself into it just above the root, burrows along it until he comes to some promising bud or blossom, and then chews off said bud or blossom. In the morning the gardener, who only the evening before had been lost in prophetic contemplation of a noble crop, now finds his hopes all dashed. "It's all part of Nature's Great Design," do you say? A dirty underhand business, I call it.

I am not a gardener, but it occurs to me that the squash-borer is not without his counterparts in human society who have their own insidious ways of destroying a man's confidence in the value of his standards. Under their attack the stalk of moral judgment becomes limp and juiceless; the blossom wilts and dies. In fact, you don't know where you are. I have suffered so much from these insects that I know most of their tricks. If I describe some of them I may save a few readers from being made victims.

We will say, then, that I believe, nay stoutly maintain, that X is black—X being any course of conduct or any opinion you like. Enter the squash-borer. Squash-borer *loquitur:* "Poor old thing! You're getting all stiff and dogmatic in your ideas: a sure sign of middle age! Think of fifteen years ago. You weren't so confident then. In those days you would say, 'Looked at in one light, X is black, and in another, white. Perhaps the truth is that X is just a harmless gray. Far be it from me to lay down the law.' No doubt you flatter yourself on the growth of a riper judgment, but are you sure it isn't just the sluggishness that comes with respectability and general middle-aged success? Nothing is easier than to confuse growing older with growing wiser, to mistake stiffness of mind for settled conviction. For when you get to forty two things happen to you: First, you begin to feel tired. Keeping an open mind is too much fag. So you follow the line of least resistance and think in terms of crude black and white. Second, you have the great body of solid citizens backing you up. It's so comfortable to feel you have the majority with you. You think you're a classic when you're only a back number."

I ask any middle-aged man if he can allay the dreadful suspicion thus aroused. Can he really *prove* that calling X black is a sign of sanity and not of senescence?

So much for squirm the first of the squash-borer. Now for squirm the second.

"But, look here, who are you to sit in judgment on others with your 'X is black'? Judge not that ye be not judged. Physician heal thyself. First remove the beam, etc. Forgive me for being both scriptural and trite, but, after all, this holier-than-thou attitude you are taking up is offensive and even immoral. It takes all sorts to make a world, and you are only one of them. Think how insupportably dull it would be if we all thought alike, especially if we all thought like you. No. Don't go about judging people and trying to mold them in accordance with your own private standards. Be charitable. Accustom yourself to live with the

revolutionary idea that there may be interesting and valuable things even in people who have the audacity to differ from you. Come down off your pedestal and try to appreciate their strange ideas and their idiosyncrasies instead of judging them."

I hate sermons, especially when they issue from squash-borers, and yet—still speaking of course as a middle-aged man of settled conviction—I confess that I am disturbed by the appeal to toleration. Hang it all! I have always thought that I *was* tolerant. At the same time I firmly believe that X *is* black. Yet that seems to prove me a vile prig—a proposition which I refuse to entertain. Away, hateful squash-borer!

But squash-borer will not away. He passes on to squirm three.

"Did I really hear you saying that 'X is white' is a most dangerous and subversive idea? My dear man, what absolute rot! Where's your historical sense? Don't you know that all the best things were at first new and revolutionary and shocking to the old fogies? The Copernican astronomy, the doctrine of Evolution, Gothic Architecture, The Sermon on the Mount, Romantic Poetry, antisepsis, anæsthetics, vaccination, short skirts, athletics, and votes for women—I could go on for hours. There has always been a struggle going on between the generations: the youngsters trying to let in some fresh air and the old folk exclaiming that if a window were opened everyone would get pneumonia and die. But the windows were opened. Nobody caught cold. Law and order and morals were not dissolved. In fact, everyone was the better for the change. It's exactly the same now over this question whether X is black or white. You must not let yourself fall for all this talk about subversive doctrine. Surely you don't want to be classed with The Inquisition and the Quarterly Reviewers and Pontius Pilate and the English Bishops and the Fundamentalists and Mrs. Grundy. So decide to vote now, as the politicians say, for the party of youth and life."

Squash-borer, I note, is inclined to wax a little sentimental and rhetorical. And his logic is weak: not all new things are necessarily good. Moreover, I am not much concerned about what the future will think of me, for I doubt if in any event the future will think of me at all. But in spite of these reservations I have to admit that this appeal unsettles if it does not impress me. Perhaps X *is* white? I suppose it's only rational to think that I may be wrong. But if X can be black at one time and white at another, I repeat I don't know where I am. Must one cultivate a perpetual uncertainty, a nicely balanced skepticism? Is that what open-mindedness comes to? I confess it's all very perplexing.

But hark! Squash-borer is at it again. . . . That was a long disquisition. I must condense what he said.

There are lots of bad men, it seems, who agree with me in asserting that X is black. Well, not bad men, perhaps, but men whose motives are not above suspicion. Big Business, for example. Your modern pirate finds that it pays to dress like a Sunday School Teacher. A high moral tone and ideal aims are useful assets. They help to cover up shady practices. They help to bring home the bacon. Politicians who are working for votes or for plums, Reformers with axes to grind, Statesmen who have an eye on foreign concessions, stockholders, churchmen, hundred percenters, vested interest, privilege, and authority—all who, in the name of Law and Order, are concerned to "keep the people quiet" agree most remarkably in proclaiming loudly that X is black. Now we know that this is an Age of Transition and an Age of Machines and so on, but most of all it is the Age of Propaganda. There is not a Cause or a Movement or a Concern without its expert in this line, whether he is called Publicity Man or Public Relations Counsel. You begin to see squash-borer's point? "X is

black" is a subtle piece of propaganda and I am one of the myriad victims. I think I am recording a conviction freely reached, but in reality my mind has been invaded and drugged by poisonous fumes. I must rouse myself before it is too late and disown all association with the great company of respectable crooks. I must assert my independence. Say X is white or gray or no color at all! Anything rather than confess that I am a dupe.

I asked my horticultural friend what he does about the squash-borer. He says that no one has yet discovered an infallible way of dealing with it. When he catches one he grinds it under his heel.

PLUS FOURS

BY CHARLES MERZ

TWO MILLION Americans now spend part of every summer in a sand-pit. Golf is played all over the country by more people than play any other outdoor game, or ever have played any other. One half billion dollars is what this nation spends each year, the New York *Times* reports, on greens fees, new equipment, caddies, lawnmowers, and lost balls. Thousands of middle-aged Americans who never heard of par till they were well past forty have begun to practice pitches to the green. Thousands of Americans who never saw a goose-neck putter or a dog-leg hole till 1920 now spend several hours every summer afternoon trying conscientiously to keep their heads down, hold their arms in, and let their elbows follow through. Nothing is done by halves in the United States. On the crest of an enthusiasm which has filled this nation with more putting greens than savings banks and public libraries, golf has swept the country.

This was the lady's game, if you remember. It is easy to recall the popular conviction, held until the last few years, that golf was a game for elderly professors and presidents of banks, wholly devoid of thrills, utterly without excitement and, on the whole, about as sporting as backgammon. It seemed preposterous then to believe that great armies of lawyers, jewelers, hardware men, and dry-goods merchants in the cities and the smaller towns could ever be persuaded to take golf seriously, let alone with ecstasy. As for the sporting crowd that followed baseball and the prize ring: golf was glorified croquet for dudes. Times have changed considerably. To-day the very gods of baseball and the prize ring have gone in for golf, and the rotogravure sections bring us home-run kings and heavyweight champions wearing tassels at their knees.

For golf is no longer the game that was played in a few secluded corners by old men. It is a game played everywhere by people of widely different ages and from widely different walks of life. So rapidly are courses being built that the total value of golf real estate in this country is now estimated at a billion and a half. There are courses so magnificent that their grounds alone are worth several million dollars, and courses so humble that they can be bought for a few hundred. There are courses whose club-houses, done in the Italian-Spanish manner, with hand-carved fireplaces, imported roofs, and Georgian locker-rooms, are valued at $850,000; and there are courses whose plain shacks of unornamented pine are valued at $100, furniture included. There are courses actually within the city limits of the largest cities in the country; and one of the best nine-hole courses in north-central Kansas is at the town of Gaylord, with a total population of 356.

Over these courses—five thousand of them in all—tramp two million experts, amateurs, and willing plodders, trying for par, for bogey, or for something over bogey, remembering to keep their muscles

flexed and put back chunks of turf. So thick on one another's heels do these people come, filling the air with flying balls and laying down a barrage of shots ahead of them, that golf has even begun to have its casualties. A single insurance company, the Travelers of Hartford, now pays four hundred premiums annually for accidents resulting from wild drives, flying irons, slippery turf, and broken glasses.

Golf has become a national institution. Why?

Because it is good exercise, or good training for the nerves, or takes men back to nature? There are more convenient forms of exercise, and other ways of getting back to nature than by getting into a bunker. This game is more than a mere stroll through the hills or the slow pursuit of an unimportant ball through miles of verdant pasture. Golf is great for a variety of reasons, but first of all because it happens to fit in with certain real enthusiasms which are perfectly normal to every modern man yet in this methodical modern world of ours are denied expression.

This is a good life we lead, with plenty of bathtubs, good books, open forums, laundries, high schools, six-tube receiving sets, and national highways, but it is admittedly short on sheer adventure. There are no corners of the country unexplored, no valleys to be linked with railways. We have all that is best and biggest in grand opera, rapid transit, hospitals, extension courses, skyscrapers, wheat fields, and department stores, but it is not the country it used to be for sheer excitement—not when all of us talk the same language, wear the same clothes, eat the same breakfast foods, and laugh at the same jokes in the same syndicated cartoons every morning. We have lost our frontiers.

It is into this world, a good world but a drab world, by comparison with our own romantic past, that golf brings joy and color. Try pitching a ball that doesn't float over a lake that is filled with bulrushes, if you are looking for adventure. Come into the locker-room, if it is folk lore you are after, and listen to the talk:

"—more damn distance out of that damn club—"

"—trouble with you, Harry, is you look up too soon and your stance is bad and you swing too quick and you don't time right. If you wouldn't stand so far behind the ball and sway so much—"

"All right, Judge, so long as it's you, you can pour me another little one—"

"Oh, boy!—a two!—and on the seventh—"

"—would have had an eighty if I hadn't missed that putt, and if I hadn't driven out of bounds—"

"You're a fool, Gus, to play a brassie on that hole. You're crazy. Why, that hole's an iron shot. The logical way to play that hole—"

"Don't tell me! I got a three there yesterday."

There is a charm about this game that comes from kinship with a common purpose. Golf has restored the pow-wow to the modern world, and the shower bath is our counterpart of the old camp fire in the hills. It is not bad fun, in these less eventful days, to gather at the nineteenth hole, swap jokes, plan the day's attack, and debate the choice of weapons. It is not bad fun to wear clothes that are made for the open road, in a world dressed up in office clothes and collars. This is no game for office clothes, for ladylike white flannels and shoes that stain with grass. It is a game for hob-nailed boots, plus fours, and woolen stockings.

It is easy enough to say of plus fours that they hang like sand-bags on the average human frame. But this is not the important fact about plus fours. The important fact is that they have brought the modern world a substitute for leather chaps.

It is easy enough to say of woolen stockings done in emeralds, purples, heliotropes, and carmines, laid out in checkers, diamonds, and hexagonals, that they do not add an inch to the dis-

tance a golf ball can be driven from a tee. But this is to miss the whole point of the costume. In a drab age these bright legs are the war-paint of the nation.

Golf, in fact, has brought us a chance to play pioneer again, and there is no role that gives us greater satisfaction. The very essence of golf is a frontier adventure. This is no game that wanders aimlessly across country, without a purpose. Nor is it a game played in a yard, penned up like baseball or tennis. The whole countryside is open to it. Yet the whole countryside has been prearranged to provide a series of new frontiers and a succession of new goals.

Come out to the first tee where the caravans are starting on their trek cross-country. Beyond the hill where the fairway climbs between two groves of pine lies No. 1—Par 4, Bogey 5. Call that the pleasant country on the far side of the Appalachians. Across a flatlands dotted with green mounds and clumps of grass lies No. 2—Par 3, Bogey 4. Call that the Ohio Valley. At the distance of a midiron shot across the brook that weaves its way through this low ground lies No. 3—Par 3, Bogey 3. Call that the corn belt on beyond the Mississippi. It is easy going, so far. But keep your niblick handy. For on past the flatlands and the Mississippi lie the Bad Lands and the Rockies, to say nothing of the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert.

This is a frontier game. The whole point of it consists of an advance through rolling country, in the straightest possible line and with the fewest possible strokes, from one ambushed outpost to another. Sometimes the route leads off through hills so high that the trail is charted only by a "direction flag" stuck on the horizon, like a blazed tree marking the old wagon road to Oregon. Hole No. 4 lies in a hollow ringed with cypress trees. The caravan halts here for water, then presses on to No. 5. A pinch of sand, a teed-up ball, a full-armed swing —and a long shot zooms out across the hill toward some new frontier, still unseen.

This is a frontier game, in the best frontier spirit of America, a game of fording streams, climbing hills for the lay of the land, hacking a new path, if need be, through the underbrush, and pushing on from goal to goal. Hidden dangers lurk along the line of march, dangers as smiling and as treacherous as the false friendship of the Blackfeet on the road to the Northwest in '56.

There are chances for a sudden charge across open country between two hazards closed in narrowly on either side.

There are chances for fine flirtations with disaster by risking everything on a shot played wide and high over a stretch of marsh, where failure means sure capture by the enemy and torture at the stake.

There is joy in an approach that holds the turf, in a putt that does not wobble, in a drive hit hard enough to whistle, whether or not it comes to rest among the daisies in the rough. And always, filling the game with adventure and giving it its tang, there is the business of closing in relentlessly from all sides on the green, running to earth a hunted quarry. This stealthy approach to an appointed rendez-vous through bush and bramble is our modern counterpart of stalking red men on the plains.

Over the hills come the troopers.

"Look at that shot! Right on the green! That's my second, Harry—"

"On purpose? Sure, I played a slice on purpose! Couldn't you tell from the way I stood?"

"Ought to had a four—I'd have sunk it sure if that caddy hadn't moved just when I started putting. Son, I want to tell you now—"

"Say! if you think *that* was a drive you ought to have seen me hitting them yesterday! Fred, I was hitting them a mile! I was out two hundred yards on every drive and I had my irons working beautifully and I was laying them dead to the flag on every pitch, and on that tricky fourteenth hole—"

It's all in the game. The Indians are dead. What is modern man to boast about if not his golf scores?

Editor's Easy Chair

MODEL T AND THE MILLENNIUM

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

HENRY FORD'S new cars were put on exhibition on the 2nd of December after being introduced by their creator by copious advertisements in about two thousand newspapers. That was not a mere occurrence; that was an Event. The famous Model T has never had an inferiority complex worth mentioning and, though it is and always has been a modest vehicle, it has not avoided publicity. But not all that has been said about it has exceeded its importance. The birth and rise of Model T have been no less than an episode in human history. Born in 1908 or thereabouts, superseded by a new car of its family twenty years later, its life may now be considered as a whole, though really Model T, though its existing numbers may not be replenished, will not disappear from sight for years to come.

Henry Ford himself said and said very well in his first advertisement the main things to be said about Model T—that it was a democratic car, that fifteen millions of people, first and last, could afford to own and use it, and that it did a great work in reconciling the American public to a vast expenditure in road improvement. Good roads became popular in proportion to the number of voters who could afford to use them for transit and transportation by motor car. That is self evident. Model T could go. It was a good goer and a good carrier. It has been the leading household drudge and alleviator of isolation for fifteen years. It has been a great public character. It fought in the war to the admiration of Europe. It enlarged the outlook on life for millions of people. One can say these flattering things about it now that it has ceased to be produced.

People call this the mechanistic age, enlarge upon its many objectionable features and grumble about the acceleration of life and all that. But what would they have? Is the mechanistic age a good thing or a bad thing? Is the speeding up of life a basis for satisfaction or for regret? Twenty miles on the highways in old times used to be a pretty fair day's work for a team. It took three or four hours to do it. When it was done the horses needed to rest and be fed. Now it is something to be done, where the roads are good, in half an hour or a little more by a creature that is not tired when it has done it. The speeding up of life is trying of course, but who can doubt that it is an immense achievement! Our great property in this life is time, and when we get about more quickly we save it. The mechanistic civilization has put wheels under us.

From the beginning man has adjusted himself to environment. When there have been improvements in the environment he has had to keep up with them or get out. When the environment has gone bad on him he has had to move. There is no evidence one can think of that environment has ever been adjusted to what man wanted or thought he needed. The adjustment has always

been made by man. All this speeding up, all this immense mechanistic activity means change of environment; that life is different from what it was. Of course, the change has been produced, not directly by Nature, as in the case of great climatic changes on earth, but by the wit of man and his growth in knowledge and the increase of his powers over material things. But it is just as much a change as though it was produced by earthquakes or by a shift in the axis of the earth which produced a variation of climate. Model T is interesting as the most significant token of this change of environment which we all remark, some with joy but a good many with execrations.

MODEL T had to go because it was no longer up to the date. It was not pretty enough, it was not comfortable enough, and it could not go fast enough. All that means progress. The demand for beauty, for physical comfort, and for speed is increasing. All of those things imply progress; they all call for great reconstruction of physical and mental life. When Mr. Wells, the English imaginationist, a good many years ago, anticipated these changes that would come with the increasing prevalence of motor cars, he had all his people living in cities, and woods growing up on the farms, but he had divers kinds of roads, for high speed, for less speed, for freight. His notion about the roads may come through, but the idea that people are going to huddle in cities may not. Motor cars in town are a good deal of a pest. We have to have them and we make enormous efforts and spend money with great profusion to make room for them; but they produce coagulation of traffic, which is painful and tends constantly to become more so. In all the big towns now there are already more automobiles than the streets can hold and millions more coming. City life is at present very much more hazardous and constrained, and less agreeable than it used to be. It necessitates constant vigilance to avoid being run over and it has actually been slowed up by street congestion. It is too hard on people's nerves. But for the country the motor cars have been an enormous boon, immensely increasing the pleasure of life away from towns.

However, we know at present very little about cities and what they are going to be. There may come some great check to expenditure and transmogrification, but if cities go on at the present rate of rapid reconstruction, there is no predicting where they will come out. We see them filling up with tall buildings, concentrating business in restricted localities, creating problems of transportation from factories and offices to bedrooms or homes. We see that the higher the buildings, the more will be the pressure of people on the street surface. So here are these problems—how to get people to and from their work and how to make it possible for them to move in the streets.

One solution, of course, would be to have fewer people; to discourage people from coming to cities to live. That method is not adopted; the contrary one prevails. That being so, talk about triple-decked streets is no longer absurd. Maybe they are coming, who can tell? When the Tower of Babel got too tall, discrepancy of language was introduced to check builders. We have a variety of languages in this country, especially in the building trades, but it is no check. And the more people in cities the more motor cars! Of course, that will go on until the jam is so great that you cannot get with a car where you want to go. In some parts of New York this has pretty well happened already. A vehicular tunnel was opened under the Hudson the other day which cost forty odd millions. It did a vast business the first day and is profitable and very popular, and more tunnels are wanted. A bridge now to cross the Hudson seems imminent. No, we don't know much about cities, though we see that Babylon and its hanging gardens were not in the same

class with some modern ones that could be named, much less with some that are going to be.

One thing at least that is of considerable value, and perhaps over appreciated, is vanishing from cities. They do not much afford permanency. As cities grow, their localities change their habits, and what has been is torn down to make way for what is more profitable. The buildings that are torn down in New York would make the angels weep if indeed the angels have facilities for shedding tears and ever do it, and it is so more or less in all considerable cities. Where there is great improvement, great activity of business, destruction of familiar landmarks accompanies it. One reads in the paper that a famous old hotel in Montreal which has been running for two or three generations has closed, preparatory to becoming a business block. That is an old story in New York, where life of a hotel, judging by past experiences, is about thirty years. But in the country if one gets far enough away from town to escape the chance of becoming suburban with consequent increase in the value of acreage, a house has some chance to stay put; and if it is interesting and has been a human habitation for a good while and perhaps accumulated tokens of being lived in, it will have values which are worth keeping. For lives spent in a dwelling really seem to impart to it some of their quality, in many cases something well worth preserving, for no new house can have all the values of an old house. It may have better construction, it may have plumbing, it may have modern apparatus for warming it, above all, it may have electric light, but it will not be seasoned by its experience as a human habitation as an old house may be. Some old houses are more than seasoned; they are even considerably sanctified.

Of these things we are all aware, but the main important consideration about them is that if you build a reasonably good house in the country, even a new one, it has some chance to stay there and gather these associations which are valuable, whereas he who builds a house in a growing city has no such assurance that it will stay built and keep its character.

In the country nowadays, with motor cars multiplying at the present rate and one or more operating for almost every farm, everyone within twenty or thirty miles is one's neighbor. Of course, that makes for co-operative living and is, no doubt, somewhat weakening to individualism and the life apart which have unquestioned values; but there will be solitude enough left for anyone who is disposed to invite his soul to exercise that sort of hospitality, as well as the other which invites his neighbor.

WHAT is going to happen to us? What are we going to be like when all the apparatus of life has been perfected? If we can get somewhere else very quickly when we want to, and overhear by radio talk and music that may be profitable, and communicate readily anything of our own that we think somebody else ought to know, what will be the gain of it? There are persons with unusual psychic gifts who seem able to detach their spirits from their bodies and roam about the universe without the impediment of their physical habitation. Some of them, of a particular talent, appear to have the gift not only of galivanting in this fashion, but of remembering what they have seen when they come back to their physical bodies. With the multiplication of movies and radio and wireless and whatever new thing may have developed since yesterday, we ordinary people have gone a considerable distance in the direction of these psychic achievements. Really one of the most appalling thoughts is the thought of the millennium when everything will be perfected and will work right. If we should be on earth when that happens what should we do? How would we put in our time and what should we interest ourselves in? We

should know, no doubt, because the improvement in general conditions that made a good part of our customary activities necessary would open a way to other and higher activities that would supersede them. The prospect of the millennium is not so imminent as to make a market for reassurance about it, but if it does befall us and puts a blink on all the associations for the collection of money for the redemption of mankind, and all the legislation for the alleviation of human habits, there still would be something interesting to do and proper goals for all our released energies. For there is an invisible world with a lot going on in it; and if this mundane existence should be put to rights so we did not have to sit up with it every minute, we might have more time to pay attention to that one. Some of us do pay some attention to it as it is; and it is a very curious entertainment and by no means bad, though pretty nebulous as yet, and perhaps best left to the more inquiring minds.

Perhaps we shall have to make whatever millennium we get. Most things we attain involve effort of attainment. Some things come to us as a gift, but usually as a gift we have tried to reach. The mechanistic discoveries are of that nature. Light finally breaks, but it breaks in response to effort. So of medicine, so even of religion. We may surmise, therefore, that the millennium will be in the main the result of wisdom accumulated in the usual way and of a truer understanding of life. Surely we are getting ahead a little. The wails about war are encouraging. When such a man as Sir William Robertson, lately British Chief of Staff, declares that war is no good, that its cost in money and human life is prohibitive, and that it is ruinous to victor and vanquished alike, it is really quite impressive. Europe armed to the teeth, apprehensive, jealous, and watchful, gives more attention to keeping the peace than to the means of successful war.

Meanwhile what about airplanes? They are what a great many forward-reaching minds are thinking about. What will they come to in the end? One sees their usefulness already for long-distance transportation, mail carrying, and war.

War looms up as the great possible check to modern wonder-working, though it might not prove so. The last war was very developing to airplanes; and in the next war it is discussed whether they will be the whole thing or only an important part of the entertainment. In the greatest cities landing fields have still to be so far away as to embarrass the use of airplanes by commuters; but that may improve. In the country landing fields are rapidly increasing in number and threaten to crowd golf. In the country you can get at your airplane without much inconvenience. Of course, these things are going to affect country life, they really are. The young who have energy, audacity, and balance are going to play with them, to work with them. Signs of that appear. Of course, they will grow safer, more powerful; they will cross the ocean not as a transcendant exploit, but as a matter of course.

What a world! What a world! Who really knows what is going on in it? A vast deal certainly both for good and ill which most of us are quite without facilities to measure.

The mechanistic millennium is making the spiritual millennium less incredible. The idea of the millennium is the idea of the subjugation of this world by celestial forces. Such discoveries as wireless and radio are helping to make it much more comprehensible to average people that there are celestial forces and that they may find means to do their will on Earth.

There may not be any millennium, but if there is to be one it can reasonably be figured out that our mechanistic civilization is a step toward it, and perhaps somewhere near the final one.

Personal and Otherwise

SCIENCE, as translated to the man in the street by its popularizers, has become in a sense a new religion. Can such a religion satisfy mankind? In answering this question ***James Truslow Adams,*** who made last month in our pages a plea for more historical perspective in approaching the problems of the day, takes the historian's long view. Mr. Adams is the author of *The Founding of New England* (which won a recent Pulitzer Prize as the best book of its year on the history of the United States), of a companion volume, *Revolutionary New England, 1691–1776*, and of many an excellent magazine article.

Lloyd Morris, lecturer in literature at Columbia University and author of *The Celtic Dawn* and *The Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, served a term not long ago as managing editor of *The American Exporter* and edited an *Exporter's Gazetteer of Foreign Markets*. In his article he discusses a very special kind of export, that of travelers to the Riviera.

After portraying Boston in our January issue, ***Elmer Davis*** turns to fiction, thus reminding us that he is not only a writer of articles such as those collected in his recent book *Show Window* (which contains, by the way, many a HARPER paper, including the famous "Portrait of a Cleric") but also a novelist (*Times Have Changed, I'll Show You the Town, The Keys of the City, Friends of Mr. Sweeney*, and *Strange Woman*), and the author of an amusing story in our issue for September, 1926—"Bride of Quietness." In addition, Mr. Davis is now contributing a column entitled "Books and Other Things" to the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

It is only after long experience in the world of tennis that ***John R. Tunis*** has decided to speak his mind on the present plight of the game. He has played tournament tennis in this country and Europe, is a member of the West Side Club, has been for five years a member of the Comité Regional which controls tennis on the Riviera, has been sporting editor of the *New Yorker*, and is now tennis critic of the New York *Evening Post*. To the manuscript of his article he appended a note which ran somewhat as follows:

IRATE READER: Look here, Mr. Tunis, since you assume that so many people connected with tennis are tainted with professionalism, how about yourself? Possibly you consider yourself an amateur. You wrote this article for nothing?

TUNIS: I consider myself an unmitigated professional, I'm not ashamed of it, and all I suggest is that other people who earn their living in whole or in part from tennis should make the same admission.

After interviewing numerous business women and business men, and weighing every sort of opinion, ***Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*** delivers judgment on one of the widely debated questions of the day. Mrs. Bromley, a Middle-Westerner who now lives in New York, has written many HARPER articles, including "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce," "Feminist—New Style," and "Diogenes Looks at the Ladies."

Year before last, the second prize in the HARPER Intercollegiate Contest went to ***Mary Lispenard Cooper,*** than a senior at Vassar, for "Moth-Mullein," a story which we subsequently published in the Magazine. Miss Cooper is now teaching school in Baltimore. We published last summer another story of hers, "Green Shutters."

Henry F. Pringle, recently of the New York *World*, has published a biography of Governor Smith and is working on one of Theodore Roosevelt, and has done many portraits on a smaller scale for the magazines. Last spring he sketched Judge Landis for HARPER'S ("Portrait of a Bench Warmer," April, 1927).

The author of "Sackcloth and Laurel," ***Frank Martin Webber,*** despite her masculine name, is Mrs. Harry F. Webber of Detroit. A Southerner by origin, she has had marked success as a short-story writer during the past two or three years. She appears this month for the first time in HARPER'S.

Stephen Ewing, a New York writer, has been making a careful study of the legal and social status of the school-teacher in America; and being a champion of liberty and tolerance, has gained from his investigation no great enthusiasm for school-boards or for the general public's attitude toward the teacher. We commend his findings to all who have an interest, direct or indirect, in the conduct of our schools.

Gerald W. Johnson is one of the principal reasons why the Baltimore *Evening Sun* is a good newspaper. He is also the author of a recent biography of Andrew Jackson. This month we publish his second HARPER article; his first was "Should Our Colleges Educate?" in the November issue.

It is hard to say to what extent the increasing popular interest in behaviorism has been due to the series of articles in this magazine by ***John B. Watson,*** formerly of Johns Hopkins University, who is universally recognized as the leader of the behaviorists; but his articles have undoubtedly served to give thousands of readers a clear idea of the nature and significance of the teachings of this new school of psychology. Another paper by Dr. Watson appears this month.

Two years ago we published a series of articles on the bush negroes of Suriname by ***John W. Vandercook,*** a young American who had gone on a trip to Dutch Guiana and had been enormously impressed by the essential intelligence of the black men there and their adaptation to their environment. One of Mr. Vandercook's articles, which subsequently became a chapter in his book *Tom-Tom*, was "White Magic and Black." Mr. Vandercook has continued his interest in native negro culture; he has subsequently visited West Africa and Haiti and has written *Black Majesty*, a life of Henry Christophe of Haiti, which will be published shortly. In his present article he returns to the perplexing subject of negro magic, this time dealing with it as practiced in West Africa.

Irishman by birth, ***Ernest Boyd*** came to this country as a member of the British Consular Service and remained to become an acute critic not only of American literature but of American customs and manners. His most recent book, *Literary Blasphemies*, contains a number of papers written for HARPER'S under the original title of "A New Way with Old Masterpieces."

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The poets are ***Minnie Case Hopkins,*** of Columbia, Tennessee, whose creative impulse "has mostly had to work itself out in making new garments out of old ones or in experimenting in new kinds of cookery" but has also resulted in verse published in many magazines; ***Elizabeth Hollister Frost*** (Mrs. Elliot Frost) of Rochester, New York, whose poems in this issue were written directly out of her own tragic experience; ***W. H. Davies,*** the Englishman who once was a tramp in America and now is recognized as one of the outstanding contemporary masters of lyric verse; and ***Alfred Kreymborg,*** who was one of the pioneers of the free-verse movement in this country, but is equally at home in such strict forms as the sonnet.

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All three of the Lion's Mouth contributors will be recalled as having written also for the body of the Magazine. ***Harold W. Brecht*** is the Philadelphia schoolmaster who wrote those remarkable stories of boy life, "Two Heroes" and "Paradise Regained," both of which have won places in recent anthologies. ***Charles A. Bennett,*** professor of philosophy at Yale, is an inveterate Lion's Mouth contributor (last month he wrote on "Winter Sports") but also gave us the leading paper in our December issue, "The Cult of the Seamy Side." ***Charles Merz's*** studies of the contemporary American scene (to be collected shortly in a book entitled *The Great American Bandwagon*) have included HARPER articles on filling stations, fraternal organizations, drugstore soda fountains, and murder trials.

Muirhead Bone, the distinguished British artist, whose etching (in a bolder and broader style than that of his earlier work) is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is a Scotchman by birth and a member of a versatile family: his brother David, master mariner and author, commands the liner *Transylvania* and has written many a book on seafaring life; another brother, James, represents the *Manchester Guardian* in London.

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Those who have commented upon Sarah Comstock's portrait of Aimee Semple McPherson in the December issue include Mrs. McPherson herself and the Rev. Billy Sunday. In the Los Angeles *Herald*, Mrs. McPherson is quoted as retorting to various statements of Miss Comstock's as follows:

I observed that the church was and is moving in leaden shoes, while the world strides along in seven-league boots. The theaters are brightly and cheerfully lighted; churches are cold, gray, somber, and forbidding. I believe in fighting fire with fire, so we built Angelus Temple to make it attractive, light, cheerful, and our services are bright and cheery. There isn't any reason that I can see why to go to church is to be solemn, sour, and sorrowful. We have a good time at Angelus Temple; we enjoy our religion and we let everyone know how happy we are. To become a Christian is to find happiness. The sinner knows not the true joy. . . .

Jazz steps? Well, if little, happy skippings of unrestrainable joy are jazz steps, why, make the most of it! . . .

The reference to reports I buy the most expensive lingerie is silly and beside the point. Miss Comstock is making an obvious effort to be funny. . . .

And speaking of the reference to the use I make of English—oh, hum! I'll have to be more respectful of the "King's English" as she is spoke! . . .

And when she speaks of my sermon "The Scarlet Thread"! why, I'm really beginning to believe the lady doesn't like me!

Mr. Sunday's letter (written from Petersburg, Indiana, on the excellent stationery of the North End Hotel of Ocean Grove, New Jersey) takes issue with Miss Comstock's statement that "a certain coarse humor, sometimes rising to wit, has informed the utterances of the acrobatic Billy Sunday":

EDITOR, HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Dear Sir:

I read with much interest the article regarding Mrs. McPherson in this month's issue and I regard it as being written from the standpoint of fairness and it reflects credit on the reputation HARPER'S has always had: the author entered into no discussion as to the innocence or guilt of Mrs. McPherson in her recent trouble, which was the right position to assume. But I resent and I hereby enter a protest to you of any statement that I am vulgar in my language or wit. I do not use billingsgate as your author intimates. There was no occasion for her to use my name and especially in the manner in which she did. I use the well known vernacular which is as current as bread and butter, but I have just as much of a sense of what is decent or indecent as she or any writer in your Magazine. I have been preaching for thirty years and I will challenge you or any one to show that I am vulgar. I have a reputation to sustain and I will defend my name even as you would your own.

I never set the stage. I never appear lugging a bundle of roses; nor have a searchlight playing red-green-blue for effect. Yet I see nothing wrong if Mrs. McPherson does. I have never seen her—never heard her—but I hear she preaches the truth, so the little side lines she uses as above described are her business, not mine. My mannerisms are the result of my years as an athelete [*sic*] playing baseball. They come to me as naturally as a bird flies. I fight sin, but not the sinner. I am followed by the old whiskey crowd for they blame me for the 18th amendment; they are as vindictive to-day as they were twenty years ago. I ask no quarter, I give none, to the devil or his hosts. I believe that Jesus Christ was the son of God born of the Virgin Mary with but one earthly parent—a mother—and we are saved by faith in Him as our substitute dying on the cross.

I have been in every state in the Union and preached in every state except four. I number my friends by the millions. I have always been a booster for HARPER'S—am yet—but if your feature writers cannot use my name in a respectable comparison please leave it out. I am going to Los Angeles to preach in a series of meetings, so I may see and hear Mrs. McPherson.

Yours sincerely
W. A. (Billy) SUNDAY

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Readers who recall Katharine Upham Hunter's account ("When the Floods Clap Their Hands," April, 1924) of a Connecticut

River flood which visited her farm at West Claremont, New Hampshire, will be interested to learn how she fared in the newer and more disastrous flood of last November. She writes us that her once-beautiful meadows are now sticky mud-flats, the mud being nineteen inches thick in the worst places! This is how it happened:

How we eat our words! The day before the catastrophe, some friends (calling to break the dreariness of a fall rainy day) said, "Do you ever have fall floods?" and we answered as one, "No." The next morning these friends (who have a charming new country house facing our meadows in Vermont) awakened, looked out on a vast sea and cried, "*Where* is the Cupola Farm?"

Indeed we were wondering that ourselves: for the first intimation of being afloat came in the gray dawn when I was awakened from a secure sleep by a tocsin-voice, "Man in the water by the north barn!" My husband, rudely awakened, went to the rescue and I to the meadow-windows. Never had I seen before more misplaced water. *Where* could it have come from? Late the night before the river was in its accustomed bed. I unhooked the telephone and besought the operator to tell me. Her reply that considerable of New Hampshire and most of Vermont were under water and that houses were floating down the Connecticut from White River Junction was stunning. I asked her to get Bellows Falls to inquire about the cofferdam there of which I was afraid, since our whole world was apparently a sea, and she said all wires were down save those to Concord—and that wire was of no service to us. Outside, my husband was discovering everything buried out of sight in water behind the barns, and in the basements of the barns; the floor of the corn-crib was already under water, the corn-crib whose legs had been our measuring sticks "when the floods clapped their hands."

As I mechanically did things that had to be done, I felt a very Greek sense of inexorable Fate. But fifteen years of farm activities have taught me to be automatic. We had breakfast from a very small fire that could easily be extinguished; my husband, in and out in high rubber boots, was recording his measurements in a book as calmly as though they were cream sales. I was telling the marts of trade by telephone that there would be no cream—ever again? Nine inches of water, sixteen inches of water, nine inches of water per hour, all on top of more feet of water than we had ever seen. Ye gods!

They moved their belongings to the second floor and Mr. Hunter put out the furnace with a pail of water, saying that the flood would be in the cellar in half an hour.

Soon it was time to drive the stock from the great barns; the water was coming into the barnyard and flowing between the house and the carriage barn. But my husband hated to turn that fine, pampered Jersey herd (fed scientifically, sheltered, milked, many of them three times a day) out into the cold rain to pick their way, if need be, up above the railroad on to a mountain. A wild herd of high-test milking Jerseys scattered in the wet woods of this Ararat was not what a dairyman would choose! The bull went by on his bull-staff with a dignity which confirmed his noble lineage; the horses, utterly wild, snorted and tore; the guinea-hens "sawed files" continuously; water with wreckage on it was pouring down the Pottery Bridge Road by our house. And then I thought I heard faucets turned on at full strength.

"Boys," I shouted, "turn off that water, we have enough without adding a drop!"

Two indignant voices returned, "That's the water rushing into our cellar."

The cold river water pouring against the furnace, and rising and rising, seemed to claim our house. As it was too cold to stay in and the water was still rising fast and cutting off egress, we left the house, like emigrants, with bundles of things, and climbed through oozing fields and among cattle to the railroad. From the silent, trainless railroad we looked abroad on a drowned country.

And then, half an hour later, the flood stood still and then began to drop. So we were very fortunate in all things but our land.